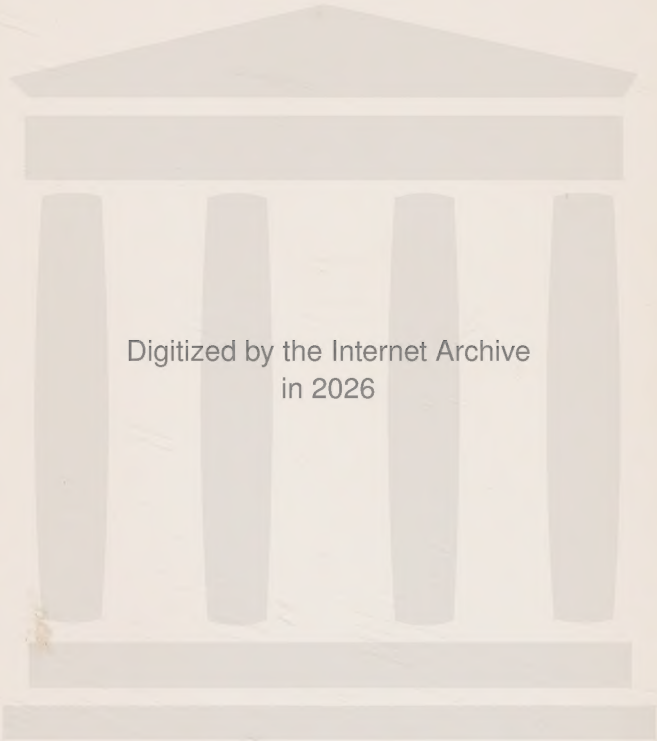
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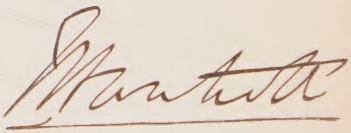
LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT



Life and Letters

of

Brooke Foss Westcott

D.D., D.C.L.

Sometime Bishop of Durham

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR WESTCOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

London

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"To make of life one harmonious whole, to realise the invisible, to anticipate the transfiguring majesty of the Divine Presence, is all that is worth living for."—R. F. W.

FRATRI NATU MAXIMO
DOMUS NOSTRAE DUCI ET SIGNIFERO
PATERNI NOMINIS IMPRIMIS STUDIOSO
ET AD IPSIUS MEMORIAM
SI OTIUM SUFFECISSET
PER LITTERAS CELEBRANDAM
PRAETER OMNES IDONEO
HOC OPUSCULUM
EIUS HORTATU SUSCEPTUM
CONSILIIS AUCTUM ATQUE ADIUTUM
D. D. D.
FRATER NATU SECUNDUS.

A. S., MCMIII.

FRATRI NATU MAXIMO*

Haec tibi iure dico magni monumenta Parentis
Maiori natu, frater, amore pari.
Siquid inest dignum, laetabere ; siquid ineptum,
Non mihi tu censor sed, scio, frater eris.
Scis bene quam duri fuerit res illa laboris,
Quae melius per te suscipienda fuit.
Tu dux, tu nobis renovati nominis[1] *heres,*
Agminis et nostri signifer unus eras.
Scribendo sed enim spatium, tibi sorte negatum,
Importuna minus fata dedere mihi :
Et levius visum est infabrius arma tulisse
Quam Patre pro tanto nil voluisse pati.
Iamque opus exactum est quod, te suadente, subivi :
Accipe : iudicio stetque cadatque tuo.
Lectorum haud dubia est, reor, indulgentia ; nato
Quod frater fratri tu dabis, illa dabit.
Nec petimus laudes : magnam depingere vitam
Ingenio fateor grandius esse meo.
Hoc erat in votis, ut, nos quod amavimus, illud
Serus in externis continuaret amor.
Sat mihi si Patris dilecta resurgat imago
Qualis erat forma, lumine, fronte, gradu.
Sat mihi si, quali vivus, Pater ore loquatur,
Perque meas nubes fulgeat igne suo.

[1] See p. 3.

* For these verses and for the inscription on the preceding page I am indebted to a friend of my Father.—A. W.

PREFACE

By Canon Westcott

My brother kindly allows me to say a few words by way of preface to the Life which he has written as a tribute to a sacred memory. This I am very glad to do on many accounts. It enables me to voice the gratitude of my brothers and sisters to him for undertaking and carrying out what must always be a difficult, though it be a congenial task, the compiling of the memoirs of a father. It also enables me to explain why I did not take this duty on myself. It might have seemed to belong to me naturally as the eldest son, and so I could not help feeling. But my brother had comparative leisure, and I had none; he had had experience in the paths of letters, and I had not; so he gladly undertook work which to me would have surely proved a very serious burden, even had I been able to achieve it. And there is in it a certain fitness. The Lives of two of my father's dearest friends have been written by the "Arthurs" of their families, and now our "Arthur" has rendered a similar

filial service to the memory of him who was their comrade in old days.

How his work will appear to other readers it is hard for me to tell. Whatever is written of our father must be seen by his children through a halo of hero-worship. I cannot but believe, however, that these few chapters, so simple and so direct, will convey a worthy impression even to those who did not know my father personally. About his earlier days he was very reticent. And so it has come about that we who knew him best have gathered fresh ideas of him whom we so revere from such records as were found when he had gone from us. For instance, those who met the teacher in after years would never have guessed he had passed through a struggle of grievous doubt—his faith was so serene, so obviously unshaken. We know now it was not always so, as these pages will disclose to those who care to read. And even our conceptions of the oneness of that life have been heightened and enhanced by what my brother has found and brought to light.

Of the work of the textual critic others must judge; of the work of the theologian, the teacher, or the preacher it is hardly for his children to speak. What we treasure above all is the unspeakable heritage of a life which was daily lived before our eyes upon the loftiest plane of Christian principle. This it is (I hope and believe) which my brother's careful work of editing and selecting and explaining will tend to bring into prominence. His work will fall short of

success if it does not achieve this result. But I truly think it will. Devout people on the small scale are (thank God!) common enough. The life of every society is freshened and beautified by their simple faith and love. But my father's was a devotion on what may be truthfully called the very grandest scale. As such it was exposed to a certain misconstruction. "Unsound" or "shadowy" or "mystical" were terms often applied to him. There were even who doubted, through misunderstanding of the man, his fidelity to the very foundations of the Faith. But to all who came near to him the irresistible truth was certainly brought home, that here was a servant of Christ who served Him every day and all the day. He would often say of himself that there was inborn in him a spirit of "puritanism." By this he meant, of course, that the sense of life's intense seriousness was always with him. And so it was. Holidays he could hardly take; he found no joy in them, and more especially so in later years. Expenditure on self was all but impossible. Sometimes the keen delight he took in the realisation of the fulness of family life would lead him to unbend; yet seldom can one have lived who kept the bow of duty so assiduously strung. This intense earnestness was a help to very many while he lived; and so it should be still, and doubtlessly it will be. I think also my brother has gone the very nearest way to bring this thing about. Without judgment or criticism, without word of praise or blame, he has faithfully tried to bring before the reader the

sketch of a striking life. It will appeal to whom it will appeal! But I think they will not be few. At least it is an offering (in which we all would share) of real sonly devotion to the memory of a father who was worshipped by his children beyond the common.

F. B. WESTCOTT.

School House, Sherborne,
23rd January 1903.

EDITOR'S NOTE

As my brother has explained the circumstances which caused the writing of this work to devolve on me, and has set forth the general character of my work, it only remains for me to express our gratitude to the many friends who have furthered our endeavour by their generous assistance. Some we would thank for the loan of letters written by my father, and for permission to make use of the same; others for contributing valuable personal reminiscences. I mention no names, knowing that the help of all, whatever its amount, was in each case offered in the simple desire to do honour to the memory of one whom they loved. I have throughout been conscious that the advice given to me by my father when I was a boy [1] is as appropriate now as then, but much of the putty which I have employed in this work has, I hope, been honest putty, serving a proper office in binding together the more solid matter supplied by others. It is perhaps unfortunate that the conventions of the press have required that the putty should be displayed in the larger type,

[1] Vol. i. p. 344.

whereas the sound material furnished by my father and his friends is relegated for the most part to the smaller character; but I do not hold myself responsible for that arrangement, and the judicious reader, after this fair warning, has the remedy in his own hands. It is a matter for congratulation that the smaller type portion of this work is so large, and it has been my aim, as far as possible, to let my father reveal himself.

I am also deeply conscious of the generous trust reposed in me by the other members of the family, especially by my elder brother, who, though far more competent than myself to discharge this filial duty, has fully acquiesced in his enforced withdrawal from the congenial task, and has contented himself with the humbler part of reading the proof and correcting obvious errors, leaving me, at what cost I know not, to do my work in my own way. I am also greatly indebted to Miss Cordeux for similar aid.

It seems right that I should add that, in reading through many thousands of letters written to my father (the rapid perusal of which, I cannot but remark, has wonderfully illustrated the reverent esteem in which so many held him), I have sometimes found a copy of his reply in his own or some other familiar handwriting. Such letters I have occasionally used.

CRAYKE RECTORY,
Conversion of St. Paul, 1903.

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CHAPTER I

FAMILY AND BOYHOOD

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT was born in Birmingham on the 12th January 1825, and was baptized in St. Philip's Church on February the 7th. His father, Frederick Brooke Westcott, was a man of a retiring disposition, and lived for the most part a quiet home life, being much devoted to scientific pursuits. He was an ardent geologist, but his more especial study was botany. He was for some years Hon. Secretary of the Birmingham Horticultural Society, and Lecturer on Botany and Vegetable Physiology at Sydenham College Medical School, Birmingham. He was also joint author with Mr. G. B. Knowles of *The Floral Cabinet and Magazine of Exotic Botany*, a work in three quarto volumes, which I have seen described as valuable and scarce. Mr. F. B. Westcott married Sarah, daughter of Mr. William Armitage, a much respected Birmingham manufacturer. The future bishop was their only surviving son.

My father was named after his grandfather, Brooke Foss Westcott, concerning whom there is little on record, save that he incurred his parents' displeasure by

insisting on entering the army. The fact of his being an only son led his parents to oppose his military ardour. In punishment for this offence his mother left him £500 only, on condition that he did "not come within twenty miles of London within one calendar month after" her decease. His mother's spinster sister, however, treated the soldier with greater generosity. Brooke Foss Westcott, on his retirement from the army, resided at Ludlow, and he and his wife are buried in Bromfield Churchyard. This Captain Westcott had an only sister, who married a French count. The sole issue of this marriage was a daughter, Celestine de Varreux, by whose request the cross of St. Louis bestowed on her father by the "martyred king" (Louis XVI.) was ultimately forwarded to my mother, and is now a treasured heirloom.

A more interesting personage was my father's great-grandfather, Foss Westcott, who was a member of the Honourable East India Company's Madras establishment during the years 1741-57. He appears to have been a man of considerable ability and independence of character. In 1749 he stood alone in objecting to the Tanjore expedition in favour of Sahaji Maharaja, and has recorded his autograph disapproval in the Consultations Book of the Government of Fort St. David in the following terms:—

> I Dissent from the above Expedition, Because I am of Opinion that it is repugnant to my Hon'ble Masters' Interest.
>
> Foss Westcott.

Herein, I take it, he showed his superior knowledge of affairs. In the same year he was appointed one of the two Commissaries to represent the Company in the treaty for the evacuation of the fort and town of Madras by the French. On this occasion he met in council the famous Frenchman Dupleix. Two

years later he was sent out on an annexation expedition pure and simple, being entrusted with "some small colours to hoist occasionally," whenever he could conveniently do so, to the exclusion of the French, and without the Nabob "taking any umbrage at it." This delicate service he executed with zeal and fidelity. For the next year or two, amid constant threatenings of French and "Morattas," he laboured at his investments, and "with all submission begged leave to differ" from the Council of Fort St. George on divers matters; nor was he a whit dismayed at the prospect of a siege, when the best part of his garrison consisted of "about thirteen Europeans, all foreigners and deserters, amongst whom there is not one capable of levelling a gun or throwing a shell." On the plea of ill-health and urgent private affairs, he said farewell to India in 1757.

On arriving in England, Foss Westcott assumed, no doubt for sufficient reasons, a coat of arms appertaining to the Devonshire "Westcotts" or "Westcotes." He adopted, however, a slight difference, and invented for himself a new motto: *Renovato Nomine*. Herein we see that he was proud of having raised up an old family to a position of comparative wealth and prosperity. My father was the sole eponymous descendant of this Indian "nabob," and in reference to the new family motto, I have known him to remark playfully, as he surveyed his seven sons, that he had not been unfaithful thereto.

Foss Westcott married twice. From his first wife, Anne Pye, whom he married in Madras,[1] was descended George Foss Westcott, who at one time commanded a company of the 77th Foot in India, and served in

[1] Mrs. Ann Wescott (*sic*) is buried in Madras, as is also her son George Westcott of the Madras Civil Service.

the Peninsula and at the battle of Waterloo. Major Westcott, as we have usually called this distant cousin of ours, was a man of very strong religious feeling. This is of interest, because my father's immediate ancestry and home surroundings do not satisfactorily account for his intensely religious temperament, which must have been in some degree inherited. Writing to my grandfather in 1848, Major Westcott says: "I am interested in my young cousin's success. . . . But what are all the attainments the human intellect can arrive at, compared with the one thing needful? I pray the Lord that you may each and all have but this one object in view. . . . I do hope my young cousin's fine and gifted intellect is turned to the study of Scripture." Surely the good old soldier's prayers were not in vain. His gifted young cousin did indeed search the Scriptures, and by prayerful study was enabled to interpret them for his own and others' needs in no ordinary measure.

Foss Westcott's second wife, from whom we are descended, was Mary Callant, whose mother's maiden name had been Martha Brooke. With this lady one line of the Brooke family expired, and my grandfather had the satisfaction of being demonstrated to be one of the four co-heirs of a Joseph Brooke, who is said to have distinguished himself on the Royalist side in the Civil War. Such is the origin of the name Brooke in our family. It has been borne amongst us for five generations now. Whence the name Foss is derived is a matter that no one yet appears to have considered.

Foss Westcott was buried at Cobham in Kent. His hatchment was placed over the chancel arch, and there are mural tablets in the church, erected in memory of him and his first wife.

My father's first tutor was the Rev. Theodore Short,

curate of Erdington, a village near Birmingham, in which his earliest years were spent. When my father last visited Erdington he lamented that almost all the landmarks of his childhood's memory had disappeared. Though the house in which he lived has been demolished, his memory is still cherished in the family of his nurse Jemima Allen (Mrs. Barlow), "who taught the future bishop his letters and first little words."[1] In 1837, when he was twelve years old, he began to attend King Edward VI.'s School in Birmingham. At the age of fourteen he had reached the highest form in the school, and was under the immediate care of the headmaster, Mr. Prince Lee, afterwards the first Bishop of Manchester. Mr. Lee thus reports of him in that year (1839): "Very industrious, persevering, and attentive. General reading very good. Deserves much praise." In his first Latin dictionary my father has preserved a record of his school, and indeed of his whole career; for the first entry is "Easter, 1837, Mr. Gedge's, 1st," and the last is "Durham, 1889."

In his early boyhood the young Westcott led a somewhat lonely life. His only sister was twelve years younger than himself. He himself, in his Cambridge days, remarked on this loneliness: "I had no elder brother to obey; no younger brother to please. I had no companions, no friends; and though I thankfully acknowledge that thus I avoided many dangers and temptations, yet consequently I was as proud and overbearing as a little fellow well could be, and many a struggle it costs me even now to gain that temper which is best learnt by the self-denials of home." But for all that he is described by one[2] who occasionally

[1] *Erdington Parish Magazine*, August 1901.
[2] Mr. W. Tait, of Bromley, Kent.

met him in his Christmas holidays spent at Ashby-de-la-Zouch as being a high-spirited and enterprising boy, who manufactured fireworks wherewith to startle his young girl cousins, and delighted in firing off an elderly pistol with the same intent.

The following reminiscences of my father's boyhood are supplied by various of his school contemporaries:[1]—

"Young Westcott" was "a shy, nervous, thoughtful boy from the first," "seldom, if ever, joining in any games." He had a "sweet, patient, eager face"; "an intensity and keenness of look"; "a habit of shading his eyes with one hand while he thought"; "a quick and eager walk, with head bent forward; his smile, wonderfully winning then, as now"; was "devoted to work, and, in consequence, once fainted in school." He was also noted for the "authoritative decision" of his answers in class; and for his conversation out of school about things "which very few schoolboys talk about—points of theology, problems of morality, and the ethics of politics." It was often his duty to take the "Absence Book" round to the different masters, and Mr. Gedge (the second master) would take the opportunity of asking the boy's opinion on some passages in the Greek play or Herodotus which his own class was reading. Westcott was also proficient in drawing, and his "beautiful, finely-outlined sketches" are still remembered.

His younger schoolfellows regarded him with a certain awe as one altogether above themselves, and his influence over them was as good as it was great. Thus, one writes: "One of the chief features of his school life was his reverence. To see his pained face when any wrong or rash word was spoken was a lesson."

[1] They were collected by a writer in *The Rock* from *Edgbastonia* (April 1891).

And another: "The beauty of his character shone out from him, and one felt his moral goodness in his presence." And a third: "An atmosphere of light and purity surrounded him, and his smile and kindness and courtesy, which was real and constant to any small boy who had to deal with him, only made us feel that it would be unbearable to rouse his anger or even disapproval."

As a boy my father took the keenest interest in the Chartist movement, and the effect then produced upon his youthful imagination by the popular presentation of the sufferings of the masses never faded. His diary shows how he deserted his meals to be present at various stirring scenes, and in particular to listen to the oratory of "the great agitator," presumably Feargus O'Connor himself. He would often in later years speak of these early impressions, which served in no small degree to keep alive his intense hatred of every form of injustice and oppression. He even later disapproved of his father's fishing excursions, because his sympathies were so entirely on the side of the fish. On one occasion, being then a little boy, he was carrying the fish-basket, when his father put a live fish into it, and late in life he used to declare that he could still feel the struggles of that fish against his back.

While still a schoolboy Westcott became acquainted with his future wife. The story of their first acqaintance as related by my mother is somewhat to this effect:—One day as he (*i.e.* my father) was coming home from school he saw a little boy being knocked about by a big street boy. Although the big boy was several sizes larger than himself, he immediately flew to the rescue of the little boy, and by the vigour of his onslaught altogether routed the bully and delivered the

little fellow. In gratitude to his champion the liberated lad, whose name was Thomas Middlemore Whittard,[1] took him to his home and introduced him to his people.

My mother, whose name was Sarah Louisa Whittard, was the eldest of three sisters.[2] She afterwards, at the time of her confirmation, at my father's request, took the name of Mary in addition. During the year 1842 my father, being then sixteen years old, kept a diary, in which there is frequent mention of my mother under the symbol Φ.[3] The following are some extracts from this his earliest diary :—

6th January 1842.—At home all day. Began Italian. Quite the finest modern language.

13th February (Sunday).—Mr. Lee advances doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

18th March.—Mr. Lee rants against everybody, and then praises them. Fie, sir, fie!

19th April.—This day I am seized with a poetic fit, and at one sitting write 130 English verses on the Isles of Peace! Φ catches me in the middle!

17th May.—Plan our magazine.

23rd May.—Great discussion with Evans about our magazine. Get the proofs of the prospectus.

5th August.—Began "History of School."

17th August.—Go to school again. Riots are all the talk. Great prophecies for Tuesday.

22nd August.—Riots to be to-day. Dine on two biscuits. Run out with Φ in the evening.

1st September.—The great day of the year—Φ's birthday.

3rd September.—Get an editor's copy of the magazine and

[1] The Rev. T. M. Middlemore-Whithard is now living in retirement at Exmouth. He was formerly Professor of English Literature in Victoria College, Jersey (1852-1863), and Headmaster of the Junior Department of Cheltenham College (1863-1885).

[2] The second sister, Jane Elizabeth, married Mr. D. Phillimore; the youngest, Mary Caroline, married the Rev. J. C. Whitley, the present Bishop of Chhota Nagpur.

[3] Presumably the initial letter of Φιλτάτη = Dearest. The corresponding symbol for my father was Ω.

tantalise every one with the dedication and preface. Walk to the Botanical Gardens with Φ.

5th September.—The day of publication. Quite a rush. Police wanted—a perfect riot. 230 copies disposed of.

22nd September.—The Society of Arts open to-day—magnificent pictures. Dine nowhere. Have tea at home.

5th October.—Our second publishing day. A very good sale. Better than last at present.

29th October.—Go to give Φ her drawing lesson (to do which I give up two other important engagements, willingly), and do not even see her.

N.B.—Not very pleasant. Am going to the Red Indians.

17th November.—Evans in doubt about the Balliol. I am booked for Exeter.[1]

20th December.—Prizes given out. I certainly get my share. In evening I go with Tom[2] to the wizard; but he dares not perform before us. We go to Society of Artists.

31st December.—Am quite desperate and read 300 lines of the *Philoctetes* before breakfast. Finish it in afternoon and am now intending to enjoy myself and see Φ. So may it be.

δόξα τῷ θεῷ.

In the diary, as quoted above, mention is made of the magazine. This was the school magazine, of which my father, with two of his chief school friends, Evans[3] and Purton,[4] was joint editor. No. 1 of *King Edward the Sixth's Magazine* contains as its first article "A brief History of King Edward's School, Birmingham." This being my father's first printed essay, I venture to reproduce its opening paragraph, as a sample of his earliest literary style:—

[1] He afterwards gave up Exeter, Oxford, in favour of Trinity, Cambridge. Evans also went to Trinity.

[2] T. M.-Whithard.

[3] Craven University Scholar, Senior Classic, 1847, and afterwards Headmaster of the school at Birmingham.

[4] J. S. Purton was afterwards Tutor and Master of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and rector of Chetton, Bridgnorth.

A sketch of the history of our Royal Foundation cannot be unacceptable to those scholars who are at present enjoying the advantages it offers; while others who have entered on a wider field of action must still feel an interest in the institution which fostered their literary ardour at its first dawn. The expressions of regret we often hear from those who leave us sufficiently prove the latter assertion, without enlarging on the ardent friendships, zealous studies, and boisterous amusements, the very recollection of which seems to cast a spell around the name of school, and render "each dim-discovered scene" joyous with pleasing associations.

As head of the school Westcott once had the honour of reading a Latin address of welcome to the Prince Consort, in which the usual petition for a holiday was embodied. The Prince smiled and bowed, but said nothing about the holiday. Not to be beaten, young Westcott rushed to his room, wrote out the address in English, and again presented it to the Prince. So the boys got their holiday. In speaking to the boys of Durham School in 1890, my father recalled this episode, *a propos* of their Latin address to him.

The diary was spasmodically resumed in 1844, and I make therefrom a few more extracts:—

6th January.—In the afternoon Φ comes down to give me my music lesson, but I am not a very apt pupil.

29th January.—How strange things will happen! Go out a ride to-day, and where do I go in fox-hunting! and yet break no limb, nay, do not even tumble at all.

3rd February.—Φ has been pretty industrious and draws very well—quite astonishes me, and I determine that wonders will never cease, which is further proved by my reading mathematics.

6th March.—Go to have a view of the great agitator—a very clownish fellow he is too—and he makes me go without my dinner, though "angels delight to hear him," as Mr. MacDonnell said.

27*th April.*—Go to cricket again to-day. 1st class against the school—beaten—but not in one innings.

4*th May* (Saturday).—Recollections of the week dismal. Mr. Lee ill—nothing but mathematics and composition. I become a member of Trinity; "Felix faustumque sit."

The Rev. T. M. Middlemore-Whithard, my mother's brother, has kindly furnished the following interesting recollections of my father's school-days:—

"I cannot recall the exact time and occasion of my first acquaintance with Brooke Foss Westcott. Although three years and ten months his junior, I had entered King Edward's School before he joined it, and just before it was removed from the 'Shakespeare Rooms' facing Bennet's Hill to the new buildings.

"It became a tradition in the family, cherished also by the sister who was afterwards to become my friend's wife, that our intimacy was not only cemented but originated by his courageous rescue of me, an unknown schoolfellow, from the assault of a rough street boy, whom he fought and discomfited, surrounded by a ring of sympathetic bystanders, who secured for him fair-play, and congratulated him upon his victory. The incident and the details are in the main exact and true, and are ineffaceably impressed upon my memory, but I also clearly recollect that on this occasion we were walking together to school, when I was felled by a stone-laden snowball, and that on rising again from the ground I saw my champion, who had laid down his books upon the kerb, just returning to pick them up, while my assailant, in tears and amid jeers, was slinking away. This, then, was not the beginning of our acquaintance, and it was far from being the only time that I owed protection to his courageous and unselfish help. We were close neighbours in our homes,

and I believe that through a common friend and a relative of mine the intercourse between the families began. It is confirmatory of this to note that by the summer of 1838, when my parents removed to live in a house of their own near Bristol, I became an inmate of Mr. Westcott's house, and I remained there during the school periods, sharing the same room with my friend, until the autumn of 1841, when we returned to reside in Birmingham. Mrs. Westcott, in a letter to my mother dated 8th October 1838, says, 'Brooke and Mid. are seldom a yard apart. At 6 P.M. they are setting to their work, and they leave for school together at 8 in the morning.'

"The influence of the simple home life, controlled by strict frugality, and marked on Mr. Westcott's part by studious and engrossing devotion to scientific pursuits, were such as to foster in the son a certain independence of character, of individuality and strong will, but which was not without some tendency at times to moodiness and great reserve. His natural disposition was shy and saturnine; he was quick in taking offence and forming dislikes, and in either case he would show displeasure by long silence. He used at times to complain that others would not take the trouble to understand his temper. But with all this he was unselfish and kind, never forgetful of any service done, and always courteous, and even friendly, to his inferiors.

"I remember well the strong affection and grateful regard that in many ways he manifested to an old servant, who seemed to me to have little in manner or appearance to render her attractive. He told me the story, which he had learned from his mother, of how, when he was an infant, she had saved him from burglars, who, in the absence of all besides his nurse,

had attempted to force an entrance into their solitary house at Erdington. Finding, when she went upstairs, a ladder resting on a window-sill and a man just mounting on it, with quick presence of mind she opened the sash and threw the ladder and its occupant to the ground, then refastened the window, snatched the baby from his cot, and rushing with him to another room at the front, which was nearer to some cottages, she locked herself in, and, opening the window, attracted the notice and assistance of the neighbours, by her cries and by clapping her hands 'till they were black with bruises.'

"In those early days I cannot recollect that he had any school companions with whom he joined in boyish games. He used his leisure chiefly in sketching, and arranging his collections of ferns and butterflies and moths, and in reading books of natural history or poetry. It was not that he lacked physical aptitude for athletic sports, and there was nothing that he ever undertook without intensity of purpose and persevering effort. He became an expert skater, and when in later days he gave such little time as the scant opportunities of a town school and a distant play-field allowed, he was no mean proficient in school games. His chief pastimes were, however, of a scientific kind. There were frequent visits to the Mechanics' Institute, and with his father's assistance he procured a galvanic battery, and in the early days, as it must have been, of electro-metallurgy he obtained, from coins and medals, matrices, from which he took casts in plaster of Paris, and in this latter process I took a feeble part. We also made gun-cotton, and amused ourselves in taking sun pictures of ferns upon chemically-prepared paper.

"I can recollect only two amusements of a more trivial kind. The one was the erection of a marionette theatre, in which, by the help of wires that worked card-mounted figures, and more or less dramatic part-readings from behind a curtain, we gave, no doubt, thrilling representations to what must certainly have been a very small and select company of spectators. The other was practice with the leaping-pole, and this, in the small yard behind the house, which served as our only recreation-ground, was once attended with an accident that might have brought to a premature close a life that was destined to be so useful and so great. I shall never forget the terror with which I saw my friend, when, after many unavailing efforts, he had at last succeeded in reaching with his feet the top of the high boundary wall, fall, through the sudden breakage of the pole, head downwards, and then lie motionless, and apparently lifeless, on the ground. I ran to him, and my cries soon brought more effective help; but it was some time before we were cheered by seeing consciousness return, and his father's and mother's fears give place to the assurance that no grave harm was done.

"Whenever a travelling menagerie came into the town he eagerly took advantage of it, and often thus at Wombwell's he would note the habits of the animals and note in his sketch-book their movements and their strange forms.

"There was another exhibition which also, at another and later time, had a special attraction for him, and induced many visits and much reading on his part. This was Catlin's Indians. He learned up all that he could find about the races, the history and customs of the several tribes.

"Apart from the works of Walter Scott, knowledge of which Prince Lee was very fond of testing in his class, I never knew Brooke care to read any novels, but he did make an exception with one or two of Cooper's for his Red Indians' sake.

"In the half-holidays we often went to the Botanic Garden, where, while Mr. Westcott gave botanical lectures to his pupils of the Sydenham College, we played at bat and ball, or made dams and set up overshot and undershot water-wheels in the rivulet that drained the pond. In the summer months bathing in one or other of the few pools in the river Rea, and boating on the reservoir at Kirby's near Selby Oak, had their attractions for him now and then.

"There were visits, too, to his father's friend, Mr. Wilmot, at, I think, Oldbury, where he found much pleasure in inspecting the pictures, of which there was a somewhat large collection brought from Italy; and then again to Mr. Barker's and all the splendours of his orchid-houses. At other times there were long walks in search of specimens, and Brooke delighted in the discovery of fresh habitats of special plants and mosses and ferns, which he knew his father prized.

"On whole holidays it was his regular practice to make expeditions to more distant places, and walk twenty miles and more, and often I accompanied him, not only when living with him, but in after years up to his undergraduate days.

"Entrusted with a little pocket-money, sufficient for the charges of our modest mid-day meal, we made an early start, and beguiled the way looking for special plants which his father asked for, or using and enjoying his keen observation and sense of natural beauty, as he pointed out to me some striking features in

wood and field, 'the perfect beauty of the trees,' and sometimes quoted lines of Wordsworth or other poets in illustration of his feelings or descriptive of the scene. Then when we reached the church, which was most likely the special object of our walk, he would sit down and sketch, and with a few rapid and suggestive touches, afterwards to be completed, strike off in perfect proportion the architectural character of the building, not failing, however, to note carefully the mixture of the styles, and to note the sections of the mouldings in the different parts. His singular and natural aptitude as a draughtsman had been fostered by his attachment to our drawing master, Peter Hamilton, who soon regarded him as his favourite and most promising pupil, and often to his great delight invited him to his rooms to spend the evening and examine with him his large collection of drawings, engravings, and designs.

"Although his own special tastes lay, I think, in architectural delineation, he had great fondness for painting and art of every kind, and one of the chief treats, which he never failed to claim, was a visit to the periodical exhibitions in the School of Arts, and often I have heard his father and others seek his opinion on the special points he noticed in the productions there. Several pictures I can now recall of Maclise and Haydon and Etty and Cooper which he criticised and explained for me. I have spoken of the pleasure which he took as a boy in spending a quiet evening with Mr. Hamilton, but I cannot refrain from telling, as it just occurs to me, of his unselfish interest in giving up time to assist an old lady friend of ours, who, late in life, had set herself the task of learning Greek, in order to read the New Testament in the original.

"After the comfortable tea and finding a short

Ludlow Church.

Water-Colour Sketch by R. F. Westall (June 17, 1845).

amusement in lighting up an orrery, which she had skilfully arranged with her own hands, he would spend an hour or two, won by the sacrifice of leisure time before, in teaching her; and her grateful surprise at his patience and care seemed to afford him the greatest satisfaction, and he was always ready to accept her invitation for more help.

"Few places in the neighbourhood of Birmingham remained unvisited by us, and Bromsgrove, Dudley, Halesowen, Sutton Coldfield, Coleshill, and even Lichfield, were not beyond the limits of our explorations. I remember well that we had one day a most kind reception at Oscott College, where, coming as wandering schoolboys, without introduction or other claim, we were taken over the whole building, and my friend was shown some of the special treasures of the library by one of the principal authorities,—we learned afterwards, I believe, that it was the recently appointed President, Dr. Wiseman, himself. A strange meeting, considering the after careers of this boy and this distinguished man.

"The fondness for country rambles found wider scope at times either when he accompanied his father on fishing excursions to Shropshire, or when he paid a visit to his aunt at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. I have walked with him in our school-days the forty-two miles from Birmingham, through Hagley, Bendley, and Cleobury, over the Clee Hills to Ludlow; and here while staying with his relations—for this town had been his grandfather Captain Westcott's home—he found unfailing interest in castle and church and timbered houses, or in wandering in quest of fossils on the hills, or watching his father play the grayling along the Teme banks at Leintwardine.

"From Ashby, on foot, or by chance drives to help us on the way, we went to Tutbury and Breedon, Castle Donnington and Colcorton, and to this last place he seemed attracted and to make as it were a pilgrimage, because, he said, as he pointed out to me the house upon the hill, that was the home of Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Wordsworth, the painter and patron of artists, who helped to found the National Gallery and gave his pictures to it. Once we went to the Carmelite settlement at Grâce Dieu and spent the whole day watching the monks labouring to bring under cultivation the barren Charnwood soil, and for our mid-day meal we profited gladly by their simple hospitality in the guest-chamber, and wished that we could have accepted their invitation to spend the night there also.

"But now I must look back upon an experience of the Bishop's early life which gives us, I think, a glimpse into some special features of his character, and enables us to note the first development of his interest in social questions, in which hereafter he was to do such service as a peacemaker, the enforcer of the recognition of associated benefits and obligations in mankind. I was very young, but I well recollect his telling me how, when he was a child, I suppose in 1831, he had seen Thomas Attwood lead a vast crowd of men to a mass meeting of the political unions; and then again, as we stood together at his father's door in 1838, we saw this same leader, who noticed us boys as he passed, proceed to the great Chartist demonstration at Holloway Head close by.

"Then in 1839, possibly after we had witnessed together the triumphal entry of Feargus O'Connor—though I am sure only of this circumstance and not

of the date—a time of still more serious disturbances began. I read in a home letter of my own, 18th May, 'There is a great disturbance in the town with the Chartists. Two of the ringleaders were arrested yesterday for sedition, Fussell and Brown. Brown has been making speeches in the Bull Ring, inciting the people, and blocking the thoroughfare. There was a proclamation issued forbidding meetings, but the people trampled it under foot. Then the magistrates issued another, and now the Chartists have come to the hill near here and are much more infuriated than before, because their leaders have been taken. There are lots of soldiers in the town, Cavalry and Rifle Brigade.' Afterwards, on 15th July, the riots took place, and on the morrow we went to see the ruins of the houses that had been burnt, and the soldiers posted in the streets. I used to hear Brooke talk compassionately about these things with his cousin, William Baxter, a young man engaged in business in the town, and he seemed to me to find reasons and excuses for what had happened.

"It was the same with some other matters that he took a strange interest in not very long after that time, especially in Mormonism, then first sending its emissaries among the labouring classes of the town, and later on in Positivism. He told me that all excesses and mischievous delusions among men came from one-sided views of truth, and too great importance given to one aspect of it, or else from people's assertion of party needs; that the way to combat error was to seek the element of good in it, and show that its real explanation and satisfaction were included in the Bible; that the surest plan to stop strife and disaffection was to proclaim the common responsibilities

of the multitude and their fellowship with one another. I cannot, of course, recall the doubtless simpler language that he used in speaking to me of these things, but the memory of his feeling on these subjects has ever been vivid and permanent since boyhood's days. Positivism, he said, claimed to be the religion of humanity, and many features of it, he believed, would in the future prove to be right, in so far as they appealed not to individuals only but to communities, to mutual duties and general aims.

"I recollect his procuring and studying the *Book of Mormon* about 1840, and afterwards obtaining tracts on Positive Philosophy, perhaps in 1842.

"As I read quite recently one of the Bishop's latest books, *Social Aspects of Life*, when I caught there the echoes of so many thoughts to which I had known him give a fainter utterance in youthful days, I could not fail to be struck by the testimony that it bore to the continuity of his ideals and his views of life, and to recognise how indeed in his case it had proved true 'that the child was father to the man.'

"Age did but bring to him maturity of wisdom, a fuller spirituality, a meeker gentleness, a clearer illumination and joy of faith.

"The life of the Bishop even in his school-days was eminently thoughtful and studious. As I look back on it now I can detect its breadth of feeling and opinion, the staid eclecticism which sought alone for what was good and true. Earnestly and thoroughly, I may say intensely, he threw himself into every work. Apart from the recreations I have mentioned, I never knew him indulge in mere pastimes or loitering indolence of any kind. Unflagging in effort and thoughtful occupation, he even then had little time to play. Very

frequently he stayed in town on the whole school-days, and, after a very short and frugal meal at a quiet eating-house in Bull Street, or a few biscuits that he ate as he walked, he would go to the Old Library, for which we both had members' tickets, and spend the whole remaining time on voluntary classical work, or in studying history and archæology. Only occasionally, I think also for my sake, did he permit himself to look at illustrated books, and of these I remember specially Roberts' *Holy Land* and Audubon's great work on birds.

"The influence of his great teacher, Prince Lee, found in his earnest and thoughtful spirit a most congenial soil; and the scorn of little and shallow things, the love of moral and intellectual truthfulness, the supremacy and permanency of goodness, the ardent pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, the patient and laborious investigation of the full significance of style and single words, the desire to interpret the language of every author first by the careful comparison of all his other writings, and then by the light of all that the widest reading of history and poetry could lend, were stirred in him through the suggestiveness and the enthusiasm which Lee conveyed in explanation of the classics or in Bible lessons. He certainly was among the worthiest of his pupils and the most loving of his followers.

"Quiet and humble and retiring, he was, I think, sought out by the sympathetic tenderness which assuredly lay at the root of his master's character. Some little peculiarities, such as the habit, preserved throughout life, of closing his eyes as if asleep, and resting his head upon his hand, were passed over in his case, through fear, perhaps, of causing any dis-

couragement, though in others they would have failed to find excuse. It would be startling to enumerate the acquirements of his private work long before he went up to Cambridge, and to tell the feats of his quick and retentive memory, which gave him the marvellous power of citation he possessed, and made him familiar with almost every line of Virgil and Horace, and such large portions of Juvenal, of Homer, and the Greek tragic poets. I see in one of my earliest school letters, Nov. 1838, this notice, 'Mr. Lee has given permission for voluntary preparation by heart, and Brooke will take up at Easter 2600 lines of Virgil, and 500 of Homer'; and once I myself heard him say the whole of a speech of Cicero, the Second Catiline, which he offered as a self-imposed holiday task.

"He was fond of music, and at one time gave up pretty regularly some leisure in acquiring a little practical efficiency. His knowledge of the theory was, however, in advance of this, and I recollect he composed several chants and hymn tunes. In a town like Birmingham there were abundant opportunities of hearing the best music, and many times we were present at concerts in the Town Hall. I can see him in fancy now, there or in our home, when my sister sang or played, sitting with eyes covered, absorbed in listening, and taking in as it were mysterious messages from the harmonies he heard.

"Chess, too, claimed him as an aspirant to skill upon its board. He liked much to get a game with one of the masters, Mr. Calder, whom he greatly respected, or with a cousin of mine who was often on a visit to us while home on furlough from India, or still more frequently with my sister, who, I fear, was less enthusiastic than himself.

"I became one of Mr. Lee's own pupils in March 1844, and my friend made a note that on that day I was 'admitted to the privileges of the 1st class,' so that I was only for a few months, and at a reverential distance from him, the witness of the performance of his school work. I enjoyed, however, for years daily intercourse with him, noted his assiduous toil, profited by his counsels and his help. Many times a week he came up to our house, usually prepared his work there; sometimes he remained for the night, or I went back with him. I could always count upon his affection, and I had ever before me what I may call the severity of his example, that seemed at times to put too great a strain upon my younger and far less elevated aims. I have to regret some wrongheadedness and jealousy that robbed me of the full fruits of his intimacy.

"These are after all but slight and confused reminiscences of boyhood's days, in which I myself had some immediate part. There is very much more to say. I might tell of his relations with his more distinguished school-fellows, as Keary, C. Evans, Rendall, Purton, Holden, and T. Price. Except at school, the intercourse with the first three, who were boarders in Lee's house, was rare, but Purton and Price he often met, and with the former, who lived near, he liked to talk not only of work and ambitions, but of his geological and architectural rambles in the neighbourhood. Perhaps worthy of record also is the keen and active interest he took in the editorship and preparation of the school magazine, and the great delight he felt in its earliest success; but I was then a boy in the fourth class, and could know nothing of the anxieties and triumphs of authorship. Many stories could I tell of our fossil forays on the Cotswolds,

and the long walks we took, and the camping-out we attempted, while exploring churches or scenery. I have a vivid recollection of a walk under dismal circumstances, when we journeyed for something over twenty-five miles into Bristol through pouring rain, and, in spite of the purchase of two wisps of straw, from which we improvised shelters that made us look like walking sheaves, we arrived in the suburbs quite wet through, travel-stained, and weary. As we approached the turning where we had to leave the high-road, my friend caught sight of a young girl crying, who was in vain trying to draw a little carriage, with a couple of clothes-baskets, up a hill. Brooke hurried forward and seized the handle, asking the girl where and how far she had to go. She pointed out a house at some distance, and then he vigorously dragged up her load, and having at last safely brought it to its destination, returned to me and we resumed our way. We were very tired and dispirited, but he was quiet, unpretending, and generous as was his wont.

"I was much with him during his vacation times, while an undergraduate, between the end of 1844 and 1847, and soon after I went up to Trinity I became his pupil and was there called into close association with him, and with those who enjoyed the benefits of his teaching and the inspiration of his friendship."

One of the latest entries in my father's diary of 1844, under date the 29th of June, tells of a call on Mr. Lee, who was "full of good wishes and inspiring with hope." With this last interview my father's school-days ended. He owed very much to his honoured teacher, and always delighted to acknowledge the debt. He kept his master's portrait continually

before his eyes, and when in later years my mother desired to place his own picture above her writing-table, he would only consent to have it thus in evidence on condition that it was hung beneath his master's. When in 1893 he visited Birmingham, on the occasion of the opening of a new girls' school on King Edward's Foundation, he paid a public tribute to his great teacher's memory. Part of what he then said may well be quoted here :—

When I desire to express my best and loftiest wishes for the Foundation to which I owe the preparation of my life's work, it is natural I should look back to my own master, James Prince Lee—superior, as I believe, among the great masters of his time—for the guidance of my thoughts. Some things never grow old. His presence, his voice, his manner, his expression have lost nothing of their vivid power in half a century. I can recall, as if it were from a lesson of yesterday, the richness and force of the illustrations by which he brought home to us a battle piece of Thucydides, with a landscape of Virgil, or a sketch of Tacitus ; the eloquence with which he discoursed on problems of life and thought suggested by some favourite passages in Butler's *Analogy ;* the depths which he opened to us in the inexhaustible fulness of the Apostolic words ; the appeals which he made to our highest instincts, revealing us to ourselves, in crises of our school history or in the history of the nation. We might be able to follow him or not, we might as we grew older agree with particular opinions which he expressed or not ; but we were stirred in our work, we felt a little more the claims of duty, the pricelessness of opportunity, the meaning of life. And when I reflect now on all that he did and suggested in the light of my own long experience as a teacher, I seem to be able to discern something of my master's secret, the secret in due measure of every teacher's influence. He claimed us from the first as his fellow-workers. He made us feel that in all learning we must be active and not receptive only. That he only learns, in any true human sense, who

thinks, even as he only teaches who learns. He encouraged us to collect, to examine, to arrange facts which lay within the range of our own reading for his use in dealing with some larger problem. In this way we gained little by little a direct acquaintance with the instruments and methods of criticism, and came to know something of confident delight in using them. There was, we rejoiced to discover, a little thing which we could do, a service which we could render, in offering which we could make towards the fulness of the work on which we were engaged. This feeling was deepened by his kingly independence. We had in those days for the most part simple texts of the classics—the editions of Tauchnitz or Trubner, without note or comment. Every difficult phrase was, therefore, a problem; and grammars and lexicons were the only helps at hand for the solution of it. But we were trained to recognise the elements with which we had to deal, and to trust great principles of interpretation. Such discipline could not fail to brace and stimulate; and lest our zeal should flag, the few English commentaries which existed were made to furnish terrible warnings against the neglect of thoroughness and accuracy. For "Mr. Lee"—that was the simple title by which we always thought of him to the last—had an intense belief in the exact force of language. A word, as he regarded it, had its own peculiar history and its own precise message. A structural form conveyed a definite idea. In translating we were bound to see that every syllable gave its testimony. It might be possible or not to transfer directly into English the exact shade of meaning conveyed by the original text, but at least we were required to take account of the minutest differences in turns of expression, to seek some equivalent for their force, and to weigh what was finally lost in our own renderings. And, if I am to select one endowment which I have found precious for the whole work of life beyond all others, it would be the belief in words which I gained through the severest discipline of verbal criticism. Belief in words is the foundation of belief in thought and of belief in man. Belief in words is the guide to the apprehension of the prophetic element in the works of genius. The deeper teachings of poetry are not disposed of by the superficial question:

"Did the writer mean all that?" "No," we boldly answer, "and yet he said it, because he saw the truth which he did not, and perhaps at that time could not, consciously analyse." But the strictest precision of scholarship was never allowed by our master to degenerate into pedantry. Scholarship was our training—and I have not yet found any better—but he pressed every interest of art or science, of history or travel, into its service. The welcome greeting after the holidays was "Well, what have you read? What have you seen?" The reward of a happy answer was to be commissioned to fetch one precious volume or another from his library—I can see their places still—in order to fix a thought by a new association. So we grew familiar with the look of famous books, and there is, I believe, an elevating power even in such outward acquaintanceship. Then came lectures on art and archæology and physics, which he enabled the senior boys to attend. These showed us new regions, and stirred in us that generous wonder which is the condition of the highest wisdom. I can remember watching in the darkened theatre of the Philosophical Society for the first public exhibition of the electric light in Birmingham. "The experiment may not succeed," Dr. Melson said—"I cannot feel sure"; and then followed the blinding splendour which we are at length tempering to use. I remember, too, a striking series of lectures on painting by Haydon, and one sentence in them suggested a parable which I often ponder. "Look," he said, pointing to a beautiful chalk drawing of Dentatus by his pupil Leach, "it has no outline. There is no outline in Nature." "There is no outline in Nature": is not this parable worth pondering? I lay stress on this wider, if most fragmentary, teaching, because I believe it was essential to our master's view of his work, and that it is still the most effective way of awakening dormant powers. If our proper labour lay within a narrow circle—and is it not certain that the best disciplinary teaching must lie within a narrow circle?—we could not, he held, labour rightly till we knew the splendour of our whole heritage. For him—and so he would have it be for us—the world was no blank, no blot; it meant intensely and meant well. He looked around, and he looked forward, nothing dissembling and nothing doubting; and he bade us look through every imperfection

and every cloud to the truth and the light beyond. The single word upon his tomb is, I think, unsurpassed as a confession of triumphant—I would almost say proud—faith: Σαλπίσει ("The trumpet shall sound"). My last lesson—forgive me if I speak of it here—was the fullest revelation of the master. I was staying with him for a day or two at Mauldeth, a short time before his death. We were alone. After dinner I turned the conversation from work at Manchester to work at Birmingham. He was glad, I think, to go back to the old days. He spoke with proud delight of his favourite classical authors, as if they were still his familiar companions. He poured out quotation after quotation as we used to hear them at school, and dwelt on that finest single line, as he said, in Latin literature, "Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta."[1] Graver, sadder subjects followed: memories of failures and disappointments. Then came a long silence. It was growing dark. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "Ah, Westcott, fear not, only believe."[2] In those four words—no more was spoken—there was a true interpretation of life as the teacher saw it, and as he prepared his scholars to see it: Work to be done, work to be done in the face of formidable difficulties, work to be done in faith on God. Such, in briefest outline, was my master.

The following are a few of the letters extant, written by my father in his boyhood. The earliest was written when he was thirteen years of age:—

To Mrs. Whittard

[*7th October* 1838.]

My dear Mrs. Whittard — Before my mamma closes this letter, I just write a few lines to express my great pleasure upon receiving your letter; but still you have not told what

[1] May they see virtue and consume away for that they have forsaken it.
[2] See p. 249.

was most important, viz. how you arrived at Bristol, and what sort of journey you had, as the day was so unfavourable. Thomas is very well, and seems quite happy. He was getting quite unhappy at your being so long without writing, but he used to console himself by saying that he supposed you were so much engaged. Give my love to L., J., and C., and to Mr. Whittard, and remember me kindly to Emma.—With love, I remain, my dear Mrs. Whittard, yours very affectionately, BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT.

TO MISS WHITTARD

CAMBRIDGE, 28*th July* 1841.

Dear Louisa—Thomas and I had a very pleasant walk on Saturday, and arrived in Cambridge just before the coach. We went to Thornbury Castle and were very much pleased with it. It is a very large building, in the late perpendicular style. It is in very good preservation, but was never finished. The church is a fine building in the same style. Do not forget your architecture, for the pleasure to be derived from knowing the date and style of a building when you see it is very great. Though any person would be pleased with such a building as Thornbury Castle, yet one feels double delight when acquainted with its beauties which arise from its beautiful proportions and delicate execution.

We had a very pleasant day on Monday, when a large party of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Rape, your papa and uncle, went over Berkeley Castle, with which I was very much pleased, and thence to Sharpness (or some such name) Point, where we had our dinner. Your papa left us on Tuesday morning. We went with him to the coach. Your uncle left to-day.

Be sure and practise your drawing while I am away. Draw what you like best. I was going to practise my music at Thornbury, but when I touched one of the keys, it gave out such a sound as would have frightened Mozart into fits, consequently I was disappointed.

You must write to me while I am here and tell me how you all go on. Tom is waiting to take the letter.—I remain, your very affectionate friend, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To Thomas Middlemore Whittard

31*st December* [1841].

I trust that you have delivered all my messages in a decorous manner worthy of their importance; if not, repent and make up for past negligence, and in addition wish every one "a happy new year" on my account. Not forgetting your own—nose. Poor thing! how is it? Present my love to it. Mine quite pines away since Jane maliciously broke its bridge with your assistance and at your instigation. I shall send Miss Roberts the full, true, and particular account of the length, breadth, and thickness, external and internal arrangements, of my apple-tart at some future period, together with elevations, sections, and working drawings. . . . If you do not write to me directly, I'll—the original MS. is here deficient, and I can think of nothing sufficiently horrible. By the bye, this is rather a strange letter, but my thoughts are woolgathering in the clouds in the city of "Nephelococcygia," which Aristophanes describes in the *Aves*, a play of 1800 lines, which I read through and annotated in four days! So I will conclude poetically—

My paper is expended,
My ink too is the same,
And as my pen ain't mended,
Why, I can't write my name.

N.B.—I will write a *sober* letter next time, *steady* and admonitory.

Birmingham, 13*th January* 1842.

My dear Thomas—I could philosophise on the rapidity with which the years pass round, seeing that I have now numbered eighteen summers, aye, and as many winters—though, by the bye, the present one can hardly be called by such a name if frost is to qualify the season. But a thought has passed over my mind, which is that you dared to forget when my "natalitia" *are* celebrated in due course, or rather now *have* been; but I will spite you, for the last birthday you kept is the last of yours I shall see for many years, for next

time I shall be located at Exeter College, Oxon; luxuriating on the banks of the Isis, the dear classic stream which meanders through Christ Church meadows. I should have written you long since, but I knew not your direction, since when your father left I fancied you were going on his journey, or perhaps going to return to Cambridge, so that I was in a state of dubious hesitation (a beautiful phrase!). At one time my mind verged towards writing, and again the fear of misdirection arose in my mind, till at length "The latter quick upflew and kicked the beam." "A magnificent simile," quoth my amanuensis. Think you so?

We had the old piano down at our house, and Mrs. P. "favoured" us (the proper phrase, I think) with "Meet me in the willow glen," which any one would gladly have done if she would have in that case left off singing—be the consequences what they would. Such a squall, such an accompaniment was never heard since the world began. I do think even my father was in the horrors. After that she offered to play while we danced (for certainly no one asked her), and she managed to spoil the quadrilles, till we begged her to desist, and said she must be tired, for *we* were indeed. After that we danced them valorously.

I hope you are in the enjoyment of every felicity. I have dived very deeply into the mysteries of the classics, and have actually read through all Sophocles, and am now engaged on Herodotus. . . .

LUDLOW, 12*th July* 1842.

My dear Thomas—You have heard, I have no doubt, of my transmigration from Birmingham to Ludlow, contrary to all my protestations in favour of mathematics (etc. etc.). The reason was simply this, I had been in anything but good health and wanted a change of some kind, and recked not whether it was for better or worse, though certainly I rather desired the former, and therefore embraced the opportunity of coming to Ludlow with your papa. He drove his new carriage for the first time, and as usual when one uses new things it was wet. . . . I will divide my letter in a scientific manner—1. Generally. 2. Particularly.

1. You agree with every one that London is a very fine place, a world in epitome; this I expected, but I consider that we have gained a great triumph, because you are able to find your road about without any vast difficulty.

2. This section is a larger one and must be subdivided. (1) The people of London, I see, have made a great discovery —that Apollo was the inventor of the violin (*he* couldn't call it fiddle), German flute, and pianoforte: this is curious and important, and doubtless great learning will be brought to bear on this curious fact.

(2) It is a very queer thing that churches are destined to be hideous buildings everywhere; but apropos of them the best in London are St. Dunstan's; St. Mary Woolnoth: St. Mary-le-Bow, by Sir C. Wren; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (I think was built by Gibbs, and is a beautiful building, though it has been the origin of all the steeples straddling over pediments); St. Luke's, Chelsea. These I can speak with great certainty of, but as I am away from books and everything else, I will tax my memory no further.

3. A few words in conclusion, as speakers always say. I am tired, I am earnest to go to bed as it is after 10 o'clock, and to quote the celebrated Kentucky legend. I cannot write with my pen, I won't write with it, in fact, I never had one.

Remember me most kindly to your uncle.—I am, yours most sincerely, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To Miss Whittard

EDGBASTON, 31*st August* 1844.

My dear Louey—This is the third birthday on which I have had the pleasure of offering you my congratulations on what the preceding year had brought forth, and expressing my prayers for your future success and happiness. Every circumstance connected with your present birthday tends to render it more full of interest than any of those which have passed. You are aware that it will be the last for some years at which I shall personally be present, though I trust I may have reason still to offer up the same prayers for your welfare, though at a distance. I once thought to have

always been with you at the anniversary of this day, but I find that my probable engagements will render that quite impossible; nor do I fancy that this is a source of regret. Many circumstances I really think render it desirable, strange as it may seem; for absence alone can test a friend's sincerity, and we have had at present but little of such proof, though I do not anticipate that it will other than confirm ours. Another thing on which I can speak with unmixed pleasure is the fact that the anniversary of your birthday happens on a Sunday. It will put an end to those festivities so unseasonable in my eyes which usually usher in such a day. It is to my view a day for repentance,—a day for prayer and humility, not for mirth, innocent though it be, or more boisterous amusements,—a day on which we may reflect on our past conduct, weep over our past sins, and earnestly resolve by God's gracious help to lead a new life. There is still one other thing on which I wish to say a few words—the principles contained in the little books which I wish you to keep in my remembrance are different to those in which you have been as yet instructed.[1] They are in my view the just exposition of that Book from which all denominations endeavour to derive their arguments, and all who differ from them must, I think, err more or less—in proportion to their difference. I request you to ponder them. I pray that in reading them you may be guided by that Spirit Who alone can enlighten us. And if such be the course you pursue, I feel sure (may I use the expression?) that you will be gathered again to that Church which is the object of my devotion, in which I trust to employ whatever talent nature may have given me, whatever instruction and improvement my parents' goodness has enabled me to attain to. I could, my dear Louey, write on this subject for ever; you know my feelings, and I imagine that you can justly appreciate them. Still, should you not see matters in the light I do, though perfect harmony of feeling and affection can never exist, yet believe me that I shall ever feel a sincere interest in your happiness and welfare, both in this world and in the world to come. And ever esteem me your most affectionate friend, B. F. WESTCOTT.

[1] Miss Whittard had been brought up in a Wesleyan home.

CHAPTER II

CAMBRIDGE: UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

1844–1848

My father went up to Cambridge in October 1844. He arrived there in pouring rain, and with difficulty discovered his lodgings, which were at No. 7 Jesus Lane. From his windows he was able to overlook the gardens of Sidney Sussex College, and, lover of nature as he was, derived continual refreshment from the prospect. He thus describes his arrival and first impressions of Cambridge:—

I can hardly tell you how funny I feel in my new habitation. I have as yet been quite a solitary—no one of my friends is yet come up—and consequently I have been very industrious; and yet I can hardly say so, for my books, which I sent in a case separately, are not yet come, and so I have only a few to meditate on. My journey was not very pleasant, for we rode about thirty miles in the rain by coach, and so could see but little as we went along, though I do not know that many beauties were lost. The country is very, very flat: though what I have seen of the neighbourhood of Cambridge itself is much better than I had anticipated. The Colleges with their gardens render it very pleasant.

When I got into Cambridge the rain was falling very heavily, and when I had with considerable difficulty procured a porter,

View from No. 7 Jesus Lane.
From a Pencil Sketch by B. F. Westcott (1845).

I sallied forth to find Jesus Lane, and, having lost my road several times, managed to reach it. Then to know Mr. Porcher's house—that was a great difficulty. However, I asked, and was directed to a little ugly place, to get into which you descended by two steps. When I inquired if that was Mr. Porcher's, "Yes," was the reply; and when I spoke about rooms—"Oh, sit down a moment, and I will show them you," said my landlady; and by help of a wretched candle she conducted me to a room more like a cellar than anything else, badly furnished and dimly lighted, and told me that was my keeping room. How I looked and stared! And then I grumbled, and said how the person who had engaged my lodgings had deceived me. She then said there was probably some mistake, as there was another Porcher in the street. How my heart jumped for joy when I heard it! Scarcely apologising for giving such unnecessary trouble, off I went, and found *my* real rooms, and they are very pleasant ones, so that I was not very dissatisfied with my adventure. Yesterday I made my purchases, though I was shocked at the amount I laid out in trifles—nearly £10—and sallied to Hall in cap and gown at 4; got my dinner, and much enjoyed it. You cannot imagine what a splendid place Trinity is. Three immense squares of buildings—two Gothic and one Italian—it is magnificent; and then the Hall itself is a very nice old building with a fine roof of about James the First's reign—but more of this at some future time. I went again to Chapel at 6.

His manner of life at Cambridge was very regular and simple. He was an early riser, it being his rule to be up at 5 A.M. After morning Chapel he took a light breakfast, contriving to finish the meal by 8. He complained that breakfast was sometimes a very long meal and wasted much time. From 9 to 11 he attended College lectures, and afterwards read in his own rooms until 2. Then, if it was tolerably fine, he would go for a walk, returning in time for dinner in Hall at about 4. He attended Chapel again at 6, and afterwards, to use his

own phrase, worked "for so long as the sleepy god will let me." Sometimes, I fear, the "sleepy god" was too permissive; for on one occasion he entered a new rule in his diary, directing himself to stop work at 12.

On Sundays he attended Chapel from 8 to 9.30; and then read devotional literature, and wrote "one special letter." After this he would go for a short walk until his presence was required at Sunday School at 2.45. Immediately after School came his 4 o'clock dinner; after which ill-timed meal he would read until it was time to go to Church; after which he went to have tea and serious conversation or Greek Testament reading with one of his friends.

He preferred to attend Church rather than the College Chapel on Sunday evenings, because he deemed the Chapel service to partake too much of the nature of a musical performance. Being very fond of music, he seems to have felt happier in attending a church where he was little likely to receive much artistic gratification.

I have been unable to trace anywhere the faintest indication of lunch; but from later knowledge of his habits am inclined to believe that he regaled himself with a biscuit at mid-day.

His reading was remarkably wide. He was fearfully anxious lest his studies should be "selfish"—that is, too much directed towards the attainment of University honours—and therefore made a point of working at other subjects. He had derived from his father a great zeal for botany and geology, and while an undergraduate prepared a most elaborate botanical catalogue. He collected mosses and ferns. His regular "grinds," which were often extended far beyond the customary limits, were a continual botanical feast; while his love of archi-

tecture invested every village church with interest. He did not at this period of his life find time for making many sketches, but he carefully noted the architectural features of the buildings which he visited. The wide range of his interests as an undergraduate is amply evidenced by the contents of his "special" letters. He enlightened his correspondent on a great number of subjects connected with art and literature, writing long letters on such topics as Spanish Dramatists, Italian Painters, and German Literature.

Although my father's contemporaries at Cambridge were an unusually brilliant set, he very decidedly held his own among them. Amongst the men of his year were C. B. Scott,[1] who was eventually bracketed first with him in the Classical Tripos, J. E. B. Mayor,[2] J. Ll. Davies,[3] D. J. Vaughan,[4] A. Barry,[5] Howson,[6] and the Hon. E. H. Stanley.[7] Lord Alwyne Compton, the present Bishop of Ely, and E. H. Bickersteth, the late Bishop of Exeter, were also his contemporaries and associates. The mathematicians of the year included also Isaac Todhunter, who was Senior Wrangler, and Charles Frederick Mackenzie, afterwards Missionary Bishop in Central Africa.

His first University success was his election to the Battie Scholarship in 1846. This success was more than he had dared to hope, and he was proportionately delighted. It was characteristic of him that, on the evening of the day of the good news, he went for a

[1] Late Headmaster of Westminster School.
[2] Professor of Latin. Formerly University Librarian.
[3] The well-known theologian, Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the King.
[4] Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, and Hon. Canon of Peterborough.
[5] Canon of Windsor. Formerly Bishop of Sydney.
[6] Late Dean of Chester.
[7] Late Earl of Derby. Formerly Secretary of State for the Colonies.

walk with his friend Scott—who perhaps was feeling disappointed at his lack of success in the same examination—in order to calm his own joy, and console and cheer another. He at once wrote to his father to announce the glad tidings :—

CAMBRIDGE, 3 P.M., *Saturday* [*6th March*].

My dear Father—The Scholarships are just out.

Craven.	Evans.
Battie.	Westcott.

I can write no more. I am so excited. May God bless all my future efforts to His service!

Excuse this very hasty note. I will write to-morrow. —Your most grateful and affectionate son,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

On the following day, according to his promise, he again wrote to his father :—

CAMBRIDGE,
2nd Sunday in Lent [*7th March*], 1846.

My dear Father—Though some little time has now elapsed, yet I fear that I shall hardly be able to write a note much more understandable than the singular scrawl I sent yesterday : but as I could not sleep this morning, I have dressed, and will try my best. You may indeed believe me that when the University Marshal appeared in my room, just as I was reading your note, yesterday afternoon, I was speechless. I managed to find my *last* sovereign as the usual fee, and he left me, and then I wrote you the note I sent, and soon after I heard a wild noise at the bottom of my stairs, and in tumbled Evans (who had just *met* the news), and Keary and Gibson and Bickersteth, the tidings having reached them when returning from a boat race. But to describe the scene which followed is impossible : Evans was nearly wild, and we were all extravagant, I am afraid. After this was over it was Hall time, but I could not go to Hall, and only walked in to ask

Scott to wander a little with me in the "Backs" afterwards. We did, and then I grew more calm, and on returning home found a little heap of congratulatory notes[1] from all my friends, which for your amusement I will enclose—but preserve them, please. It so happened that it was my turn to entertain our little society, but of course no business was transacted, and we spent a very pleasant evening, but you may easily imagine that I was not inclined to find fault.

Having now sent you a long account of myself, there is another far more pleasant topic which I must advert to. It has once before been my very happy duty to express to you on the occasion of a very trifling success my deep gratitude for all you and my mother have done for me. If anything could make me more deeply sensible of it, it is that peculiar success which God has now been pleased to grant me; but do not tell me, as you then did, that you only did for me what you ought, for I know, and have long felt, that at times I have acted in a manner perfectly self-willed and ungrateful, and shown myself unworthy of such kindness as I have experienced from my dear parents. But however evil temper for the moment swayed me, you will not suppose that my real feelings could be so unnatural as not to be entirely sensible of your great goodness; and as I sincerely trust that now such a change has been, by God's grace, wrought in my character, that I shall not even appear to be unmindful of all you have done, let me ask you to forgive me all that is past, and pray for me that in the future I may be all that a son should be to you; and I will never cease to pray that every blessing may reward you and my mother, and attend my sister here and hereafter. If there is one thing in this examination I look on at all with pleasure, it is that I believe I did not go into a paper without first praying that I might consider it entirely in God's hands; that however the result might be (not that I had any idea of getting the Scholarship, but I hoped to do well), I might view it entirely as His will and the best that could happen. And so I have been free from all anxiety and evil emulation, and I

[1] The only congratulatory note extant runs thus: "You are an everlasting trump. We are all mad with joy"—followed by hastily written signatures.

trust that this has been a lesson to me which I shall long remember. On opening my Greek Testament, as soon after I knew the result as I could read, almost the first words which occurred to me, for I instinctively turned to that beautiful Epistle of St. John, were 1 John ii. 17. How applicable the verse was is very clear, nor do I think it was mere chance which led me to do it. As I am now writing, the morning sun is beginning to shine through my window so brightly and cheerfully; but I wish I were with you, only for a few minutes—but it is a vain wish. I will answer your note at the beginning of the week, for I cannot do it now. I can do nothing but marvel and feel thankful.

In the same year my father won Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek Ode. During the year 1846 he kept a diary, wherein, as in his special letters, he reveals his inmost thoughts and feelings. Much of this diary is so intimate, that it cannot be fully published, but it so faithfully reveals the undergraduate Westcott that a few selections are necessary to give a true idea of the man.

1st January.—Communion in the morning. How shall I account for a sudden and strange feeling with which I am filled that I ought to retire to a monastery, or live in entire seclusion? Not that I believe the Romish creed—but their practice allures me. However, a life of general usefulness and activity must be a greater probation if I have power given me to overcome its temptations. And do thou, O Lord, enable me to despise the honours and glory and fame of this world in themselves, to seek Thy glory in every action, and aid me in my desire to spread Thy truth, and embrace and hold it fast myself, being preserved from all wild and dangerous errors. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

8th January.—Is it not very possible that our social meetings may be much improved? At present they are quite unchristian; and they cannot be neutral—any more than we can. Why then should not every one endeavour as far as he

can to change their tone? I wish to do it; but how often does my action fall short from vanity or carelessness! Help me, O Lord, and all who are dear to me, to act and talk as in the presence of angels and of God. How different then will our "conversation" be!

14*th January.*—Again I am angry to-day. My temper seems almost to unfit me for forming any intimate acquaintance. It is so proud, so unyielding, so self-willed, and all my care to watch over and check it seems ineffectual. But I may perhaps rest too confidently on my own strength, pride again prompting me. O Lord, correct me in this respect, enable me by Thy strength to have due self-command, to quell that pride which seems dominant in every action of mine, to bear with the faults of others, and correct my own.

19*th January.*—I leave home again to-day for Cambridge, and arrive after a very pleasant journey, in spite of the weather, having been enabled to glance hastily at the National Gallery. One cannot but regret the levity with which in many cases even sacred subjects are treated—by Rubens, for instance. But what shall describe the expression of our Lord in Correggio's "Ecce Homo"? It is resignation gained only by a severe internal conflict, the pain and trial of which (if we may so speak?) is still visible in the melancholy cast of countenance yet prevailing.

30*th January.*—How very comforting are some of Keble's hymns! I owe more to that book almost than to any other—certainly that I have lately read.

1*st February.*—In the evening, walk out a little with V.[1], and go to St. Michael's. 1 Cor. xiii. A striking thought is suggested, that the fact of our Lord never mentioning His own *hope* or *faith* is a proof of His divinity.

4*th February.*—Our examination[2] finishes. O Lord, I thank thee that during the whole time I have been able to subdue all evil passions and envy and rivalry; which was not of my own power but of Thine infinite goodness.

7*th February.*—In the evening our society reassembles and transacts business. I did not think much—at least I do not recollect what I thought; but how little we know and how

[1] D. J. Vaughan. [2] University Scholarships.

much we pride ourselves on it! I feel more and more conscious of my ignorance, and seem to know much less than I did some few years ago.

8th February.—Work at St. Luke. If I am enabled—what a glorious employment for one's leisure hours it would be to prepare a new edition of the New Testament. If it please God, may I be allowed to do this, and enabled to do it in a proper spirit. If my time could be more serviceably employed, may I withdraw my own wishes and projects cheerfully.

19th February.—Walk to Girton with S.[1] He gives me the advice which I earnestly desire to follow. It cannot now be my duty to examine into deep metaphysical points. . . . Why should I be anxious to reject that which has been the stay and comfort of so many? And yet I fear that this is not honest. . . . O Lord, these things are indeed too high for me Who shall understand them? But do thou by Thy Holy Spirit guide me through all this storm of reason and speculation. . . . Look on all dear to me and preserve them from doubt for ever.

28th February.—In the evening our society meets. After, I have a long walk with V. in our great court, with the brightly shining stars above us, but gloomy, mysterious thoughts in my own mind. But by conversation they are partly removed, and I feel more and more confidence in my declaration of yesterday. The proof of our religion is the religion itself.

6th March.—Enjoy another pleasant and solitary Hall time[2] as on Wednesday, and trust that I feel the advantages to be derived from such a course.

9th March.—Even to-day I can hardly realise that such success[3] has been given me. But I feel that it will bring its trials with it, and I trust that I did not yield to a temptation in going this evening to a supper party at Evans',[4] though I had resolved not to go again to such a meeting. But after thinking much, I did not imagine that it was wrong, for the occasion was such that a repetition could never be.

[1] C. B. Scott.

[2] He appears to have regularly absented himself from Hall on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent.

[3] The Battie Scholarship, 7th March.

[4] Evans, his old schoolfellow, won the Craven Scholarship at the same examination.

11*th March.*—Celebrate my success by a quiet breakfast with our Birmingham friends. Spend the evening, as I delight to do on such days, in thinking on all the mercies I have received.

6*th April.*—My Greek Testament comes at last—which I trust may be my companion for many, many years to come. May I not fail to "remember," and in all things to set in it my greatest treasure, my surest comfort; and so may all my friends.

18*th April.*—After Hall go to D.'s,[1] and then make my first essay on the river, and not a very successful one. Tea with V., and we talk on various subjects—the present temper on religious things, the character of Luther, and the modern Pantheisms. I feel very thankful that the examination[2] is all over, and less anxious perhaps than I might have expected. May this arise from a trust in God and not my carelessness or indifference.

23*rd April.*—Elected Scholar of Trinity. Call on D. In afternoon go on the river. Tea with V. Feel very thankful, but perhaps too joyful.

8*th May.*—See Maurice's new lectures, with a preface on Development written apparently with marvellous candour and fairness, and free from all controversial bitterness. He makes a remark which I have often written and said, that the danger of our Church is from atheism, not Romanism. What a striking picture is that he quotes from Newman of the present aspect of the Roman Church—as despised, rejected, persecuted in public opinion.

23*rd May.*—In evening we have a full meeting and a discussion on the provinces, and relative positions of Faith and Reason. V. and S. maintain that Faith is part of Reason. This I am by no means prepared to admit. Nor do I think that reason can find out truth. She can assent to it, when discovered. Nor am I sure that the "will" is not a separate faculty—distinct from Reason; the passions are—and why may there not be a third faculty in man—a spiritual essence?

28*th May.*—Sarcasm. Could an angel be sarcastic against sin? I maintain the contrary.

[1] J. Ll. Davies.

[2] College Scholarships.

8th June.—Read in Chapel for the first time—with a very small auditory. May this be to me the commencement of much usefulness to the Church, if it so please God!

13th June.—Mr. Lee's to dinner, to meet the Cambridge men; but am disappointed and rather cross. No conversation worth remembering. Mr. Lee says little.

27th June.—Call on Mr. Lee: and hear that I have the Greek Ode Medal. Again I seem in danger of conceit, from which may I ever be preserved!

12th July.—To-day I begin Hebrew with a firm resolution, if I be permitted to continue the study of it. May it aid me in my great object, and help me more faithfully and effectually to discharge whatever duties I may be called on to execute.

26th to 31st July.—Bathe every day. Otherwise do not go out. Read a little English. Hallam's *Constitutional History*—cold, unfeeling, impartial, truthful, rather inclined to exhibit human nature without its passionate qualities; to strip men's actions of their enthusiasm, and view everything as the mere mechanical actions of political beings.

3rd to 8th August.—Guizot's *Révolution d'Angleterre*, a very delight after Carlyle's crabbed sentences and coarse metaphors, and Hallam's heartless accuracy and sarcastic narrative. Compare the reference to Laud in each. Guizot's character seems perfect.

23rd August.—Walk with Ld. A. C.[1] Talk over the prospect of our times—Guizot, Hook's scheme of education. How will the masters be selected? They must have opinions. Why should the Church need assistance? Where is that spirit of self-denial and burning zeal? S. to tea. The critic's life—is it justifiable? Our prospects—may they be enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

24th October.—Feel in very low spirits and unwell. In evening meet in V.'s rooms. After much "foolish talk" (may I not say so?), we discuss some modern poets. Even Plato would, I am sure, have admitted Keble.

25th October.—Walk with V. Is there not that in the principles of the "Evangelical" school which must lead to the exaltation of the individual minister, and does not that help to

[1] Lord Alwyne Compton.

THE GREAT COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE.
From a Pencil Sketch by B. F. Westcott (Aug. 8, 1846).

prove their unsoundness? If preaching is the chief means of grace, it must emanate not from the church, but from the preacher, and besides placing him in a false position, it places him in a fearfully dangerous one.

7th November.—I begin to feel more strongly that I should be preparing myself for the great object of my future life. I am afraid my way of reading here is too selfish—too much devoted to the desire of gaining transitory honours. I think that I ought now to accustom myself to speaking publicly, and to devote all my leisure time to the study of the great topics which are agitating our Christian world.

14th November.—It seems to me that great things may be done by missionary exertion, and I am quite unable to determine whether the active mental training we enjoy here may not fit us well for such a duty. I must seek advice on this great question. It never before occurred to me so forcibly.

22nd November.—The question of Apostolical Succession comes strikingly before me to-day. Never did the general truth of the doctrine appear so clear. May I indeed be taught by higher than human learning in so deep a mystery!

29th November.—V.'s to tea. We talk on many things of deepest import. On missionary labours in India, and how far we should encourage the hope of joining in them. On predestination and providence, and how far such subjects are fit for us to discuss.

2nd December.—We are apt here to encourage the idea that promotion and dignity are the chief things to be sought after. May I ever be reminded that the object of our life is not personal aggrandisement, but the good of one's neighbour, and that all the advantages of education are talents to be employed in this glorious work.

22nd December.—Trinity Commemoration. Its 300th anniversary. . . .

Chapel at 4. Commemoration service. Jeremie preaches —a history of the College and its effects on literature. . . .

Dinner at 5.30. B.[1] and I read grace. The speeches very poor. Whewell peculiarly unfortunate (except in spirit). Bishop of London makes a singular misapplication of Scrip-

[1] A. Barry.

ture. Lord Hardwicke discusses naval architecture. Sedgwick is inaudible to me. The American minister full of screams and gesticulations. Macaulay has been anticipated by Jeremie. Lord Fitzwilliam and Vice-Chancellor neat. Lord Monteagle too long. And what, after all, was the scene? One which we look forward to, and back upon, with deep pleasure, but which, when present, is every way disagreeable. Such meetings are attended by our best men; but could not a different character be given them? Might they not become more solemn in their form? For the attempt I must admire our Master. Would a pagan have been struck with awe and reverence at such a meeting? Would he have been affected as by a meeting of early Christians? May we then take part in such festivities?

23rd December.—Now the term is over. How has it been spent? I trust my intellectual profit has been sound and extensive. I trust that my earnestness for higher objects has not grown colder. My faith still is wavering. I cannot determine how much we *must* believe; how much, in fact, is necessarily required of a member of the Church.

31st December.—I cannot, I would not try to conceal the peculiar bent of my temper. I am fully sensible that it is not social, that perhaps it is little suited to minister to others' happiness. I seem rather to desire to be actively engaged in some mighty work. . . . Should I try to derive profit from this temper? or should I check it? . . .

The past year has been marked by many signal blessings for which I could not have dared to hope; and earnestly I pray that I view them as I ought, and that they make me more zealous and more humble in future, for my pride is unsubdued, and still I am harassed by doubt and disbelief, though I do not think that my ambition is as it once was. Imploring the same gracious guidance for me and all I love as I have enjoyed during the past year, let me close the record of this year with deep gratitude for its unnumbered mercies. Amen.

Westcott's most intimate friends during his career as an undergraduate were J. Llewelyn Davies, C. B.

Scott, and David J. Vaughan. These four, together with W. C. Bromhead, J. E. B. Mayor, and J. C. Wright, were the original members of an essay-reading club, which was started in May 1845, under the name of "The Philological Society." At a later date the society took the name of "Hermes." The society met on Saturday evenings in one or other of the members' rooms, when a paper was read, and a discussion, not infrequently somewhat discursive, ensued. The following were the subjects of papers read by my father:—The Lydian Origin of the Etruscans; The Nominative Absolute; The Roman Games of (or at) Ball; The so-called Aoristic Use of the Perfect in Latin; The Funeral Ceremonies of the Romans; The Eleatic School of Philosophy; The Mythology of the Homeric Poems; The Theology of Aristotle; Theramenes.

On two joyful occasions the ordinary business of the society at the weekly meeting was suspended—the first being 7th March 1846, when Westcott was elected to the "Battie" Scholarship; the second, 6th March 1847, when Scott was elected to the "Pitt" Scholarship. In 1847 A. A. Vansittart and J. Simpson became members of the club. At times the society's philosophic gravity relaxed, as witnesses the following entry in the minute-book under date 8th May 1848: "Mr. Vaughan having retired to his rooms, and Mr. Davies within himself, the rest of the society revived the *ludus trigonalis*,[1] and kept it up for some time with great hilarity." Presumably Westcott took his share in this hilarious revival, though it did not form part of the discussion on his paper concerning Roman Games of (or at) Ball.

[1] A Roman game of ball.

The last recorded meeting of the society took place on 15th May 1848. On that occasion the character of Theramenes was discussed in Westcott's rooms. Before separating for the evening the society chose the character of Philopœmen as the "next topic of discussion." So ends the minute-book. Whether the society survived to discuss the character of Philopœmen or not is not apparent. Probably not, for the four faithful members of the club had now graduated. There is an entry in the minute-book which indicates that in March the end was near. Above the initials B. F. W. occur these words: "Let me here offer my heartfelt tribute to a society from which I have derived great pleasure, and, I trust, the deepest good—not least under the feelings of to-day." The subject that evening had been "The Condition of Women at Rome"; but the discussion had wandered over a wide field, and, in its latest stages, was concerned with a comparison of Plato and Aristotle.

In 1847 my father won the Members' Prize for Latin Essay, and the Greek Ode Medal for the second time. He had on this occasion the honour of reciting his Greek Ode before Queen Victoria, and of receiving his medal from the hand of Prince Albert, the newly-installed Chancellor of the University. He narrates his experiences of the great day in one of his "special" letters:—

I managed to get through on Tuesday far better than I expected, and walked backwards from the Queen and Prince, after receiving my medal from him, with tolerable facility. We had a very nice place just below the royal party, so that I saw as much of her as I chose. She seemed in a very good temper, and could not but be extremely pleased at her reception. At the conclusion of the performance of the

Installation Ode, the National Anthem was called for, and every one, even the Prince, heartily joined in the chorus, which terminated in a universal cheer, the whole effect being as fine as anything I ever witnessed. The Queen bowed several times, and then she left the room. I was greatly pleased with the spectacle, and equally so with a horticultural fête in the afternoon which the Queen attended. This was the sum of my gaiety. I went neither to the concert nor to the breakfast. Our court has presented a most animated scene for the last few days. A troop of Life Guards have been on duty in it in their splendid uniforms, and from time to time the royal carriages have been bowling in and out; while the grass was covered with ladies and M.A.'s intermixed with doctors in their scarlet robes, and bishops, and generals in all kinds of uniform, and dukes and princes. But though it has been very gay and beautiful, I am extremely glad that it is over. I think you would have enjoyed it, and I wish now I had not dissuaded my mother from coming, but I must not tell her so. It would have been impossible to get into the Senate House on Tuesday,—nearly a thousand ladies were disappointed. But everything else far exceeded my anticipation, and was alone sufficient to repay any one for coming up. When the Prince presented the address to the Queen in our Hall, he had to retire backward from the Queen out of the room, which seemed to cause her infinite amusement, for from time to time she laughed heartily. He preserved his gravity with wonderful skill, and she only "looked a little smile" when she said, in reply to the address, that "she quite approved of the choice of the Chancellor by the University." Her voice is clear enough, but not strong. Have I sent enough gossip?

My father devoted great pains to his work as a Sunday School teacher. It tried him very much, and he seems not to have been able to obtain much help from others. On one occasion he attended a meeting of the teachers of the Jesus Lane Sunday School; but his experience there was not happy, and he decided that he would not go again. He writes of it:—

I was extremely disappointed with our teachers' meeting, for although in theory the plan is very good, and novel too, if I may judge from such small experience, it does not work well. However, a large party of us met in the secretary's rooms, and, as you may well imagine, we were a very motley group, both in appearance and still more in pursuits and standing. But this was perhaps an advantage. Well, after some time the curate came, and after a short prayer we proceeded, or rather should have done so, to consider the simplest method of communicating the doctrine of the Atonement to children, which subject had been previously announced in a circular sent to each teacher. Several observations of sufficient simplicity were made by different persons present, but there was no earnestness, no life, no spirit in the whole. They seemed as if they wished to say something, but there was no feeling; and all sorts of singular objections which children might make were suggested, as if a child's first duty were not simple-hearted obedience.

The following are extracts from the diary for 1847:—

1st January.—Talk with Φ about my future course of life. A schoolmaster or a clergyman? I am fearful, if once I embrace the former profession, I shall be again absorbed in all the schemes of ambition and selfish distinction which used continually to haunt me; and yet I think the discipline as well as the leisure which such a life affords would be immensely useful in relation to my after duties, if my life and health be spared.

8th January.—Faraday's Light experiments; but far, far more interesting is that brief account of the London poor and "ragged schools." What a prospect is there before us! I cannot tell how best to view it—how most efficiently to take part in the duties it unfolds.

24th January.—Sermons for the organist and choir. Such collections should shame us from the necessity thereby acknowledged of having persons paid to perform our own duties at church.

25*th February*.—To-day I go to see a boat race. This day last year I would not go, and I think I did well; to-day I do not fancy I did wrong. I did not feel any excitement or any danger, while the change might do me much good.

14*th March*.—V. to tea. Keble—Wordsworth—Goethe. Is not the first the true poet: the second a poet who felt he had a mission to perform, but commenced from nature instead of from revelation: the third, a sad example of those who "though they might half heaven reveal, by idol hymns profane the sacred, soul-enthralling strain"?

15*th April*.—Walk with V. Education scheme. Colonies. Why not the old principle of a religious connection between the mother state and its settlements? How disgracefully have we neglected to regard colonies as claimants of religious guidance at our hands; or as being anything more than a device to remove to our antipodes troublesome paupers.

30*th April*.—After a very hard day's work, send in a Latin Essay and Greek Ode. Am disappointed at not being able to write for the Epigrams. Yet no doubt it is all for the best.

23*rd May*.—I have another success to be thankful for. How many I have already enjoyed! May I feel more and more the truth of the motto I would adopt—Gal. v. 26.[1] I have never experienced more pleasure than in reading Butler again. I trust he has entirely dissipated my chief doubts. The few which still remain may be removed by greater earnestness and prayerfulness, I trust. May I be enabled before I decide on entering the Church, to fully believe and heartily conform to her teaching.

24*th June*.—Dr. Kloss at Town Hall. The most glorious performance of the kind I ever heard. Bach's fugue. B A C H. A motet of Kloss'. Splendidly conducted. Such taste; such feeling. We were all delighted. To-day I hear of another success to be thankful for, the First Members' Prize, which will enable me to have many new books.

1*st August*.—Form a plan to read some of Eusebius. Finish *Pol. ad Phil*.[2] The day is oppressively warm. At

[1] μὴ γινώμεθα κενόδοξοι: Let us not be vainglorious.
[2] The Epistle of St. Polycarp to the Philippians.

school I was almost tempted to despair after the two classes were joined. I often doubt whether we should undertake such duties when we can but partially fulfil them, yet I believe we must persevere.

11*th August.*—James i. I do not recollect noticing the second verse ever before in the way I have. How sincerely do I wish that I could "rejoice in temptation." I never read an account of a miracle but I seem instinctively to feel its improbability, and discover some want of evidence in the account of it. The day is extremely warm.

31*st August.*—Hooker. V.S.D. Oh, the weakness of my faith compared with that of others! So wild, so sceptical am I. I cannot yield. Lord, look on me; teach me Thy truth, and let me care for nothing else in evil report and good. Let me uphold nothing as necessary, but only Thy truth.

12*th September.*—Blunt's *Reformation*. In evening Col. ii. with D. and S. *Θρήσκεια τῶν ἀγγέλων*, not as our version. Can it be seraphic, *i.e.* mystic, worship?

25*th November.*—What shall I say of Dr. Hampden?[1] I read the articles copied from his works by "Presbyter" (in the *Times*), and in them find the development of the very system which I have been endeavouring to frame for myself. If he be condemned, what will become of me? . . . To talk of Arnold's heresy! As if the New Testament were a book of definitions! . . .

26*th November.*—To-day I feel singularly low-spirited. How can I join our Church if Hampden and Arnold be condemned? And yet I never can devote myself to anything else.

31*st December.*—This day, I think, is marked by a new conception of the great truth. May I be enabled more and more fully to realise it. Read *The Princess* hastily; and I

[1] Lord John Russell recommended Dr. Hampden for the vacant see of Hereford. The Convocation of Oxford University had some years before, on account of his supposed unsound doctrine, deprived Dr. Hampden, being at the time Regius Professor of Divinity, of his share in the nomination of select preachers. Great excitement was caused amongst churchmen by the prospect of his elevation to the episcopate, and an attempt was made to prosecute him for heresy. This action, however, was vetoed by Bishop Wilberforce, and Bishop Hampden was eventually consecrated at Lambeth.

think it was a fit and worthy pleasure to end the old year with. There are in it passages, I think, of exceeding beauty. Hampden is exculpated by the Bishop of Oxford, and this trouble of mine is over.

In January 1848 my father was examined for the Mathematical Tripos, and obtained the twenty-fourth place among the Wranglers. In the following month came the Classical Examination, in which he was bracketed first in the first class with his friend Scott. He subsequently obtained the second Chancellor's Medal for Classics. The following are extracts from his diary of 1848 :—

1st January.—The new year will in a great measure decide my future external life. Whatever it may be, I would rest entirely contented—may it only be such as will enable me to be most serviceable to the Church, and such as will tend most to the glory of God. . . . May every feeling of mere human ambition be removed from me. May every study and every work be conceived and carried on with a view to that great end which is alone a worthy object of life.

μὴ γινώμεθα κενόδοξοι, ἀλλήλους προκαλούμενοι, ἀλλήλοις φθονέοντες.[1] Let this be my motto through the coming exam., through my whole life, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

2nd January.—S. to tea. Stanley's sermon on St. John, which I extremely admire, and yet it is called "heresy" at Oxford.

At school to-day I am almost reduced to despair, and what shall we say of public schools in general? Should not some provision be made for teaching the social duties—the general relations of society?

21st January.—The exam.[2] concludes, and on the whole I think I have not done myself justice. Yet I will not complain.

28th January.—The Tripos lists come out, and I am in

[1] Let us not be vainglorious, provoking one another, envying one another.
[2] Mathematical Tripos.

a very fair position, twenty-fourth. From the result I feel sure I might easily have been eight or ten places higher. But now I am more than satisfied—and so will all at home be.

11*th February*.—What a wretched account of the Welsh schools. Again and again it arouses my pity. And what can we *do?*

An anecdote in *Guardian* of a little girl buying a farthing's worth of pease for her day's meal. As many as forty in one morning at one shop in St. George's East, London. And we—— Who shall right the evils of society?

21*st to* 26*th February*.—The Classical Exam. I do very little except in the Senate House. Read *William Tell*, which I admire excessively, and *Eothen*, which is clever, but very affected.

13*th March*.—Read Coleridge's *Confessions*, which I think exceedingly sensible, sometimes eloquent; though they do not nearly enter into many of the real difficulties. If I may say so, he believes antecedently too much for an investigator.

19*th March*.—Let me freely confess to myself that I am now feeling anxious about the result of the exam. And why? Is it mere pride? . . . Chiefly I think it is for the great interest my father takes. I know he has hitherto lived for me, and if I can make him some return . . . Yet in all things, in good success and ill success, may I ever live wholly for God's service and my fellows' good. Amen.

20*th March*.—Another day is over and my anxiety is past. Everything is as my fondest wish would have it. To be bracketed with one with whom I have been most intimate for my whole College course—with whom I have read, and with whom I have talked on the highest things, who was my fellow University Scholar and my fellow-teacher—is all I could wish.

21*st to* 25*th March*.—Am busily engaged with pupils.

With the Mathematical Tripos of 1848 my father's career as an undergraduate terminated, as he took his degree immediately afterwards, on 29th January. But until he had passed through the severer ordeal of the Classical Tripos he was unable to enter on any other

manner of life than that appropriate to one still *in statu pupillari*.

The following interesting description of him as an undergraduate is derived from one who was his intimate friend in his early Cambridge days :—

He had the intensity which was always noticed in him, rather feminine than robust, ready at any moment to lighten into vivid looks and utterance. He held his own way with some conscious purpose, I believe, of not becoming a disciple of any one. . . . There seemed to be no subject of which he did not learn something, and his whole soul was in his studies. Profoundly reverent, affectionate, single-minded, enthusiastic, blameless, he seemed to those who knew him an example of the purest Christian goodness. Cambridge can hardly have had at any time a more ideal young student.[1]

It was my father's custom while at Cambridge to write at least one letter a week to Miss Whittard, the lady who afterwards became his wife. A selection from these letters is given. One letter to his mother is inserted in this series, according to its date.

EDGBASTON, 31*st August* 1845.

My dear Louey[2]—It would not, I am sure, be necessary for me to write a long note to tell you that I do now at this particular time wish you a continuance of every happiness—you must already be aware of it without my telling you at all. And how to ensure such happiness, "the Book" which I beg you to receive in remembrance of me will fully teach you, and that most pure and scriptural companion with which it is accompanied will explain more clearly than I can the most

[1] Quoted from paper by Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies in *Cambridge Review* of 17th October 1901.

[2] From 1846 onwards my father always called my mother Mary. To others she continued to be Louey. See p. 8.

admirable methods of carrying out into practice those rules which can alone be given us by inspiration. If I were to recommend any one text for your particular study, as containing the whole summary of a Christian's life, it would be the first of those beautiful sentences read in our Communion Service —"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." What can be so great an honour to poor, frail, sinful mortals as to add to the extent of God's glory? What human distinction can compare with this? What title, what reward shall be found equal to that of being permitted to see our Father's kingdom advanced by our means? May such, my dear Louey, be your happiness and mine—a happiness which fadeth not, which cloyeth not, which only grows brighter and brighter till that day when we "shall see God as he is"—when we shall enjoy such eternal blessedness as no man knoweth. And let us think of that most gracious promise we have to-day heard—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all (other) things shall be added unto you." That you may realise this ever forms a part of my prayers—and I believe I may claim a like interest in yours. May God ever bless you, my dear Louey.—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, 19*th October* [1845].

After writing quite a volume of Travels to my father, my dear Louey, we will endeavour to begin a note for you, which must be finished after I have heard what "remarks" you have to make. With London generally I have been highly delighted, and to-day I have been nowhere but where I could go again with perfect satisfaction. In St. Paul's, where luckily I was left to my own contemplations, my feelings were far different from what Coleridge says, that in entering into a "Classical Church" he feels "proud he is a man." For my own part, I never felt more insignificant, more humble, and—shall I say it, Louey?—more perplexed. I could not help kneeling down, when the deep tones of the organ came swelling along, and praying that I might be rightly directed in my belief; for how many are the difficulties I experience

no one can tell. At least I trust I am teachable, and do sincerely desire to find the truth, but I cannot acquiesce in that which I *hope* is true without I am also *convinced*. But we shall say too much soon. Do not, my dear Louey, mistake me—it is no unwillingness to believe makes me speak thus, no dislike for our glorious system of Christianity, but a sense of duty to inquire into the grounds of my faith as to the perfection of its practice. I do not for one moment doubt —but, well, we will say no more. Louey, do you join your prayers with mine, and then we shall doubtless both be directed rightly, one way or other.

You will, I think, be pleased to hear (how sorry I am that even I must use the word pleased on such an occasion) that Mr. Newman has formally joined the Romish Communion. When a man of his learning and practical piety and long experience does such a thing, may not one young, ignorant, and inexperienced doubt? These times are dreadful times—one need "watch and pray." Such, then, as these were my thoughts in St. Paul's. In Westminster they were still stronger, and I, even I, the cold and unmovable, could have shed tears, aye, of bitterness, of helplessness—and yet why should we? "I am with you always" is a promise we too often forget. We are too apt not to consider the threatenings or promises of religion as *personal* things—if we did how different would our conduct be. Try to do so, my Louey, and aid me in doing so too, and then we shall be really happy. A Dieu.

Wednesday Evening.

To go on with the note I began yesterday. I have seen in to-day's paper a list of the five gentlemen who "went over" with Mr. Newman, but do not at all know their names. It is said that several more Oxford men intend to follow their example. Let Oxford boast of its divinity—we are not quite so bad as this at Cambridge. But really, my dear Louey, I shall soon fill you with all my own gloomy scepticism and doubts, and we will therefore not say more about this at present; for rarely does a conversation or letter pass without something of the kind, and I cannot but be aware that I am meddling

with what you do not feel as I do—nor can I hardly wish you should; but, doubting apart, I trust you do.

To-day I had a very pleasant trip to Greenwich. The day was beautiful, and the ships quite amazed me—such perfect forests of masts the sight was indeed wondrous; and what a beautiful building is the hospital. The only place I went into was the Painted Hall, which contains some very good pictures and a few relics, and then hastened back to visit the British Museum (and now I must tell you that I have had the good fortune to recover my pocket-book from the railway station, so that the essay will still be able to be finished, and I have had no drawback on my pleasure here). By the aid of my map I found my way to Great Russell Street admirably, and went directly through every other room to the Etruscan one, which is the very last of all, and the collection at present is in not very good order—nor very extensive. Here I feasted my eyes for some two hours, and then returned to the Elgin room, only pausing for a moment at the Rosetta stone. I need not repeat the praises that every one bestows on Phidias' works, but the capital of one of the pillars of the Parthenon did indeed surprise me; altogether such works do make us think of the small, rocky, unfruitful land of Attica, with its restless, quarrelsome, conceited people, with almost boundless admiration. After looking at this room and a few Lydian marbles, it was 4 o'clock, and so I had to leave. I did not see Dr. Carlisle. He has not been to the Museum for some time, having been, unfortunately for me, very ill; but I intend calling at Somerset House to-morrow. After leaving the Museum I went to Hungerford Bridge, got into a steam-boat, and paid 1d. to be taken to London Bridge; and then I bent my steps to King Street, and have not been out again this evening for I feel rather tired,—and as for finding society to amuse oneself withal, it is quite a comfort to escape to one's bedroom.

CAMBRIDGE, 16*th November* 1845.

My dear Mother—If I recollect rightly this is your birthday, and let me wish you many, many happy returns of it. I should very much like just to be with you all for an hour or

two in place of sending a note, and will hope to enjoy that pleasure before very long; but even as it is, I have great cause to be very happy, enjoying such blessings as I do, and health besides. I can assure you that every night and morning, and continually, I think of all that you and my father have done for me, and as the only return I can make, pray that I may not disappoint your hopes, and that every other joy may be yours. When I see the position in which I have been placed entirely by your kindness, it does certainly seem marvellous, and I am sure I shall never fail to appreciate it,—for to repay it would be quite impossible, though you always tell me that if I do well it will be sufficient. And this is my only object and encouragement, for as far as my own desires are concerned, I do not at all care about honours of any kind, or any distinction, and I should be as well pleased to go to New Zealand or India as a missionary as anything else; but then when I know the pleasure it would give my father and you, and feel all the advantages which I enjoy, I know it could never be my duty not to avail myself of them to the utmost, for to say, as some do, that university competition is inconsistent with the Christian religion is positively wicked, and I hope that I may never try to screen any carelessness or idleness by such an excuse. Having had all the privileges I have, it is both my greatest pleasure and most bounden duty to try to turn them to a good use, and by God's blessing I trust I may be enabled to do so, and at the same time to recollect that the great opportunities I have involve equally great responsibilities. That every blessing may rest on you and my father, who have done and still do so much for me, more than reasonably I could expect, is the prayer of your most affectionate son, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

You must give my love to my sister, and tell her I hope she is a good girl, and getting on very well at school.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
1st February, 12.15 A.M., 1846.

You will say, my dearest Mary, that I am beginning a note at a very singular hour, as St. Mary's is just striking the

quarter after midnight, and I wish I could for an hour talk, or rather read, or still better—think with you. I am *lonely*. *I*, who delight in solitude, am lonely, for I have been to rather a noisy party this evening, quite against my will, and was truly alone all the time—and now I am lonelier. But I intend reading some Keble, which has been a great delight to me during the whole week, and perhaps that will now be better than filling you with all my dark, dark, dark gloominess. Good-night, my Mary—shall I say? May God bless you ever. Continue ever to pray that I may be directed rightly—as I feel sure you do.—Yours, Ω.

Sunday Morning, 10.30.

I found my remedy last night, my dearest Mary, quite effectual. I found a *new* Hymn (which I mean I had previously overlooked), and highly was I consoled by it (3rd Sunday after Trinity, p. 152), which I read several times, and then an old favourite (6th Sunday after Epiphany, above all, the seventh verse and the last four lines), and then I went to bed quite calm and at rest. And to-day the sun is shining into my room so gloriously as I am writing, that it is almost impossible not to be in good spirits; and still sometimes I feel that I am discontented, which surely is in me ungrateful beyond measure, who enjoy far more blessings than I ever could reasonably have hoped for.

Do you know, that I am afraid I shall be utterly unable in any case to come home at Easter? But what is much better, that I am almost inclined now to spend my long vacation at home again; but that will very much depend on circumstances, and I hardly like to look forward to a time so distant. But however it is, my dearest Mary, it is for the best, is it not?

Our examination will be over on Wednesday. I have not done so well as I ought to have done—nor nearly—but yet I do not reproach myself, for I trust it is not my own fault, and I can perfectly allow that it is all for the best however it is. I think I grow less anxious continually, at any rate I try to, and what is far better I pray to be enabled to value nothing here too highly; and if we do that, how contented shall we ever be, how peaceful, how happy, in every case. How very

selfish a note-writer I am—all is about myself nearly, but I have little else to tell you. What do you do with your class at the Sunday School, or have you not a fixed class yet? I feel very much interested in your success there, and I pray for you too. The duty is a most important one, and a responsible one, and if we ask God's blessing on it, a holy and a blessed one indeed; I regret nothing more than the many times when I engaged in it relying only on my own will and power, and I need not tell you that then I always failed, and saw I failed. And never did I experience a greater delight than at an earnest, serious look of attention and anxiety, which often rewarded me for all my pains and disappointments.

May God bless you ever, my dearest Mary, guide you, strengthen you, and support you. And believe me that in all sincerity I am, your most affectionate BROOKE.

CAMBRIDGE, 1*st Sunday in Lent*, 1846.

You ask me, my dearest Mary, how you can keep the Fast of Lent. I do not think I can give you more advice than I did in my last note. You will, I have no doubt, have the opportunity of denying yourself often, and embrace it; and if you have any time for retirement and meditation, do not devote it to more trifling purposes. But I am sure I need not tell you this, for you will feel it yourself, and doubtless have already practised it. Do not think I write too gravely, for I feel very grave at present, and yet it is something I would fain trust of a holy gravity, and it may perhaps seem rather strange to you, as you do not see me, and I am growing quite altered—I am sure I am. Nay, do not misinterpret me—I mean I am growing more serious, and duller if you please, even than I used to be. But you will not mind it? Nor think my notes less affectionate for being more grave? But you ask me, my dearest Mary, what I think your chief fault. I think you must know that which induces you most frequently into temptation, which most frequently presents itself under alluring forms. I do not fancy our chiefest enemy is an open one, but one lurking in the very depths of our hearts, and who, so far from being obvious to others, too

often escapes our own notice by assuming a false form. Weakness and indecision often elude us under the form of humility: and superstition appears as faith; bold assurance as hopeful confidence; a want of personal interest in religious truth as an entire reliance on God's help. You will, I think, see what I mean, and can you find any traces of any similar temper in yourself? *Do* you not, or shall I say, *have* you not, often yielded what you knew to be right, or at least were not satisfied to be wrong, merely because others, because I have wished you to, and would you not do the same now? Are you conscious of any individual and personal sense of Christian truth? Do you think for yourself, and not merely receive all that is told you? Do you search the Scriptures to see if these things be so? Do you trust in God's Holy Spirit to direct your search? And when you have found this precious pearl, are you ready to "sell all you have to possess it"; to give up every tie as worthless compared with that "blessed hope of eternal life"? If I were to write to you what seemed other than the spirit of the New Testament, would you correct me? And would you value my affection less than truth? I know the test, when practically put, is a difficult one, my dearest Mary, but still I am sure we too often deceive ourselves; our manner of life at present is too mixed, too undecided in its character, to afford us any means of trying our personal convictions, and I am afraid this is an age which would not produce many martyrs. Let us try to avoid this error, let us aid each other in our search after truth, but let truth be our highest and holiest object, and may our sense of it be displayed in a life of active and earnest piety—of self-denial and patience; and as far as God may enable us, distinguished by all those characteristics so admirably displayed in the glorious Epistle for the day. Do they not strike you? the passage in Chapel seemed quite new to me, and I have read it through since—and what shall we say? Certainly the Apostle says "in fastings," nor does he limit it: indeed, I fear for our self-complacent, comfortable religionists (to use rather an uncommon word); but I do think we go on the principle of selecting all we like, and explaining away all the rest, and then fancying that we obey the whole will of God. Do you not think so?

But really, my dearest Mary, I would not have sent you such a note had you not asked me, and you must not think anything I have said unkind or harsh,—nothing could be further from my wish.

I do not know the tract of Bishop Wilson's you mention, but he is a very sincere and "earnest" man, and all he does is truly Christian, so I should certainly recommend you to read his book. The one I mentioned was translated by Dr. Pusey, but I have not yet received it. What a very beautiful verse the last of Keble's hymn for to-day is,—have you noticed it?

I have no news to tell you, but no doubt is entertained as to Evans getting the Craven not even a whisper, but I expect it will be out this week. And now I must finish. Good-bye, and believe me ever, my dearest Mary, your most affectionate BROOKE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
2nd Sunday in Lent, 1846.

How I wish I were with you all at Birmingham, my dearest Mary, just to enjoy your all receiving such an unexpected piece of news; but it is vain, and I can even now hardly think that the melancholy Brooke (and very often the ill-tempered and obstinate too) is "University Scholar" in his second year. But I am afraid I am rather rejoicing in an unseemly manner, and we will say good-bye to such words. Your note, which came to me just as the tidings of my success, in a great degree removes my objections against your last, and I am pleased that you have yourself corrected what seemed to me wrong. But what am I writing about? I am not even yet quite settled; it is wondrous—it is too much. But you will perfectly appreciate my feelings, I am sure, do you not, Mary? In reading my Wilson last night, many passages struck me far more than ever before in the first part, and almost the first verse I read in my Greek Testament—and I am happy to say that was the first thing I did after hearing the news—was 1 John ii. 17. Pray that its important truth may be deeply impressed on my mind. I am very, very glad, my dearest Mary, that I feel more humble than ever. I am perfectly sure that this is entirely God's mercy and goodness, and no

prize of my own, and perhaps He has given it me to try the sincerity of those vows and resolutions I have lately made. Pray for me, my dearest Mary, as I am sure you do. This Lent I trust will make me quite a new being. I feel growing more "earnest" and my thoughts are frequently more holy, and I am trying to view everything as a means to increase God's glory; and let this be our united aim—by mutually aiding each other the path will be easier, and dark though it be, and like some dreary mountain pass at first, it gradually widens and fair flowers deck it—flowers of charity and faith and love; and secret streams water it—streams of God's mercy and grace; and heaven is its final close. "So let us pass through things temporal as finally not to lose the things eternal." Temporal things will not be less beautiful because we view them but as types of heavenly ones. They will not indeed, my dearest Mary. Surely a glorious sun shining on a landscape, though it deepens the shadows, yet heightens the whole beauty; and if our "Sun of Righteousness" shine over all our acts, though He will make sin appear deeper, and even amusements appear gloomy, how bright will all acts of piety appear! I think the metaphor is true. I cannot write more, but you will pray for your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

CAMBRIDGE, 14*th*, 15*th March*.

Though, my dearest Mary, it is much after midnight, I feel that I should like to write a few lines to you, as your note to-day suggested many ideas. You say you think of me so often that you may be wrong, and if you do not think of me as a weak, a sinful, a rebellious creature who is ever in need of your prayers—you do, my dearest Mary; but if you so call me to mind, it can never be too frequently. Try thus to think—try to view me as one earnestly trying with yourself to find the truth; but do not, Mary, you must not indeed, set me up as your example, which I never had any idea of your doing when I wrote my last note. My own faults are both very many and very grievous, do not then copy my practice, but rather compare what I say with Holy Scripture, and if it agrees with it, then follow it, and may God's blessing

rest on us both. You cannot need my prayers more than I need yours, and that very childlike faith you refer to is that which of all things is the most needful, and to me the most difficult to attain to. I was thinking to-day when reading my *Avrillon*, in which I have put my marker "Remember me," that if you have any book you continually use for which you would make a marker "Remember" and one for me also, we might, each time this word comes before our eyes, offer a prayer more particularly each for the other. You know how fond I am of any such token, and you will not be surprised at it; what do you think? I have a little Greek Testament for my book, and a "Remember" would exactly suit it. But I will finish my note to-morrow. May Holy Angels be with you to-night.

Sunday Morning.

Before I go to play some chants I will finish my note, and I have yet much to say. You say you want me to advise you in many things, Mary. In what? Can you not at all tell me now, for I am afraid that if I come home at Easter it will not be for about six weeks yet—not till the second Sunday after Easter, when if all be well, I trust we may read that fine description of Balaam together (in Keble). If I am so fortunate as to get a Scholarship, I will try every means to come down for a few days, for as it will be Term time I shall be unable to do more; but we are sadly anticipating, and many, many things may intervene.

I think in the Sunday School there are regular lessons of Scripture to read, are there not, according to Mr. Dalton's method? If so, you know I should be inclined to lay much more stress on them than on *The Teacher Taught*, a book you know which is far from being a favourite of mine, for the instruction given seems first to be of a kind which can neither be intelligible or interesting. But the plan of breaking up each verse into a number of questions is very good, and if after reading any passage you will try to do so, the result is very satisfactory, for it not only keeps the children's attention alive, but ensures their understanding the passage; and you can hardly imagine at present how very little they do understand, and what is worse, how little they try to remove their

ignorance; and these difficulties can only be removed by our most earnest endeavours made in the fullest reliance on God's help. And if this is our plan, we cannot—nay, we dare not—doubt our final success, though much at first may seem to stand in our way to try our zeal and sincerity. All the times I have felt that I did not do what I might have done at the Sunday School were when I set about the duty in a spirit of pride and self-sufficiency—an error from which I think you will be comparatively free. But I shall be very pleased to hear how you progress from time to time, as you well know what very great importance I attach to our schools; and were I ever to have a Parish under my care, I think they would engage almost half my attention. But you will think I am now indeed looking forward beyond all bounds, and so to scatter all these castles, pleasing as they are—think you not so, Marie?—I must bid you not suffer yourself for a moment to think that your prayers will not be heard: the very consciousness that we do not deserve our wishes to be granted is one of the chief grounds on which God has promised to listen to us; and have not your prayers often been answered heretofore? I will, with all the zeal my worldly heart will suffer me, join ever in your prayers: and, as I often have, I again ask the same from you in return, for by God's blessing I already, I feel, owe much to you. Let us then together place all our hopes on high, and think not of any blessings we have here but as means of promoting truth and piety, and often as trials of our own sincerity: and so I trust we shall never fall, or if we do shall again by God's help be established for His glory.

Give my love to Mid, and tell him I will write probably to-morrow, but my correspondence has lately been somewhat extensive. May God bless you, my dearest Mary.—Yours most affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

CAMBRIDGE, *Easter Sunday*, 1846.

You cannot imagine, my dearest Mary, what a beautiful day it is, just such as an Easter Sunday should be, after all the gloom and cloudy skies of the last few weeks; and I am sure I shall be tempted to wander in our grounds, which are

just beginning to put on their fresh green array and smile in their spring beauty. But if we begin to digress on such subjects, I shall have to tell you of a glorious walk I had on Good Friday after Church; it was the first fine day we had, and with all the associations connected with it, it only wanted *not* a solitary evening in my rooms to make it quite delightful. But even then I put out the candles and looked, as I have often done, at the bright moon shining over Sidney, and thought of home and all with it, and how much I should like to surprise you all; and I do not recollect any goblin visions of Scholarships disturbing my reveries.

You have not told me for a long time how your Sunday School is going on. I trust you have not deserted it—nay, I do not even fancy such a thing. I think I shall soon be able to join in one at Cambridge, but even as it is my Sundays are now very pleasantly spent, and I trust not altogether unprofitably. I think I shall next term begin Hebrew again in earnest, and then again I wish to make myself a perfect master of the Greek Testament (and I never "forget"—can you say so?). But if we continue our present plan, perhaps both objects are compatible. Are you reading the 1 Corinthians now? and which chapter? Do you not, my dearest Marie, feel something very holy in to-day? I can hardly account for my own feelings, for all seems so cheerful round me, and I am happy—I, the gloomy and stern and morose and discontented—it must be this glorious day, our highest holy-day. I read this morning some beautiful remarks, one or two of which I would fain copy. They were on "patience" (Luke xxi. 16-19). Speaking of its freedom from the dangers which beset other virtues, Avrillon says: "In *zeal* we fear that evil temper and anger which often lurk beneath; in prayer we fear distraction; in fasting, hypocrisy; in mortification, self-will; in alms, vanity; in charity, regard of man's respect; but we fear none of these misfortunes in the exercise of patience." Is it not very, very true? But this patience must not be that which sustains the world in furthering their plans of pride and ambition, but one which teaches us to bear our ills, because we have considered them—all and much more; we must have none of the old stoic self-complacency left, nor consider ourselves as sufferers,

though innocent—nay, rather as being treated with boundless compassion and mercy, in that so many blessings are still left us. Shall we not try, my dearest Mary, to ever more and more cultivate this heavenly virtue, for it is a truly Christian one, and seek to draw healthful lessons from all our troubles? You must, Mary, pray for me continually during this week. I feel how frequently my thoughts will be distracted, how often I shall perhaps feel anger and *impatience*, how prone I shall be to forget that which should be my chief stay and comfort. Pray then earnestly for me, Mary, and may our joint prayers be blessed, as I am sure they have been heretofore.

It is now almost time to prepare for our Communion Service, and I must therefore finish.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
3rd Sunday after Easter, 3rd May 1846.

Notwithstanding Mr. Michelet's severe reproof, I shall write to you, my dearest Mary, before our Communion, which I find is to-day, and think of you during it, and finish my note afterwards; and surely if there is any time when our spiritual union should be closer than usual it is then, and you know that no season can inspire more solemn or more holy thoughts. My journey yesterday was unproductive of any conversation—or anything else remarkable. I again admired St. Paul's and looked at the Thames from London Bridge with as much wonder as ever. It is a glorious sight, and enough to make any one humble, for in a small village, or a small society, we are continually apt to judge of our actual merit by our comparative importance, and then we grow "proud."

It seemed, Mary, very strange to me sitting in our new seats this morning, for till now I have always used the same; but I do not think I shall grow "proud," and you know "I am not." . . . I intend reading the Waddington to-day, and shall begin Hebrew in earnest, and trust to carry it on with vigour,—so much for our arrangements. And you must tell me how far you have gone with the Gospel of St. John, and I will send you some notes when next I write. Sunday afternoon our Master in Chapel gave us a sermon on Rom.

viii. 28 (a verse you once mentioned to me), and of course he was eloquent and very forcible,—in both particulars very different from some we hear who only preach on patience on Herbert's principle. This afternoon I have heard the Bishop of Chester preach, but the church was so crowded and his manner so peculiar that I am afraid I did not at all appreciate his sermon. But I have something better to tell you. Keble has published another work, and I am going to look through it this evening. He calls it *Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges*, which is rather a quaint title, but the book seems very beautiful as far as I have seen it,—but I will tell you more when next I write.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *4th June* 1846.

It was well, my dearest Mary, that I began my note yesterday, or you would have been disappointed, for to-day I went out for a short ramble, and we walked and walked till we were far, far from Cambridge—and over the hills—at a pretty village, Babraham, of which I think I have told you before. It is still prettier now than when I saw it, for the trees are all out and the churchyard joins a beautiful lawn belonging to a very fine house built in the true Elizabethan style, and a finer situation for a quiet country village church could hardly be imagined. After that we went to the railway station about two miles further, and found a train had left about five minutes before (being punctual!), and consequently we had to wait some time, and so we strolled to the village, and found it was the "wake," with all the display of such sweetmeats as village children cannot resist, and above all a large swing; but having ourselves resisted all these temptations, we looked at the church, returned to the station, and started for Cambridge. I was very much amused on our way there, for there was quite a large party in the carriage, including evidently all between grandpapa and grandchild of every kind, who were just returning home after some long absence. But quite the favourite of the party was a little baby, and when they reached home, at a little village not far from Cambridge, the anxiety with which they anticipated who

would meet them, and the intense delight with which they found all they wanted, the great bustle there was to find all the luggage, the numerous commissions every one gave every one else, and above all the boisterous caresses received by the smallest of the party, were highly amusing; and after this was over, and the train left them behind in all their pleasure, nothing more occurred—but that I am rather tired.

What will you say, Mary, to my writing a note with such a long description in it—at any rate, it is a change. I should have been very much delighted, you know, to have been at home with you on Monday, but I can say all I should say quite as well perhaps in writing, and if I can I will write you such a note as I should on Sunday. Do not doubt, my dearest Mary, that I shall think of and pray for you; it is a very important time, and I have often told you how much I regret the manner in which I spent the day of my Confirmation. I went to the cricket field afterwards, but I could not play—I really could not; but I had no one to guide me, no friend I mean, and I sometimes quite shudder when I think how near I was to all that I now hold so dreadful and so ruinous. I think my visit to Bristol quite changed the direction of my thoughts, and since that time I think we have mutually derived much good, by God's blessing, from each other. May we long, long do so, and may He still guide and bless us, who has done so for so long a time!—Believe me ever, your most affectionate Ω.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *8th June* 1846.

My dearest Mary—In some respects I am sorry that I cannot be with you on a day so really important with regard to your whole future life, and see as at this time the full completion of my earnest prayers for some years past in your admission to our Holy Church: to converse together under such circumstances might call forth many new resolutions or remind us of many old ones which we have forgotten, it might open fresh springs of charity and zeal, or uncover those which have been choked by worldly cares and anxieties; and yet even at such a season some interruptions might arise, while now in my College solitude I can think of you, and pray for

you from time to time without anything disturbing my thoughts or prayers.

I wished you, Mary, to have some slight token by which you might know that this day has not been unnoticed by me (which, as I told you, by a singular coincidence is that of my first public service in the Church [1]), and you have, I think, often admired the little treatise of Taylor, which you will perhaps keep in memory of your Confirmation.

May your chief blessing, my dearest Mary, be a "holy life" of earnest faith and hope and charity, and may we both in all our actions be guided by His Holy Spirit "Whom to know is life eternal."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
4th Sunday after Trinity, 1846.

I am now, my dearest Mary, for the first time settled within the College walls, and though my rooms are rather too luxuriously furnished, yet they partake of quite a sombre character; the old-fashioned windows and the magnificent court and chapel, which are just opposite, give them a far more suitable air than my old habitation in Jesus Lane, and in addition to all this they are quite sheltered from the sun, which now is a very great comfort. My father will have told you how near I was to having a very stern lecture in consequence of my non-appearance, but it is all over now. This morning I have been reading a review of Ignatius' letters, which quite adopts the contrary view to that I have so often expressed, and so I must read them again; and another on Mr. Newman's work, which certainly represents his character not as that of an earnest and simple inquirer after truth, as I had always endeavoured to view him, but rather as one who first formed a theory of his own, and then tried to mould everything after his pattern; and yet the writer always carefully preserves that Christian charity which controversy makes us so often forget. I intend this afternoon to go on with your questions and send you an abstract of Beveridge's remarks on the Fifteenth Article.

[1] He read the lessons in Chapel on this day.

Let me, my dearest Mary, again impress upon you the necessity of reading all you read, particularly our chapters, very carefully: be sure that every sentence presents to your mind a distinct meaning, and such that you can represent clearly in other terms; and recall yet more frequently all the steps of any argument you may have heard. The task is difficult and irksome, but one of incalculable benefit. Because you will thus be able not only to form distinct views yourself, but teach them to others, which is one of our highest privileges: and it is of but little use if we keep our talent wrapped up and buried, when there are the crowds of poor, ignorant, resourceless, perishing creatures around us. We tried, Mary, you remember, to consider what would be the occupation of a minister in a small parish, and what must it be in such an one as the generality are?—what a field do they open to labour and patience and self-denial; what a trial are they to the mind and body—one for which we (shall I say so?) cannot too soon arm ourselves now while there is yet time, before the storm comes, which many a "roaring still and deep" forebodes. Let us, my dearest Mary, earnestly trust in and heartily pray for the divine assistance in preparing for a work so great, so responsible, as that of teaching, comforting, and directing our dark and wandering poor, who know no hope, no heaven, no God. It is a serious task, a dangerous task, and yet a very glorious one. Shall we not then by the aid of the Holy Spirit embrace it, in faithful dependence on His assistance. Think often on this, Mary, and very steadfastly, and picture to yourself all that must be denied in such a course, and be not as Andrew Steinmetz, shocked by the vision of the Cross.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *2nd September* 1846.

Your note, my dearest Mary, suggested many very curious thoughts. I was sorry to hear you had again been unwell, and wondered why you should be in bad spirits, and with my usual facility of imagination, conjured up strange fancies and fictions.

Yesterday I went to Ely and had a glorious day. The sky was almost cloudless from morning till night, and the

Cathedral, though as a whole full of unsightliness and defects, yet contains more beautiful details than I have ever seen. Some of the monuments and all the chapels are splendid, and the whole is undergoing a gradual but perfect repair; and much it needed it, for there is not, I fancy, a single statue remaining uninjured, unless it be perhaps a Bishop (!) whose image represents him comfortably dozing on a sofa (!) or some such. Really, contrasted with the good and holy-looking men round them, our big-wigged, fat-faced ecclesiastics make one very angry. You know, of course, all about the different styles, etc., of the building. The lantern is made of wood, and that disappointed me, for they have painted it stone colour, which is a trick only worthy of modern times. I trust you were not disappointed at not receiving a note, but I was not at home in time to write one satisfactorily, and even now, as you may see, I am in a great hurry. But if, as I hope, I shall see you soon it will not matter. Do not write to-morrow (Friday); wait till Saturday. You may perhaps guess my reason. However, I cannot say more.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
9th Sunday after Trinity, 1846.

As I generally do before writing my note to you, my dearest Mary, I have been reading Keble for the day, and though I do not recollect noticing the hymn particularly before, it now seems to me one of the most beautiful; and especially does it apply to those feelings which I have so often described to you: that general sorrow and despair which we feel when we look at the state of things around us and try to picture the results which soon must burst upon our Church and country. "Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and eyes," etc., and so let us still hope and work, and faithfully trust in our Gospel promises, though our success may seem hopeless and our labour lost, and though we may desire rather to leave the world, "the few poor sheep," in search of our own peace and retirement, than tend them in dangers and troubles. There is very much, Mary, to console us in such a course, even if our efforts seem to fail. I never regretted having done all that I could at our Sunday school, even when it seemed

in vain, but I have often felt sorrow when inattention or carelessness had made me inattentive and careless too, and I am very glad that you feel the same "earnestness" in behalf of our Church schools as I do myself. They are now of the greatest importance, and probably will soon be of still more, for you may perhaps have seen some notice of Dr. Hook's pamphlet on National Education (which subject will soon be discussed in Parliament). He proposes as the only practicable method of State education the establishment of schools for secular instruction only, at the same time requiring certificates for the attendance of each child at a Sunday school: and a glorious scheme it seems to me, for then we shall hear no more of children leaving us to go to the Socinian schools "because they teach writing on Sunday," as I have heard more than once; and having been regularly taught during the week, they will be more fitted to receive instruction in that which is the end of all learning, on Sunday. This may seem a little digression, but you will, I know, Mary, view it as I do, as a digression on that which is one of the most important instruments we can employ, and marvellous does it seem that so few can be found willing to take part in guiding it. Somewhere there must be a fault. I cannot imagine a School (if they had been blessed with such a thing) lacking teachers in early times. Is it then the largeness of our congregations, the security of the work, the inactivity of our ministers, which has made the change? Or is it not rather that while we profess religion as a people, we lose all sense of its individual value? We are never called upon to give up our faith, and so never calculate its value. We see no young Cyril braving the fire in his earnest and simple hope, and so never ask ourselves if we would do likewise. All goes smoothly with us, calmly enough and pleasantly; but if a day of trial comes—and such, Mary, I feel are coming, days of fiery and heavy trial—what will become of our nominal church—of ourselves? Let us try to look thus at things: will our "house" abide the raging of the storm and waves? Let us pray more and more earnestly that, whether this be in our day or not, such may be our faith and strength that all things may be "vile" when compared with this "hope which is in us." Let me quote you another passage from Cromwell's letters, and we

can and shall, I trust, apply it to ourselves. "Remind poor Betty (his daughter) of the Lord's great mercy; oh, desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and truth to turn to the Lord and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being covered with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her, and for him (her husband). Truly they are dear to me, very dear, and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them, knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtile the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth and they shall find Him." (April 1651.)

You cannot think, my dearest Mary, how often I wish I was now working patiently and earnestly in some obscure village. It is, I know, wrong to do so, but still here I have so much time for thinking, and get so deeply perplexed at times, that I fear there can be no remedy for me but active exertion in our great cause. New doubts and old, superstition and rationalism, all trouble me in turn. I cannot feel that simplicity and singleness of faith we all should. I feel too much interested in the mere passing events of College life; pride influences me, and mere emulation, though I would that all my studies should be for no other end than to give me more ability to do God's work. Pray for me, Mary, that this may be mine. My Hebrew still goes on slowly and steadily. Tell me when you write if you would like any more notes—and on what. May the Holy Spirit ever guide us in all truth.—Believe me ever, my dearest Mary, your most affectionate BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Thank you for the mignonette; I have no flowers. I have sketched the view from my windows; and so we can exchange.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
20th Sunday after Trinity, 1846.

I was quite delighted, my dearest Mary, with your resolutions and plans, and feel quite sure that to follow them out will

give you the highest satisfaction. And really one may be readily surprised at the great things which may be effected by steadiness of purpose and economy of time—but I will not grow sententious. This week I have been following out the intention of which I told you, and it seems to give me much more satisfaction than when I could hear the Chapel bell ringing while I was preparing for my evening's work quite regardless of its invitation; but I have made one slight alteration; which is that on Sunday evenings, when we have a full service and anthem and numbers of curious spectators, I shall go to hear Prof. Scholefield, whom I have lately entirely deserted, and so I shall enjoy that which here one is apt to want, the sober earnestness of a parish service. I sincerely hope that I may remain firm in these resolutions. "Remember." You make me, Mary, quite ashamed of my writing; I thought it was bad, but when my intention to express "M'Neile" is interpreted "Write," I am indeed in despair. He came to our Chapel last night, and certainly is a nice-looking man, though I might perhaps say more of a gentleman than a clergyman—you will understand my meaning; but I have been thinking and talking to-day on the relative tendencies of the two great Schools in the Church, that of Oxford and the one called Evangelical, the former laying more stress on prayer and the public services and ordinances of the Church, the latter on preaching: and it seems quite impossible that the "preacher" should not absorb the regard personally which should be devoted to the whole body of the Church and its supreme Head. He comes forward to instruct by his own eloquence and not as the mere exhibitor of the Church's treasures, and must needs usurp the affection which is due to the Head—do you not think so? And does it not seem clearly to teach us that in public we are to try to hide ourselves in the Church, seeking only her glory and not our own reputation; to strive with more earnestness to exhibit her beauties than to attract attention to ourselves; to attribute all which is good in us to our spiritual mother, and assign our failings not to her neglect but to human weakness: yet more to recollect our high calling as members of a glorious society whose aim is the highest in the world, and whose fame is clouded (not sullied) by our sins, for whose extension we

ought to labour, whose truths we ought to propagate, whose glory to cherish as our own? Do you not continually feel, my dearest Marie, that this must have been the spirit of the first confessors of our faith, and the spirit which alone can save us in the coming storm? Those early Christians should be our continual pattern:

> On these look long and well,
> Cleansing thy sight by prayer and faith,
> And thou shalt know what secret spell
> Preserves them in their living death.

That hymn of Keble's contains very, very much. You have read it again and again now, I am sure, and understand it.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
22nd Sunday after Trinity [1846].

What will you say, my dearest Mary, if Wheatley is again wanting?—but I will try if I can send it you—and yet I want to do some Hebrew. However, you will not complain much, I am sure. As for Mr. Oldham's meetings, I think they are not good in their tendency, and nothing can be so bad as making them the vehicle of controversy. What an exquisitely beautiful verse is that of Keble's, "And yearns not her parental heart," etc. We seem now to have lost all sense of pity in bitterness and ill-feeling. Should not our arm against Rome be prayer and not speeches; the efforts of our inmost heart, and not the displays of secular reason? Are we anywhere taught to hope to convince men by mere argument? Does St. Paul allude to this as the means of his success? I cannot myself reconcile the spirit of controversy and that of Christian faith. No two things seem more opposed, and earnestly I pray that we may be kept from its influence. Many of our noblest spirits have become gradually absorbed in its stream, and from earnest, active ministers turned to be shrewd, conceited debaters. We should be able, no doubt, to give answer of the faith that is in us; we should examine accurately the grounds of our own belief, and in proportion to our conviction would be our zeal for

our neighbour, and our prayers for his conscientious communion with the Church. We are told that a "fervent prayer availeth much," but is it anywhere said that worldly wisdom convinceth? Do not these considerations make us more and more anxious to live and act as Christians, without meddling into matters of controversy, such as have so often made shipwreck of men's faith? How much do they teach us the value of retirement and contemplation! How they warn us to "go into a desert place and rest awhile"! I must tell you of a scheme a friend was proposing for the purpose of rendering our ministers more efficient—and if you knew his character and standing it would seem more weighty,—it was that after taking their degrees here men should go to a kind of college of candidates for Holy Orders in some large town, and there spend two or three years in study and meditation, in visiting the poor and sick, in learning the feelings and habits, the wants and wishes, of the mass of the people with whom they would have to do afterwards. I do not know when I was more delighted with any idea, and I hope to see it carried into effect at some time. What do you think of it? So many now, immediately after leaving the literary and gay circles of university life, with great zeal, no doubt, go into some obscure village or large town, and find themselves totally lost among a set of men whose manners and feelings are to them utterly strange and unknown. They offend by intended kindness and misdirected sympathy; they are unacquainted with many springs of evil and good, and are unable to discharge many duties which otherwise they might. . . . Do you not understand the meaning of Theological "Development"? It is briefly this, that in an early time some doctrine is proposed in a simple or obscure form, or even but darkly hinted at, which in succeeding ages, as the wants of men's minds grow, grows with them—in fact, that Christianity is always progressive in its principles and doctrines. . . . What do you think of the "services for the 5th of November"? You know, of course, that they were not proposed by any ecclesiastical authority. Would you draw any inference from that?

But I must finish now. I have to write home, and have

just written to a friend who is seriously ill. "Remember." —Ever, my dearest Mary, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

P.S.—Do you know when my mother's birthday is? I always forget. Can you tell me anything I can give her? Do help me.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *Advent Sunday*, 1846.

My dearest Mary—I am sure you will envy me when I tell you I have been reading this morning the companion to the *Christian Year*, *Lyra Innocentium*, and I am more fully convinced than ever that Keble has found the truest and noblest end of poetry—to calm and cheer and soothe and train the mind by the simple teaching of nature, and not to rouse and ruffle and excite it by "dream intense of earthly passion." His images, being chiefly drawn from children, are even more tender and touching in this new book than in his former. The same spirit of devotion to the Church, her doctrines and her discipline, inspires it; the same earnestness and devotion warms every hymn; while the same charity and Christian love brightens and adorns them. Still, I could wish that he had lingered less around the mysterious bounds of faith's darkest visions—superstition in him I dare not count them. Such solemn thoughts and deep feelings as they create may perhaps excite prejudice or distrust in minds less truly harmonised than his to every heavenly note. But I could not now spare a line. They all will, I am sure, teach me some holy lessons. He dwells frequently on that glorious idea we have so often tried to realise of "the Communion of Saints." In one beautiful hymn he cheers an elder sister bereft of her little charge:

> What henceforth if, by Heaven's decree,
> She leave thee not alone,
> But in her turn prove guide to thee
> In paths to Angels known?

There is much more joyful hope which I would copy for you, did I not trust that we shall soon read the lines together.

We will not further anticipate our pleasure. If we are permitted, we may next Christmas draw fresh comfort and zeal from our ancient source.

. . . I am one chapter behind you in the Epistle, but to-day I will read two. I shall lay the error to your account, but it was a slight one in two months. We shall soon have finished the New Testament again. I am continually thankful that the plan occurred to us. Every such memorial of our highest duties, amid the distraction of daily business, is invaluable, and I feel more and more to desire to view life as a thing in earnest. We are too apt to talk on religious matters but on the surface, and to neglect the personal meaning of all we say; and indeed such seems to be the natural result of controversy and discussion: "light without love"—a darker vision than infidelity. Let us, my dearest Mary, think often on such things—think on the angel bands around us, and listen to their heavenly voices:

Then speed we on our willing way,
And He our way will bless.

Ever your most affectionate BROOKE.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH,
2nd Sunday after Epiphany, 1847.

My dearest Mary—As I fancy that we shall go out to-morrow, I will begin my note now without a longer preface. Yesterday we had a splendid walk to the monastery,[1] going the same road as you went in summer; but now all the trees and hedges are covered with a delicate white frost, and the craggy rocks seemed gigantic in the mist, and all the country looked more lovely and wild and un-English than I have ever before seen it. We went into the chapel, but I cannot say that I was so much pleased with it as before, and the reason was that I did not hear the solemn chant of those unearthly voices which seem clearly to speak of watchings and fastings, and habits of endurance and self-control which

[1] Carmelite settlement at Grâce Dieu.

would be invaluable if society could reap their fruits; as it was, the excessive finery and meanness of the ornaments seemed ill to suit the spiritual worship which we are told should mark the true church. After this we went round the cloisters and into the Refectory, but I felt less than ever to admire their selfish life. After leaving the monastery we shaped our course to a little oratory which we discovered on the summit of a neighbouring hill, and by a little scrambling we reached it. Fortunately we found the door open. It is very small, with one kneeling-place; and behind a screen was a "Piéta" the size of life (*i.e.* a Virgin and dead Christ). The sculpture was painted, and such a group in such a place and at such a time was deeply impressive. I could not help thinking on the fallen grandeur of the Romish Church, on her zeal even in error, on her earnestness and self-devotion, which we might, with nobler views and a purer end, strive to imitate. Had I been alone I could have knelt there for hours. On leaving, we followed a path across beautiful rocks fringed by firs loaded with hoar-frost, and, passing by many a little deepening glen, came to the road, above which stood a large crucifix. I wish it had been a cross. I wish earnestly we had not suffered superstition to have brought that infamy on the emblem of our religion which persecution never could affix to it. But I am afraid the wish is vain.

I thought I had spoken to you of the fearful distress in Ireland (and in parts of Scotland too). I am sure you will feel as I do. I have very little money to spare, but if there is any collection I wish you would give five shillings for me, and I will pay you when I return; and let us not only think of the temporal wants of our unfortunate sister isle, but also of its spiritual degradation, which is, I am sure, closely connected with its present miseries. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, *9th February* 1847.

My dearest Mary—As I have a little leisure time now, I will begin to fulfil my part of our agreement in endeavouring to sketch for you an outline of the history of painting; and firstly of the Italian schools, which claim our especial notice at once from their early origin and unrivalled ex-

cellence. Painting indeed seems the native growth of the South, where the sunny landscape not only shines gloriously itself, but invites men to share in its joyousness. We shall have to observe how climate influences the progress of the Art, and the marked character of the Dutch and German schools will at once occur to you. However this may be, if Cimabue was the father of painting, Raphael was its prince, and the sublime creations of Michael Angelo seem like guardian spirits to defend his throne. In Italy the first and noblest efforts of the art, as such, were produced; not that I would for a moment wish to defend the treatment which sacred subjects received too often in her schools, or to maintain that there is not a far nobler object to pursue than external beauty. But we must be careful not to attribute too much to individual exertion in the revival of painting. We are always too apt to lose sight of the onward advance of men's minds in contemplating the triumphs of some favourite hero. The gushing torrent will rouse us, while the still deep stream may roll by unnoticed. Now every history tells us that Cimabue (born at Florence 1240; died about 1302) was the "father of modern painting." A partial countryman gave him the title, and none have ventured to impugn it. But what was the condition of the Italian people? The songs of the Troubadours were still echoed abroad. Her nobles had fought in the Holy Land, and while they ridiculed the effeminacy of Asia, had learnt to emulate its luxury. The disorders of the Eastern empire had led many artists to leave Byzantium and seek a refuge in the West. Dante was born, we know (at Florence also), in 1265; and Petrarch, the contemporary of our own Chaucer, was about thirty years later. Does not this chain of facts already teach us that men were growing more zealous in the search after "the beautiful"? For painting must either accompany poetry or even precede it. So it was in Greece. So it would have been in England if the munificence of our first Charles had not been checked by political commotions. Rubens, you know, was painting Whitehall while Milton was writing *L'Allegro*, and probably dreaming over the story of King Arthur. Cimabue then, so far from being the origin of Italian art, was rather the offspring of the

search after it. He employed the skill of his Byzantine masters to gratify a spirit which he had not formed, but followed. He was unable to throw off the conventionalities of the Eastern schools. His dark-faced Madonnas display their origin, and when looking at their simple claims we may wonder now how a whole city could wait in eager expectation for a gaze at the finished picture, and bear it with triumphal pomp to its destined position. Yet such was the scene at Florence when Cimabue painted there 600 years ago. Few of his works are left. Oil-painting, of course, was not known till about 1440, and all works were either executed in fresco (*i.e.* wet cement) or in "distemper" (*i.e.* on board, with colours tempered with the white of egg), so that there were few cabinet pictures, and Art still remained, what she ever should be, the handmaid of Religion. Of Cimabue's contemporaries none deserve especial notice. We will speak of his pupil Giotto next week. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, 12*th April* [1847].

I have scarcely time, my dearest Mary, to send a line as I promised. You may fancy me again hermit-like surrounded by my books. The day was very fine, and yet there was a shower, as I prophesied, and I wandered round Peterborough Cathedral for an hour. There is a very nice burial-ground by it with yews and fir trees, which give the whole building a very solemn aspect from the North. But how I wish you could see Ely from the railroad. The view is the finest for outline of any building I ever saw. I must try to sketch it some day. Short as my note is, I must say good-bye. God bless you, my dearest Mary. "Remember." — Ever your most affectionate BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

P.S.—I will send an old note to make up for this. It is, I think, an ingenious experiment. Ω.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 26*th May* 1847.

. . . Our examination begins on Monday and lasts a whole week, but then it is the last of the kind I shall undergo. . . . How would my English books cry out if they could!

Indeed, I think they would let me have no sleep at all, and I am afraid very few save the driest mathematics would be silent. Aristotle himself might with reason murmur, and if he could complain, think of the flood of indignation Plato would pour forth, and the cold sarcasms of Tacitus, and all the other angry taunts of every one I ought to read and can't. But they must wait, and I hope after this exam. is over to set to work at them again. There are very beautiful things in Mozart's Masses, but if they are to be viewed as Communion services, are not you glad that our Church never adopted anything similar? I even feel that an anthem in Chapel degenerates too much into an amusement, and that we quite forget the solemnity of the service; so much so that I rarely go when there is one. . . . I wish you could for an hour or two see our "Backs" now, or even my view of Sidney Gardens. A large horse-chestnut covered with blossom is my central object, and if that be beautiful, only fancy what our great chestnut walk at Trinity is. Particularly when contrasted with the delicate green foliage and dark trunks of the lime trees. Singularly enough, just at the end of the avenue is seen in the distance a little village spire, which some one observed is a proper Fellow's prospect: "a long road with a church at the end of it." It is rather sad that such an end should be contemplated in such a way. I had almost forgotten to tell you that I have a Latin Declamation Prize. As you have already congratulated me by mistake, I will dispense with it this time.

Let me hear better tidings next time you write. Play before that glorious air of Beethoven's, or "In Manus Tuas," or the Larghetto out of "his" First Symphony, or Hadyn's, and then I am sure you will need no other inspiration. Perhaps of all just now I should choose the one I have set to Heber's "Thou art gone." I shall very much like to hear that again with all your new improvements.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
Sunday after Ascension Day, 1847.

My dearest Mary—I fancied that I should have been obliged to alter the form of my notes, and send you news in

this one, for on Thursday night a fire broke out in Neville's Court, which is the most precious part of our College, containing the library. As it is nearly all panelled with oak, considerable apprehension was felt that it would be entirely destroyed. I happened to be in at the time, and certainly the appearance was very alarming; but as engines were soon on the spot, and there was no lack either of water or men to work, we succeeded in putting the flames out entirely in about an hour and a half. My arms are very stiff still, for I was on the side that passed up full buckets to the engine, and not being used to work of that kind, I feel its effects a little. However, I was very glad I could do anything. The damage is very trifling, nothing more than the roof of part of the building is injured; and the College has issued a very nice notice thanking the University and town for their assistance, and at the same time adding that "but for the blessing of Almighty God great damage must have been done." The wind was very still, and it rained part of the time. You may picture to yourself the scene: long rows of men reaching down to the river some hundred yards distant, others running about with lights, others rescuing books, etc., from rooms in danger. The grass plot reserved for the Fellows' especial use was trodden down by unprivileged undergraduates. Altogether it was a notable scene, and I am glad I was present. . . . You will be pleased to hear of one alteration I have made. I go to bed regularly at half-past 1 and am up at half-past 4. I have an alarum and it goes capitally. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, *3rd June* 1847.

My dearest Mary—I promised you a line, and really I shall scarcely write more. Our examination has now been going on for three days, and I have been doing myself no credit, so that I do not feel much in letter-writing humour. However, I will not complain. I had not got up my subjects well, but trust I had not been wasting my time. And so no more of this. As for the Greek Ode, it is the same prize I got last year, and I have the honour (or misery?) of reciting before the Queen on the 7th of July, the Installation Day. . . . My

early rising has lately degenerated to 6 o'clock. I have found it so difficult to get to bed during the examination; but I will certainly bring down my alarum with me, and then I will set you all a good example. I picked up by chance to-day a translation of Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, and read in it an account of Madame Roland which pleased me for its style amazingly. We must try to read the book when I come down. It embraces quite the noblest part of the French Revolution.

You flatter my water-colours beyond all due. The only excuse you can offer is to do better, and I know you will soon. But short as my note is, I must say good-bye.—Ever believe me, my dearest Mary, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *St. James' Day*, 1847.

I have read very little this week except my usual work. Vinet still remains a great treat when I have time to devote to him: some passages I could now point out would, I am sure, be sufficient to compensate for his unprepossessing exterior. We shall have all the excitement of two elections next week. Mr. Lee will, I hope, come up, and I want to talk to him about many things. You know all I mean. Are we together now in reading? This morning I read Amos v., and shall begin 2 Peter this evening. How strange it seems in reading the later Prophets to find so few allusions to the Messiah: all seems to be lost in the contemplation of the present sin and immediate punishment of the Jewish race. I should like to see this question—I mean of the relation of these prophets to the two dispensations—fully considered, and their case for us clearly explained.

I hope your botanical researches will go on well, and you may amuse yourself with trying accurately to describe all the churches you see. Try if you can name and describe every little part, if you can recognise any moulding, and so forth, and if you please you may send me the result of your inquiries, and I will see whether they give me any clear ideas.

Do you know Keble for St. James' Day? If not, read it,

Marie; I hope at some time to be able to have the last verse and half sung—even in Church it may be. All the time I was at home we never sung his Evening Hymn. I often thought of it; we must try to improve in this particular. My father sent me such a letter the other day, three whole sheets; he never sent such a one before, and you see I must tell you. I hope we shall never break through the good rule we began at home, and won't you try something of the same kind?

You ask for a subject for Tuesday, but I know you will find one, and I do not want merely an essay: tell me what you think or feel or do. And now, my dearest Mary, I must say good-bye, and "remember," for I have no little flower to speak for me.—Believe me ever, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

I forgot to tell you my hours; yours, by the way, are very good ones. I am in bed by 11 and up by 5, and all goes on very pleasantly in that respect.

LLANBERIS, *Sunday*, *2nd October* 1847.

My dearest Mary—I must again before leaving Wales write with the mountains all around me, hills over hills, crest over crest, piled in the wildest beauty. The village where we have been staying for the last three days lies just at the foot of Snowdon, and the hotel looks over the Lake of Llanberis, which is divided by a jutting headland on which is a picturesque old tower called Dolbadarn Castle. On the other side of the lake rises a beautiful range of mountains partly covered with wood, all the others being entirely bare, save where in the valley some little farmhouse is hidden in a nest of trees, or where the quaint old chapel is concealed. The entrance to the village from Capel Curig, the road we followed, is through a pass about five miles long, with cloud-capped mountains on either side, partly covered with turf at their base, which contrasts beautifully with the grey slate rocks, or the little silver threads of water trickling down their sides; between them runs a mountain stream, and in the solitude makes sweet music. Such scenery I never

before beheld, and could you see it as I did at evening, with a red sunset over the lakes at the end, and the outline of the old tower dimly seen, and the mist slowly descending down the mountain sides, I am sure you would share my delight. To describe it is as impossible as to sketch it,—you must see it at some time or other. On Friday we ascended Snowdon, and though it was enveloped in a fog, which is generally the case, as we learnt from the complaints in the visitors' book at the summit, yet we enjoyed the view afforded us by the separating of the mists all the more. Fancy a little mountain lake with a gentle slope on one side descending to it, on the other broken crag covered with moss, and with countless little rivulets dashing and foaming along, and on the third rocks perfectly perpendicular for some hundreds of feet, with the blue outlines of distant mountains in front, and you will have a little picture of our botanising spot. If you wish to give life to the scene, add a few sheep jumping quite fearlessly from crag to crag, and fancy you hear from time to time, when the mist thickens, a loud "Brooke!" answered by as loud a "Holloa!" Yesterday we ascended the Glydar Mountain, the great rival of Snowdon, and as the day was finer we enjoyed it even more. The scenery is beyond all description: mountain lakes, blue mountains, white mists, an azure sky, black defiles, and sparkling cataracts must be compounded in every conceivable manner to afford a proper idea of the country. Connected with our return in the evening is a little tale I must tell you when I see you; all I can say now is that I am very thankful that I can now write, and that my father is safe, for we were all but lost upon the hills. To-morrow, if all be well, we intend to go to Carnarvon, and thence to Menai Bridge, and by steamer to Liverpool. I certainly never enjoyed a journey so much, nor do I remember ever feeling the benefit of a tour so much. What would you say to me in an old coat, a baker's cap, a thick stick, with a knapsack over my shoulder, a handy bottle in my hand, and a cigar in my mouth? Would you know me? But enough of this. To-day has been a dull Sunday—a Sunday without church. I was, I suppose, misinformed about the service, for I went to the church and found it closed. For some time I looked at

poor Mr. Starr's grave, whose remains, you remember, were found a short time since. It is tastefully decorated with stones and moss and yew, and may well be the subject of earnest reflection. He was young and active and zealous, the sole stay of a mother and two sisters. I have been much interested with a little memoir of him I found here. It was strange to read the strong aspirations he once indulged in after fame—how fearfully they were realised. I found a singular tract to-day of the New Jerusalem Church in the parlour. I wish we were as zealous in spreading our doctrines as they appear to be in spreading theirs. Some of the views of the Jewish sacrifices quite made me pause. You will feel surprise, perhaps, at the weakness of my convictions. I wish, Marie, they were stronger, but men seem so strangely to abandon Scripture, words seem to change so much in meaning, and creeds to change with them, that half the theology of the present day is based on mere ignorance and carelessness. But why should I trouble you with all this? I was much struck with two verses to-day as I was walking, "Take heed, my brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God: exhorting one another daily, while it is yet called to-day, that ye be not hardened by the deceitfulness of sin." The last words are very fearful. Let us ever "remember" the remedy the Apostle suggests. Let us ever pray earnestly and heartily for all men, particularly those near to us. And now, my dearest Mary, I must say à Dieu.—Ever believe me, yours most affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 15*th October*.

My dearest Mary—After the carman had made exertions which I fear almost rendered us amenable to the law against cruelty to animals, I managed to reach the train just as it was on the point of starting, and in accordance with my resolution consigned myself to a carriage (!) something between a cattle-box and a covered cart—airy enough, no doubt, and in summer I fancy very comfortable, and so even in autumn, as thought a party who indulged in singing right merrily from time to time. At Gloucester I got very com-

fortably settled, and reached home in good time—and so ended my journey; and so is almost ended one of the pleasantest vacations I ever spent.

In the railway carriage, as we had no lights, I began to think, and the result was the little fragment which I have written down—trifling as it is in itself, it may be interesting to you in consideration of your conversation on Tuesday. Let us heartily pray to feel as I would endeavour to express at the end, and I feel sure that so our happiness will be the highest.

What is my task, O Lord?—
For still, though fear and doubt oppress my heart,
Dark doubt and unbelief,
I feel that in Thy work I have a part,
A refuge in Thy fold, and in Thy word relief;
E'en as the sun sheds gladness though his face
With gloom be overspread,
Or as a tiny rill, half-choked with grass,
Still decks the healthy moor with a "bright emerald thread."

What is my task, O Lord?—
To bear Thy cross with stern resolve and high,
By many an idol shrine,
Where suppliant lands in abject bondage lie,
And offer prayer and praise which only should be Thine?
Or where the ivy creeps o'er fallen towers,
And temples desolate?
Or where the wood-wove aisles inwrought with flowers,
Echo the lone bird's song wailing its long-lost mate?

Bid me whate'er Thou wilt,
And oh may I with earnestness and love
Discharge my heavenly task;
May I to Thee a zealous heart approve!
This prayer alone I raise, this gift alone I ask:
Oh may I learn to sacrifice to Thee
Whate'er I dearest own;
For thee, Lord, may I live! and breathe on me
A spirit of holy fear, a fear for Thee alone!

Add this, Marie, if you please, to my other fragments.

EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 18*th October* 1847.

My dearest Mary—First of all I must tell you of an event at which you will rejoice for our Church's sake—Mr. Lee is the new Bishop of Manchester! When I called on him on Saturday and he entered the room, I was very much struck with his appearance. He seemed very much agitated, and he said something to me which led me to suppose some serious event had occurred, but of what nature, whether good or bad, I could not tell, and then in a minute or two he told me what it was. We went out directly after, and he spoke admirably, earnestly, or rather Christianly about it. "Remember," Marie. I sincerely rejoice at it for the good he will do; much as Birmingham will suffer. We always thought he lived in too much retirement, but it seems he was not forgotten; I believe the Queen herself received him. He has already given me an invitation to the Palace at Manchester for Christmas, but of course I shall be obliged to decline it. I shall look for his first charge with great anxiety: I am sure he will touch on Education.

Yesterday our collections were not for the Irish, but for some Infant School which had been planned before the late distress but suspended in consequence of it, and I must confess that I felt much more pleasure in giving towards them than for the Irish. Much as I should deprecate any angry feeling towards the Church of Rome, utterly useless and injurious as I deem all the controversy of the present day, yet really I am beginning to feel a growing abhorrence of her principles: they are all earthly, and it is from this she prospers.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 7*th November* 1847.

This week I have been out on two evenings at parties given by a Fellow; in each case by one in orders; and each time I must say the feeling when I left was far from a pleasant one. On one occasion the conversation was almost exclusively occupied with a discussion of theatres and opera singers! Men speaking from their own experience! Can you imagine anything worse? It is perhaps an unseemly

task to criticise one's neighbours, but indeed I could not help it on such an occasion. What would our forefathers, our founders, say, who doubtless were superstitious men, but earnest too I fully believe? The question of social intercourse which this matter involves in my opinion is one of the weightiest we have practically to decide. How we can lay down a general rule I cannot see. It ought to be one of the greatest means of doing good, and St. Paul seems to permit the ties of friendship and fellowship to remain with an unbeliever. O Marie, as I wrote the last word, I could not help asking what am I? Can I claim the name of a believer? I seem to have a few hopes, a few desires, a few earnest aspirations after truth and holiness, but what more? All that is sensible and objective in my belief seems to fade away. I begin to fancy that there is much which is human in our Church—that we have lost the primitive simplicity and primitive purity, and I tremble when I say so, for this may be only a temptation. I always would remember John vii. 17. It is a most cheering text, and yet whence spring the differences of really sincere and zealous men,—can they be fatal? "Remember." I will write no more in this strain, but I felt so, and I could write no otherwise. I wish I could find some one who feels as I do, or rather who has felt so. When I observe the men round me, or when I hear you speak, I cannot but wonder, and yet my own difficulties may in a great measure arise from my own pride. I think, Marie, in my last note I was speaking about having an object in one's life. I do not think I could speak of anything which is more important. We are, I know, too apt to trust to the occasion furnishing us from time to time with objects and motives for action. But I am sure that we do but act in the true spirit of our Lord's discourse when we calculate carefully all the sacrifices we are willing to make, and may reasonably make, and all the duties which we are fitted to discharge; and there cannot be a fitter time for so doing than the present. Even the future will assume a certain definiteness and reality if we can set before our eyes that which shall be our great end amid all the variety of external fortune which Providence may assign; and I feel sure that our resolution may be strengthened even by thus

contemplating at a distance what we judge and feel to be our duty, though often we might abandon its teaching were it to be addressed to us without preparation. And now it is Church time. A Dieu, Marie. "Think on these things." Ever yours.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 11*th November* 1847.

My dearest Mary—You will be surprised, I am sure, to hear that this evening I am going to a concert. However, I will explain myself. There is a society of University men who, with the assistance of some local musicians, give a certain number of concerts in the year, and this evening I was offered a ticket, which, as I have done before, I refused; but I was induced to go to the rehearsal, and I felt that it would do me good, and so I changed my mind. The music to be performed is very good—Hadyn's Seventh Symphony, an overture of Kalliarda's, the overtures to *Figaro* and *Masaniello*, and one or two songs.

I have lately felt extremely dull and unable to read, and I think that even an evening will be well spent in such a relaxation; and you cheated me of I don't know how much music when I was down at Bristol. I will not fill you with my complaints, but really the term seems to be flying, and I can do nothing. My attention is continually distracted. There are so many claims on it that I know not which to attend to; but I am resolved to dispel all excessive anxiety. I sincerely trust that whatever I may do, it may be so that it may make me more useful. I would have this thought continually before my mind. Again and again have I solemnly determined that all the power and influence I ever may have possessed shall be devoted to one object, and earnestly I would pray that I may keep my vow. In reference, my dearest Mary, to that of which I was speaking in my last note, I always myself am inclined to rest on the two verses I have so often mentioned, Mark ix. 24, John vii. 17. I think, indeed, they contain every consolation. It is in such passages, where we see the particular adaptation of Scripture to our own feelings, that I see chiefly their inspiration. There seems to be some reference to every fear, and some remedy against it. Do you

remember what Wilson says of "the will to ask God's assistance"? I am very glad, Marie, you wrote as you did; I seemed to feel that you wrote as you felt, and on such points at least we should help one another, we should know one another's thoughts. If I dare not communicate to you my own wild doubts at times, it is because I feel they are punishment for my own pride, and which I should tempt no one to share. May we be guided in all truth, may we value *nothing* so highly. We seem to be required to make no sacrifice, at least we act as if such were the case. Marie, "remember." Next Sunday is our Communion day.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *Advent Sunday*, 1847.

My dearest Mary—Even at the risk of writing you a very dull note, I must begin it this evening. I have from some cause or other felt singularly low to-day. I do not know that I have had any reason, without it be the fierce discussion which is at present raging about the appointment of a Dr. Hampden (a friend of Arnold's) to the Bishopric of Hereford. All stigmatise him as a "heretic," and apply all the vocabulary of theological abuse, which to the Church's shame is an extensive one, to mark him and his adherents. I thought myself that he was grievously in error, but yesterday I read over the selections from his writings which his adversaries make, and in them I found systematically expressed the very strains of thought which I have been endeavouring to trace out for the last two or three years. If he be condemned, what will become of me? I believe he holds the truth; if *he* be condemned, *I* cannot see how I shall ever enter the Church. It is a sad crisis. I may be speaking too warmly, but you will know that I do feel warmly too on such subjects. When religion becomes a science of words and definitions, I cannot help thinking that its spirit is gone. I wish you could see an article in *The English Churchman* (a religious (!) newspaper). They made mention of Arnold's heresy. But enough of this, I could not write less, and I will not write more. "Remember," Marie. I have read some of Arnold's *Life* again to-day. You must at some time read it. If he were a heretic, I should be satisfied

to be one too. I could soon make a choice between him and "Saint" Jerome, even in spite of Keble. Keble has lately published some sermons in which, as well as in a preface on "the position of Churchmen," I am afraid he will offend many. I can in some measure sympathise with him. I wish his creed would suffer him to sympathise with us. If our lives be spared, we must see strange events. The present advance of Romanising tendencies is but as the swell which always precedes, we are told, the retiring of the sea. We must soon fall back on a mere moral atheism, or what is still as bad, a "hero-worship." The battle of the Inspiration of Scripture has yet to be fought, and how earnestly I could pray that I might aid the truth in that. And yet I would sooner be "doing." As soon as my Degree is over I shall write to "our" Bishop, asking his advice about my future life and my present doubts, and then I hope in earnest to live. I met with a characteristic remark of Arnold's to-day; he said that he could not sympathise with Wordsworth's lines—"To me the meanest flower," etc.; that "we had no time to bestow such thought on trifles." But how many minds are there whose very privilege it is to dwell on small things! How many duties would be neglected were it not so! If he had meant that we should not suffer speculation to carry us away from active life, then I could agree with him. But we have all our several duties. May we all be enabled to discharge them in all earnestness and in all sincerity! May God bless us, my dearest Mary, may He teach us, and teach us to regard the truth only!—Ever believe me, your most affectionate

BROOKE.

To-morrow I may be more cheerful.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *Christmas Day*, 1847.

My Christmas Day is now nearly over, and you may picture me to yourself, my dearest Mary, seated alone in my snug sitting-room, which is most gaily decked with all kinds of evergreens, thanks to my boldness last night, with my desk open before me, which is now only employed on great occasions, and all my books put aside; a Keble, a Vinet, and my stout

little Greek Testament still remaining; to complete the scene you may add a cheerful fire, the merry sound of voices in the room below, and a confused pile of books on my reading stand which betokens the near approach of an examination. And how has the day been spent? you will ask. To be candid, Marie, I think I shall remember it with more pleasure than many other like days; and it is with grief I say it, for surely the presence of those we love ought always to add to our pleasure; and yet I seem to prefer solitude; I fear it is because it has less temptations. It is less difficult to please oneself than to fulfil one's social duties. But to-day I have not been much alone,—though first I will return to last night. I went to Chapel, contrary to my usual custom, as there was Cathedral Service, but I thought that it was excusable to go even for the pleasure of the ear, and we had "O thou that tellest"; after this I went to tea to one of the College tutors, and I would that his account of the Xmas festivities had shown that the Christian nature of the season is recognised here,—but I will not dwell on this; and thence, after sallying into the market-place to get my evergreens, I returned to finish my week's work. This morning I went to the Schools for a short time, but there were no regular lessons; and then we had Communion in Chapel. After this I read in my rooms till Hall time—Pascal chiefly; and after Hall a friend sat with me till Chapel time, when we had that glorious chorus "Unto us a Son is born"; and after this I have been talking with an old schoolfellow whom I have not seen for two years. He is reading for Orders. He entirely sympathises with my difficulties, and I need not say how pleasantly the evening has been spent. But you might have smiled had you heard my fruitless endeavours to sing "Hark the herald angels sing." What would I have given for my piano; nevertheless I made the effort, and that satisfied me. I do not remember talking last year of going abroad, but that has been one of the subjects of conversation this evening. I feel more and more inclined to question the lightness of the spirit which would lead me away from England, and I feel sure that we have more works of self-denial here, and I may perhaps say more room for energy and zeal, than in India or New Zealand. But then, my dearest Mary, it is the very difficulty of living

here as I think a Christian minister should live would make me wish to go to some distant place where simplicity is not called meanness, nor liberty annoyance or heresy. Our whole Church seems here so necessarily affected by the general tone of society, that it would be impossible to restore the spirit of simpler times. But hear how I am speaking—impossible—nay, not if it be right—and I will continue this strain no longer. On this day I would again most solemnly resolve to devote my whole life and energy to God's service. And pray most earnestly for me, my dearest Mary, that I may be taught how I may best employ the talents which have been committed to my keeping—that in every trial and every joy this great object may ever be before me; that no success may elate me, no disappointment discourage me, but that in all I may find some fresh aid towards faithfully discharging my proper duties. Are you, Mary, earnestly determined to join in those same resolves? Let me ask you to examine yourself. Do not answer from mere feeling or impulse: try to realise all the difficulties of such a course as I should point out, and consider whether you would be willing to meet them. In all we do and plan and think, now, and in time to come, may we sincerely and heartily serve God! May His Spirit be with us now and for ever! Amen.

In spite of your forebodings, I trust you enjoyed your Xmas Day much more than you anticipated. I was quite delighted with mine, and yesterday was very pleasantly spent. And now after this refreshment the examination is staring me in the face; but I will not be anxious—I have quite resolved to keep my determination.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 29*th December* 1847.

My dearest Mary—It is a bad beginning to a note to say that I feel disinclined to write, but if you knew the strange feelings and occupations of a "questionist" within less than a week of his examination, I know you would have fellow-feeling with me. If all be well this time next week one day of our examination will be over; and how soon it will all be over—how soon it will all be but a mere remembrance, a name and nothing more. But there is some comfort, while we set

not undue value on University honours, in knowing that all the time useful habits of thought and action are being gained, which will last when the excitement which in some degree stimulated them is forgotten.

I am very thankful that hitherto I have escaped the influenza. You do not appear to have been so fortunate, and from what I know of it, I can fully commiserate with you. I must tell you, as it is a thing in which I took some interest, that Dr. Hampden was elected Bishop of Hereford on Tuesday, two only out of about fifteen opposing him. The leader of the opposition, the Dean, appears from his own statement to have been a disappointed candidate for the preferment, and so I cannot value his opinion much. Dr. Hampden has, however, been formally charged with heresy, and I shall wait with great interest to see the result of the trial. I am very glad that Mr. Lee entirely favours Hampden, and yet I felt sure he would.

I think if I had been with you on Xmas Day, I should have resisted the temptation to be proud, even if you had praised that little air, and I know you would have been so much amused with my attempts at singing that at least the praise would have been neutralised.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *6th January* 1848.

I know nothing more suited to inspirit us than to notice the pleasure which a kind word or look will shed on the most miserable. It is strange that we do not always seek to employ such simple charities, to use an old word, but it is this kindliness of manner, this ever-cheerful, ever-peaceful spirit, which we gain last, and for which we should most earnestly pray. It is that which above all others aids us in our social duties. I know naturally I am far more inclined to scorn than pity, and yet I fancy I can feel the growth of a deep interest and a firm sympathy with all our "neighbours," though pride will yet make me often very selfish. It seems as if I am inclined to learn nothing; I must find out all myself, and then I am satisfied, but that simple faith and obedience which so many enjoy, I fear will never be mine.

How prolix we may be when we talk of ourselves, and yet I do not think you will be an unwilling hearer, and I would have you know my whole nature, for at times I fear you do not comprehend it; but it is not all contradiction, I think, and it will, I trust, grow firmer and more steadfast. I will not talk to you about the examination. I am resolved to convince myself that it is a matter of very little moment—though this be a hard lesson. We are not admitted to B.A. till the 30th, I think. How soon after B.A. follows the solemn ordination! You can scarcely tell how I felt when I found we had to sign some declaration before the degree. I feared it might be of an assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and that I dare not give now; but to my great joy, it was only of being a member of the Church of England, and that I am, I fully believe, in all her ancient spirit. All this now will be about myself; to prevent this I will copy a few lines at random from *The Princess*:—

> Woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet Love were slain, whose dearest love is this,
> Not like to like, but like to difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
> . . . .
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> . . . .
> Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other e'en as those who love.

Again another chance passage, and a very beautiful one. A mother laments over her child, whom she has left in the power of others. She says it

> Will sicken with ill-usage, when they say
> The child is hers; and they will beat my girl

Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.

The three last lines are, I think, exquisitely pathetic, exquisitely simple. And last a description of his mother—one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
. . . .
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread.

I know you will thank me for these little gems; but I would he had somewhere in his work one Christian thought: but he has not one. Yet I am sure Christianity alone can teach the true relations of "man and the helpmeet for him." You see again I shall wander; but I will have done.

I am very glad, my dearest Mary, you are likely to have a class. Bad as mine is unfortunately, I learn very much from them, at least I learn what my duties will be.

Look on us, Lord, and take our parts,
Even on Thy throne of purity;
From these our proud yet grovelling hearts
Hide not Thy mild forgiving eye.

After all, a verse of Keble is worth volumes of Tennyson. A Dieu, Mary. Ever "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
28th January 1848, 9.30 A.M.

My dearest Mary—Once more I must ask you to rejoice with me. I am 24th Wrangler, and I need not say that is a higher place than I could possibly have expected. I am

sure my father will be very much pleased. And I know you will—shall I say because I am? I have very much to be thankful for; and to increase my pleasure my most intimate friend is two places above me. It is some time since two University Scholars were Wranglers together. In all I do and in all my successes and disappointments—few as I have had—may I always "remember." And do you, my dearest Mary, ever "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Please direct in future "Trinity College."

TRINITY COLLEGE, *Sunday*, 1848.

My dearest Mary—Again for some little time I am free from examinations. In about three weeks all will be over. For my own part, I have been greatly pleased that I have been able to feel comparatively so little excited during the last week, and yet it has not been any consciousness of doing well which has buoyed me up, but I trust a sincere reflection on the real nature of such distinctions as success confers, and an earnest endeavour all along to remember the vow I have so often made to devote all my energy and knowledge to the greatest of all services. And shall I say that I feel that whatever success I may have, it will be that which will most fit me to be useful? "Remember," Marie, so that I may heartily say this. In my last note I just hinted at the affairs abroad, and since that time we have had a repetition of the "three days" of 1830. I cannot say that I feel any great indignation at the Parisian mob. They had doubtless great grievances to complain of, and perhaps no obvious remedy but to be gained by force. But then the effects will be felt all over Europe. I cannot think of Italy or Austria without alarm. It seems that a civil war is greatly to be apprehended or hoped for, I hardly know which, and our country may certainly hope for some safety-valve for French violence. They are indeed fearful times. There is need of a real Church amid all this confusion.

The gentleman from whom I received a note is one of the co-heirs with my father of the property in question. I

imagine some proceedings will be taken, but of course all legal affairs are not only tedious but uncertain. I imagine the estate is a considerable one. My father's share would be one-third. But it is no use anticipating possible contingencies. On looking over the pedigree, I found that a Brooke greatly distinguished himself for the King in the Civil War. I fear we should have fought against him.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *3rd February* 1848.

My dearest Mary—I was very sorry that my staying five minutes too long at Mid's on Monday evening should have caused my note to be too late. The post office here is quite inexorable, save to the bribe of sixpence, and that I declined to give. You can scarcely tell how I rejoice in my new rooms. For the first time I feel a personal interest in everything about me. All is my own. My own carpets and chairs, and such an easy-chair! Twice has it deluded me to sleep, and in my inventory they call it a study-chair! I am afraid I could give you no idea of my new domains, which include one entrance hall with a red baize door (!) and two oval glass panes in it (!). Then a minor passage leading to a spacious gyp-room, while the principal entrance leads to my sitting-room, which is a most venerable-looking room, very nicely furnished, with two windows looking into Neville's and one into the New Court. From this are doors which lead into a snug little study, where I intend to shut up pupils in time to come, and into my bed-room, which is very nicely fitted up; and at length I have found out the difference between horse-hair and straw. Only one thing offends my spirit of liberty, and that is the barring up my bed-room windows, as I have no intention of getting out by that way, and if I had I should probably only reach the roof of the library at the farthest. My carpets and paper are very pretty; and fortunately, as on two sides the walls of my room slope, while a third is entirely occupied with a bookcase, I have little temptation to be extravagant in pictures. At some time or other I shall buy one or two favourites—perhaps before you visit me; and I shall make Lizzy contribute some work

of art or other. When will you, Marie, send me a picture? I am afraid my chapters are now in sad confusion owing to my late distresses; will you tell me what you are reading? When you last wrote we were together.

I am afraid there is very little chance of my grandmamma's recovery. My father gives a very unfavourable opinion, and I never doubt his judgment. I wrote her a few lines yesterday. You have heard that the judges are divided about Hampden's case, so that the application for the rule will be dismissed, and the Church freed from the miserable bitterness of party feeling. Have you ever read any of Archbishop Leighton's writings? I hardly know why I ask the question, save that I think he has more than any one realised the true character of a bishop. He refused the title of "my Lord." The differences between the Jesuits and Jansenists were on the point of grace. They were extremely subtle. Perhaps you may generally express the opinion by saying that the Jesuits believed all to have sufficient grace given, while the Jansenists supposed that this was peculiar to the elect. They may be represented in some way, I fancy, by the Arminians and Calvinists of our own Church. But Paschal's *Provinciales* are not directed against the Jesuits in this opinion, but generally against their speculative morality. I cannot imagine anything worse, and but by the help of their writers, I could never have imagined anything so bad. We must read some of the *Pensées* when we next meet. But now it is Chapel time. A Dieu. Ever "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

CHAPTER III

CAMBRIDGE: GRADUATE LIFE

1848–1851

IMMEDIATELY after the appearance of the Classical Tripos list, Westcott was busied with private pupils. Of these he had six during the May term. One of his earliest pupils was F. W. Wickenden, who also was an old Birmingham boy, and to whom he became greatly attached. None of my father's friends, save Wickenden, ever addressed him by his Christian name.

During the long vacation of 1848 my father, in conjunction with Mr. H. R. Alder, conducted a reading party in Wales.

Their headquarters were at Beddgelert, and they made many ascents of Snowdon from various sides by night as well as day. A graphic account of one of these nocturnal ascents is given in a letter to Miss Whittard. Therein he says:—

> About half-past 11 we set out rich with rug or plaid, a "wide-awake" (this is the fashionable head-dress, I can assure you—the costume of the Cambridge *élite*), and a stick. Fortunately we had prudence enough to add a lantern, a spare piece of candle, and some brandy to our general stock. Two only intended to go to the foot of the mountain, and so

finally our party was reduced to four. The sky soon became perfectly clouded over, and there was no moon. In the warmth of a conversation we walked two miles past the proper turning, then discovering our mistake we came back, and entering a little path, finally determined that that could not be right, and so still continued in the direction of Beddgelert till we came nearly to the village. Here we consulted for a short time, and in spite of the rain which now began to fall, we determined to return once more and try the path again. I took the lantern and a match, and asked for three minutes only to decide whether we were right or not; and in less than the appointed time I came to a cottage which we all recognised, and this being passed, the ascent began. At first we had to pass over some flat boggy ground with a very faint track, but we completed this part of our journey successfully. But before we had done so the rain was falling in torrents, and when we began to climb among the rocks every path was a little mountain stream. Yet we determined to "fold our plaids around us" and proceed. I could not enumerate to you all our perplexities when now and then the path disappeared in a bog, and they had to send me out with the lantern on every side to try to rediscover the traces of footsteps; but at length we came to the ridge of the hill where all the different paths unite in one distinct one. But now we were assailed by a new fear. We had already called into requisition our second piece of candle, and as the wind blew hard there seemed every prospect that it would blaze away, if it did not meet with a more untimely fate. Add to this that one of our party grew very fatigued, and we had to halt continually; yet in spite of all we came to the neck of the mountain, on each side of which are very steep declivities, and the path in many places not three feet wide, and passed it quite safely. We found two other parties at the top, and took refuge in one of the cabins, and procured some coffee, removing as many of our wet clothes as we could. Of course we gave up all idea of a view. But at about 4 o'clock there was a little break in the clouds, and though this immediately closed again, yet on going out some few minutes after I saw a little peep of the sea, of the deepest blue; and now every minute it grew larger, and then a mountain top appeared,

and another, and another, till the whole distance was clear. Every shadow was a deep purple, and it is impossible to conceive anything more striking than the contrast between the hills and the bright white clouds which yet floated about their summits. But while looking at the distance we noticed that the mist in the valley below us suddenly began to roll like a great sea, and in less time almost than I spend in writing they were cleared. After this gleams of sunshine passed over different parts of the view, now lighting up Harlech Castle, beautifully situated amongst some trees: again the fertile isle of Anglesea, divided like a map into ten thousand little squares. We gazed and gazed, and felt we could gaze for ever. The colours were so strange and beautiful, and all seemed so fresh and clear, as they always indeed do in a morning, that we could scarcely return and leave so much that was grand; but we did, and experienced no injury from our expedition save a day's sleepiness.

On the occasion of another ascent of Snowdon, my father had a fall and cut his hand badly. The effect of this fall remained with him through life. The middle finger of his right hand was drawn forward on to the palm, so that he could never wear a glove on that hand, nor shake hands with any degree of comfort. He just mentions this accident in a letter to his mother:—

BEDDGELERT, 21*st September* 1858.

My dear Mother—I am much obliged to you for your note, and the one you enclose from the Major.[1] If all be well next summer, I will certainly make an effort to see him, and this "Long" has been so pleasant that I have half resolved to visit Scotland next year in the same way. I shall now so soon be at home again that I am quite disinclined to write long notes, and when I went up Snowdon last I cut my hand, so that it is still difficult to hold a pen, and this is a fine excuse for laziness. . . .

[1] George Foss Westcott, who resided at Stirling.

If you could come or my father, I would with pleasure stay another week here, for I think I shall not go in for the Fellowship, as Scott will not, for he has been unwell; and under any circumstances it would have been very inconvenient for me to have returned to Cambridge so soon as the 2nd of next month. . . .

Tell my father that I did not find Woodsia, but I have applied to the "boots" at Dolbadam, and he promised to procure it by means of ropes.—Ever believe, my dear mother, your most affectionate son, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

In the October term of 1848 Westcott had twelve private pupils; amongst them being J. B. Lightfoot, who had gone into residence at Cambridge the previous October. Lightfoot also had been educated at King Edward VI.'s School, Birmingham. He had not known Westcott in his school-days; in fact, he did not join the school until the term after Westcott had left. He knew him by repute, however, and it was Westcott's school and college reputation that induced Lightfoot to seek his tuition. Neither had he known E. W. Benson, who was also a Birmingham boy, when at school. Benson was several years his junior, and did not go up to Cambridge until after Westcott had taken his degree; but Benson had been a junior contemporary of Westcott in school-days, and had as a little boy noticed how Westcott, the head of the school, was, for his singular merits, allowed the unique privilege of resting his head upon his hands in class. Following Lightfoot's example, Benson at the beginning of his second year placed himself under the guidance of his successful school-fellow. It was at Cambridge therefore, and not at Birmingham, that the lifelong friendship of the distinguished trio of old Birmingham boys began, and its foundations were laid

in Westcott's rooms in Neville's Court.[1] Speaking of Westcott as his private tutor, Benson says: "He is so kind, so patient, so industrious, so interested in one, so clever, and so highly accomplished (you understand what *we* mean by accomplishments, not dancing and flower painting), that the very company of him does one good, and his teaching is most instructive. He is an admirable scholar, and has the gift of imparting too."[2]

Another of Westcott's private pupils was F. J. A. Hort. With these three my father was intimately associated for the rest of their lives. Though they were his juniors he survived them all, and stood as a mourner by the open grave of each one of them in succession.[3] What the loss of friends and fellow-workers so dear meant to him in those last years of his life none can tell.

Westcott's success as a private tutor was most remarkable. His pupils found in him far more than a mere "coach," and many of them, besides those already mentioned, remained his friends through life. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity at that time, thus wrote of him:—"Besides being a very excellent scholar, and a person of great learning and literature, and of admirable character and agreeable manners, he has a zeal for teaching which is quite extraordinary. The pains he bestows upon his pupils here (private pupils) is unparalleled, and his teaching is judicious as well as careful."

At this period my father's diary is mainly composed of quotations from his daily reading. He was so

[1] Benson and Lightfoot had been friends at school.

[2] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 83.

[3] In literal truth I should add that my father would not be persuaded to interfere with an important Diocesan engagement, so that he was only in spirit present at Archbishop Benson's funeral. His eldest son was there as his representative.

engrossed with his pupils that he found time for little else. Though he made new friends, especially among his pupils, he sadly missed the old companions of his undergraduate days. One of his new friends was H. R. Alder,[1] who was also engaged in private tuition. None of his pupils are ever mentioned in his diary.

26*th October* (Cambridge).—Begin work again, and am very much occupied. Scarcely any time for thinking or reading, but in Chapel. Every night I am thoroughly tired. I am growing careless. Do I feel this? . . . May I think more of τῶν ἐξω τοῦ κόσμου as we read in the *Phædrus*. We all seem in one great whirl—ostentation.

10*th November*.—A fortnight has passed and nothing seems done. . . . I have time enough if I had energy. . . . Mosses, ferns, and everything are neglected.

25*th November*.—Matt. xii. 31, 32.[2]

28*th November*.—Arnold is, I think, quite right when he says that the true revelation of the Bible is original righteousness and not original sin. All our notions of a perfect being are inseparably connected with sin and temptation. We cannot even conceive of existence unaffected by sin. We are inclined to prefer holiness to innocence—that which has struggled to that which is above the struggle.

14*th December*.—Return to Birmingham. Am detained some few hours at Peterborough. Get Elihu Burritt's *Sparks*. With many I am extremely pleased. . . . "Mother, mother! don't let them carry me to the dark, cold graveyard; but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

1849

21*st January* (Birmingham).—A day much to be remembered. The state of thousands may depend on it. Our most trifling actions have infinite results; and who can

[1] Some time Dean of Cape Town.

[2] This unique entry indicates that he was troubled in thought about this passage (Blasphemy against the Spirit).

calculate the effect of our most serious resolves.[1] May the Holy Spirit rest on me and all I love! How much I need Divine assistance. Never was I more conscious of weakness!

26*th January* (Cambridge).—To-day I have been regretting the loss of my old companions. One after another they have gone, and here I seem desolate. Yet a new generation has arisen, and with it new duties. May I discharge them!

7*th February*.—A blank week. Let me collect its memories. Neglected or hurried duties, or yet worse—may I not say so?—duties deferred. And what resolutions am I prepared to make now? My time is actually not my own. This must not be again.

17*th February*.—A.[2] to tea. Inspiration—Apostolical Succession. May I inquire on all these topics with simple sincerity, seeking only the truth! I can feel not only the influence of interest, but perhaps more strongly that of a studied originality and independence. May I be preserved from its effects! Amen.

24*th February*.—Tea with A. A long conversation on many great things. . . . Preaching—Residing at Cambridge—Pupils—Do we pray for them? How sincerely I wish we could feel the great responsibility; for "no man liveth to himself."

10*th March*.— . . . A poet one who sees into the hidden mysteries of things and expounds them so that they may be best understood, most forcibly expressed, and easiest remembered.

16*th March*.—Go to the Fitzwilliam, and feel that what Cowper said of poets is true indeed of painters. How little there is worthy of a Christian land, or a Christian man! One little picture of a saint and angel by Anni. Caracci strikes me much. I could believe that the painter felt that the angel knew a road to heaven which the pilgrim did not. Thus I thought:

> O toilsome, friendless man! self-banished thou
> From all the joys of life: for life hath joy
> In earth and heaven, whose fresh delights employ
> Our minds with wonder, and our hearts endow

[1] His engagement to Miss Whittard.

[2] H. R. Alder.

With praise for Him who made them. See e'en now
The sky is streaked with light, and tells of one
From whom it draws its glory. Thus our sun
Shines on each dewdrop on earth's robe. Thy brow
Is stern, and fixt thy gaze ; yet by thee stands
Bright-browed an angel form, whose earnest eye
Rests on thy mournful look, as silently,
To teach the way of life, he turns his hands
To heaven and earth. Such is our destiny :
Men need our love, and love our God demands.

25th *March.*—To-day I begin Coleridge's *Aids* seriously. Still I feel at starting a kind of prejudice, not against the book, but against the man ; because he seems to have done so little compared with what he was able to have done. But yet writing may have been his vocation, and then why are all his schemes imperfect?

28*th March.*—Peterborough Cathedral rouses me to two little effusions.[1]

18*th April.*—My rooms are decorated with my piano, which is to be a great source of pleasure.

13*th May.*—What a wild storm of unbelief seems to have seized my whole system. Literally to-day I feel "alone in the world"—but for the few minutes I heard H. Goodwin—"In me ye shall have peace." I suppose many feel as I do, and yet I dare look nowhere for sympathy. I cannot describe the feeling with which I regard the hundreds I see around me who conform without an apparent struggle—who seem ever cheerful, ever faithful and believing. It is not joy and satisfaction as it should be, it is not envy, but it is a kind of awe and doubt—a mixture of wonder and suspicion. May it soon be of hearty and sincere sympathy!

16*th May.*—How utterly false the dogma, "Where mystery begins, religion ends" (Dr. Foster). Just the reverse is the case, I *feel.*

20*th May.*— . . . Are there not periods in our life corresponding to the divisions of the N.T.—a historic dawning,

[1] One of these is printed on p. 132. Westcott usually went *via* Peterborough on his journeys between Birmingham and Cambridge.

a historic working, a spiritual realisation of doctrine, and a mystic revelation of the future? Wild as my doubts are, I cannot but feel that the N.T. "finds" me; and that with its deepest mysteries—but as *mysteries*, not as *dogmas*. Why should we be surprised at the fiery trial of scepticism? Have we no struggle to undergo? I should more reasonably doubt my safety, if I did not doubt.

24th July.—There is a wide difference between faith and prudence. What could appear more "reasonable" than the inquiry of Zachariah, which brought his punishment? And thus it is always. Faith is an intuition—a momentary acknowledgment of the heart, spontaneous and perfect.

In the summer of 1849 my father visited the Continent for the first time. He had hoped to prevail on his father to accompany him, but eventually found himself under the necessity of going alone. His loneliness was enlivened by encountering a revolution. In a letter to his friend Wickenden he thus narrates his experiences:—

My entrance into Baden was highly adventurous. I found myself one day alone at Darmstadt when the weather was hot and the town dull, and though I was aware that there was some fighting in the immediate neighbourhood, it seemed out of the question to stay in such a wretched place without a struggle to get to Heidelberg or Mannheim. Well, I started by railway till I came to a station in the possession of Hessian troops. Here I was obliged to stop, and so proceeded to the inn at Heppenheim, which was their headquarters. It was a strange sight to look at the groups of officers, and the mustering of soldiers; to hear the rappel beating, and the clattering of horses, as the orderlies were riding about; but at length this amusement became wearisome, and mustering all my German and all my courage, I inquired for some conveyance to take me to Mannheim, and fortunately found a German student who was going there also; but unhappily he did not know a word of French. However, we started at dusk, and

right gladly too, though we were soon stopped and strictly examined. But all was right, and we journeyed along the famous Bergstrasse, with its haunted castles silvered by the moon, and its deep sombre avenues lined by soldiers. But then the scene changed; we came to a little village which I recognised as the scene of a sharp skirmish in the morning, in which the rebels had been victorious. We were in a moment surrounded by a troup of "blouses," but they treated us very civilly, and so we were fairly admitted into their territory; but again and again we had to undergo the ordeal of examination. Levelled musquets, peremptory commands, and the comforting "all right" were the accompaniments of every turn of the road, till we reached Mannheim early in the morning, and found that we had passed through the headquarters of both armies though they were actually at war—an adventure I should not have attempted had my knowledge been as great as my discontentment at Darmstadt. The whole journey through Baden was very exciting. The people seemed to have risen to a man; every one wore the German tricolor. The very clerks in the railway offices had swords. Nothing could be more picturesque than the conical hats and feathers; the sashes and old musquets; the whiskered faces and reckless bearing of the insurgents. But indeed I am afraid they were hardly equal to their opponents, and their escort was scarcely more agreeable than that of an equal number of banditti. But Switzerland was before us, and we reached it through the Black Forest by the magnificent pass of the Hallenthal, and so to Schaffhausen and the Rhine-falls. . . . I returned home by Paris, where I stayed a day, and saw all I wanted to and more—an unhappy people and a discontented soldiery; carelessness, recklessness, and frivolity; "whirligigs" and "Punch and Judy" in the Champs Elysées within sight of the Arc d'Etoile; and crowds of "National Guards" staring at a man on stilts. So I came back to England loving her a thousand times more than I did before.

In 1849 my father won the Members' Latin Essay Prize open to Bachelors of Arts, and was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College.

During the same year and in the earlier part of 1850, in such intervals as his engrossing tutorial labours allowed, he was engaged in writing an essay *On the Alleged Historical Contradictions of the Gospels*, for the Norrisian Prize. The essay is dated 14th March 1850. It won the prize, being published in 1851 under the title of *The Elements of the Gospel Harmony*. In the second and subsequent editions it was named *An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*. Under this name it has been widely read; in fact, after the lapse of half a century, this essay, written by Westcott at the age of twenty-five, is a standard theological work. It has been altered in details and amplified from time to time, but in principle it is the same as when originally penned.[1] As a companion volume to the *Gospel Harmony*, Westcott also projected an *Apostolic Harmony*, which was to be an introduction to the study of the Epistles. This work, however, he was unable to complete.

Westcott's first book was dedicated to his father, who was very proud of the work. As a rule, Mr. F. B. Westcott's letters to his son were, save for a few geological passages, almost exclusively of a botanical character, but on this occasion he is wafted into other fields. He says:—

[1] "Directly his degree was obtained and his fellowship won, he turned his mind to producing theological work that should last, and within a year he had won the Norrisian Prize, which cannot be given till the essay has been printed and published. It is to this rule that we owe the late Bishop's first book, *Elements of the Gospel Harmony*, published in 1851. This work, in its enlarged form, *An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels* (first edition, 1860; eighth, 1894), is so much a matter of course to every theological student of our day, that men do not stop to think what an extraordinary *tour de force* it represents as coming from a young man of five-and-twenty. From the Fathers to the Germans such as Sonntag and Hagenbach, Westcott had covered the whole field of theological literature, and he could bring to the discussion thoughts of almost Apostolic depth and insight."—*The Times*, 29th July 1901.

I have read your book several times, and still think there is no fault to be found with it in any part. The only thing that strikes me is that the matter is too much for the volume. There is sufficient for two or three octavos. I delight in it; and the more it is read the more it must be admired. It is not a work for the million. I shall be very anxious to see the review in the *Edinburgh* or in any other good publication. I am sure it will take a stand as a standard work. When you have letters of congratulation from such men as Professor Maurice and Professor Trench and many others whose opinions are worth securing, you have no occasion to trouble yourself about these puny notices. I am glad you are engaged to write a companion volume; but at present I have not thoroughly digested this. I suppose the second volume will not appear for at least twelve months?

What the *Edinburgh* may have said I know not; but the *British Quarterly* recognised the worth of the book, and says:—

It is, we believe, Mr. Wescott's first publication. It does him great credit, and is full of promise. It is a rare thing to find so much ripeness of manner and substance in a first performance.

In the summer of 1850 my father went with a reading party to Scotland. Whether he visited his aged relative, Major George Foss Westcott, who resided at Stirling, or not, does not appear; but he returned filled with admiration for Scotch scenery and Scott's novels. In this last connexion it is interesting to notice that he devoted his first literary earnings to the purchase of a handsome edition of Scott's novels as a present to his wife.

On the day the party assembled he writes in his diary:

May all go well in every way! It is impossible not to feel

considerable responsibility, and how much more perhaps at some future time! Yet we never should shrink from it. If we seek fully to discharge our duty, and to avail ourselves of the proper aid, we need not despair.

Westcott was ordained Deacon on 15th June 1851, in the parish church of Prestwich, by his old master Dr. J. Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester, his Trinity Fellowship being accepted as a title. But he was never able to look back with any pleasure on the circumstances of his ordination. He was greatly disappointed at the lack of fatherly sympathy for which he had hoped, and grieved at the general undevotional character of the proceedings. He was unable to feel the same confidence in the Bishop of Manchester as he had felt in his great teacher. On 21st December of the same year the Bishop of Manchester ordained him Priest in the church of Bolton-le-Moors.

When, in 1884, he was present at the ordination of three of his sons by Bishop Lightfoot in Durham, he remarked to them on the happy change that had come over these ember seasons. He said then that he had deeply felt the cold formality of his own ordination, and had especially regretted that he was not allowed even to retain the Bible placed in his hands when he was commissioned. Shabby volume as it was externally, he would have treasured it beyond all other books, had it not been sternly taken from his reluctant hands. He found it hard on other accounts than this to reverence his old master as a bishop, and could with difficulty be persuaded to renew his intercourse with him in after years.

In spite of what he called his "Puritanic temperament," Westcott always delighted in congenial society. He was essentially affectionate and enthusiastic in any

cause which invited co-operation and served some useful purpose. He devoted himself with ardour, during his last year at Cambridge, to two new societies. One of these was the "Ghostlie Guild" and the other the "Choral Society." The "Ghostlie Guild," which numbered amongst its members A. Barry, E. W. Benson, H. Bradshaw, the Hon. A. Gordon, F. J. A. Hort, H. Luard, and C. B. Scott, was established for the investigation of all supernatural appearances and effects. Westcott took a leading part in their proceedings, and their inquiry circular was originally drawn up by him. He also received a number of communications in response. Outsiders, failing to appreciate the fact that these investigators were in earnest and only seeking the truth, called them the "Cock and Bull Club."

One of my father's earliest letters to Mr. Hort concerns this Guild. Writing from Bristol in January 1852, he says:—

I am sorry I have delayed so long to write to you about our "ghostlie circular," but in truth I have had very little leisure since I left Cambridge; my first spare time was bestowed on the revision of the form which was drawn up at our discursive meeting, and as soon as the task was accomplished, I sent it to Benson; from him it will pass to Gordon, and then I will send it to you; of course it is merely provisionary, but when anything is once moulded it is easy to reshape its details. I expect to return home on Saturday, and then possibly I may find time. Perhaps when you receive the "form" you will make any corrections which occur to you at once and let me have it again as soon as possible, for I am anxious to make a commencement this Christmas. I had a note from Gordon the other day, and he tells me that he has an admirably authenticated communication. I have collected very little, but all my inquiries have met with a certain sympathy, which shows that many will echo what they do not choose to say.

The following is the "Ghostlie Circular" in its final form. It gives a most elaborate classification of "supernatural" phenomena, and in conclusion requests that communications be addressed to Mr. Westcott:—

The interest and importance of a serious and earnest inquiry into the nature of the phenomena which are vaguely called "supernatural" will scarcely be questioned. Many persons believe that all such apparently mysterious occurrences are due either to purely natural causes, or to delusions of the mind or senses, or to wilful deception. But there are many others who believe it possible that the beings of the unseen world may manifest themselves to us in extraordinary ways, and also are unable otherwise to explain many facts the evidence for which cannot be impeached. Both parties have obviously a common interest in wishing cases of supposed "supernatural" agency to be thoroughly sifted. If the belief of the latter class should be ultimately confirmed, the limits which human knowledge respecting the spirit-world has hitherto reached might be ascertained with some degree of accuracy. But in any case, even if it should appear that morbid or irregular workings of the mind or senses will satisfactorily account for every such marvel, still some progress would be made towards ascertaining the laws which regulate our being, and thus adding to our scanty knowledge of an obscure but important province of science. The main impediment to investigations of this kind is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of clear and well-attested cases. Many of the stories current in tradition, or scattered up and down in books, may be exactly true; others must be purely fictitious; others again, probably the greater number, consist of a mixture of truth and falsehood. But it is idle to examine the significance of an alleged fact of this nature, until the trustworthiness, and also the extent, of the evidence for it are ascertained. Impressed with this conviction, some members of the University of Cambridge are anxious, if possible, to form an extensive collection of authenticated cases of supposed "supernatural" agency. When the inquiry is once commenced, it will evidently be needful to seek for informa-

tion beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. From all those, then, who may be inclined to aid them they request written communications, with full details of persons, times, and places; but it will not be required that names should be inserted without special permission, unless they have already become public property; it is, however, indispensable that the person making any communication should be acquainted with the names, and should pledge himself for the truth of the narrative from his own knowledge or conviction.

The first object, then, will be the accumulation of an available body of facts: the use to be made of them must be a subject for future consideration; but, in any case, the mere collection of trustworthy information will be of value. And it is manifest that great help in the inquiry may be derived from accounts of circumstances which have been at any time considered "supernatural," and afterwards proved to be due to delusions of the mind or senses, or to natural causes (such, for instance, as the operation of those strange and subtle forces which have been discovered and imperfectly investigated in recent times); and, in fact, generally, from any particulars which may throw light indirectly, by analogy or otherwise, on the subjects with which the present investigation is more expressly concerned.

What happened to this Guild in the end I have not discovered. My father ceased to interest himself in these matters, not altogether, I believe, from want of faith in what, for lack of a better name, one must call Spiritualism, but because he was seriously convinced that such investigations led to no good.

With the October term of 1851 Westcott's residence at Cambridge ended; for in January 1852 he undertook temporary work at Harrow School. His departure from Cambridge caused some distress to his new-found friends. In a long letter, dated 21st February 1852, Mr. Hort describes the doings of the "Ghostlie Guild" and the "Choral Society" in his absence. His original

circular in the matter of spiritual phenomena had been "unceremoniously set aside" for divers reasons, not the least of which was that it contained words and phrases "unintelligible or alarming to the general." As to the Choral Society, it had been decided to put off *Judas Maccabæus* "for this term at least, as you are not with us." That his voice should have been so much missed comes rather as a surprise to members of his family, who have never held his vocal efforts in high esteem. His singing in later years was, in fact, such that it was difficult to determine what tune he was endeavouring to execute. But in earlier years apparently it was not so. He took singing lessons, and was pronounced to be a tenor. "I wish you could hear," continued Hort, "the numerous regrets expressed at the news of your absence for the term. Gordon told me that when he mentioned it to Benson, Benson stood rapt like a Sybil, uttering solemnly the words, 'Oh! what a bore' at intervals of half a minute."

But my father had fully determined to withdraw from Cambridge and enter on other fields of educational work where a wife could help him. His first idea was to be a candidate for the Headmastership of Exeter Grammar School; but he was dissuaded. Then in December 1851 he forwarded his testimonials as a candidate for the Principalship of Victoria College, Jersey, which was a new institution seeking its first guide. In the covering letter he says: "It would be quite out of place for me to make any profession of my own hope or intentions. At Birmingham I certainly learnt to value school influence and school training, and every one must wish to extend any privilege which he has himself enjoyed and prizes most highly."

The testimonials were ten in number. They are

interesting as showing how Westcott's contemporaries, old and young, regarded him. I therefore reproduce some selected passages from them.

Dr. J. Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester, under whose tuition Westcott had been for the last six years of his school life at Birmingham, says :—

Mr. Westcott was uniformly distinguished by a regular and habitual discharge of every duty required in the school, a steady and unwearied industry, and constant desire to improve. His progress both in classical and mathematical knowledge was most honourable and satisfactory in every respect. The prizes and marks of distinction he obtained were very numerous, indeed almost more than any one of his companions ever gained, while his desire to give all satisfaction to those he was placed under gained him their regard and good-will. But his reading was far from confined to that required by the routine business of the school. It was at once extensive and accurate. In drawing, too, he was very successful. I well remember the pleasure derived by myself and the other masters from the accuracy of his examination in different subjects.

Of his University career I say nothing. It speaks best for itself.

Educated in a large public school, distinguished at Cambridge, popular and of large experience as a private tutor, of unimpeachable character, indefatigable zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, clear and precise in apprehending and imparting it, and actuated by a high sense of duty, Mr. Westcott presents claims for consideration on the part of the electors to any appointment connected with education which he may seek such as few can hope to see realised in any one candidate.

The Rev. W. H. Thompson, Senior Tutor (afterwards Master) of Trinity College, Cambridge, says :—

I examined Mr. Westcott both when he obtained a Trinity Scholarship and when one of the Chancellor's gold medals was awarded to him in the year 1848, and on both occasions I was greatly impressed with the proofs he gave of capacity and attainment. In the medal examination he showed very extensive reading, very accurate scholarship, and great power of rendering the meaning of the classical writers in good and appropriate English. His Greek and Latin compositions, both prose and verse, were correct, elegant, and spirited, and in all respects he approved himself a scholar, as compared with scholars, of more than the usual accomplishments, and much more than usual promise.

Since he was elected Fellow Mr. Westcott has applied himself with characteristic ardour to theological studies, of which he has given the world good earnest, in a publication which contains the result of much original research, aided by an acute intellect, and animated by religious feeling and a sincere love of truth.

I must not omit to add that he has devoted a considerable portion of his time to the instruction of private pupils (both classical and mathematical), and that he has discharged this duty with a zeal, assiduity, and success of which I have seen very few examples. The love of teaching is evidently as strong a passion with Mr. Westcott as the love of learning itself; and with the talent of communicating knowledge he possesses the power in no ordinary degree of influencing the moral taste and the conduct of those entrusted to his charge.

On the whole, I recommend him to the electors with a confidence perfect and unqualified; for after much consideration I can think of no characteristic of an eminent teacher and head of a college which he does not possess in a remarkable degree. I should have no fear for the future fortunes of an institution whose infancy was entrusted to the care of one so judicious, so conscientious, and so able.

The Rev. H. W. Beatson, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who was

an examiner for the Classical Tripos in the years 1839-40 and 1846-49, says:—

I consider Mr. Westcott to have shown as complete and accurate a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages as any candidate for classical honours ever obtained in all the six years for which I have examined. I found his performances in translation from Greek and Latin to be of first-rate excellence. He seemed to have read nearly every extract proposed, but in those which I judged he had not read, his critical sagacity, and all but vernacular knowledge of the languages, enabled him to accomplish his task in a masterly manner. No shade of meaning escaped his perspicacity; every particle and every significant syllable of a compound received its due development; inversion was employed when effective, and the periodic style of an original preserved, yet without losing sight of perspicuity. His English was judiciously varied to suit the character of his original, and it gave evidence of a wide-ranging and accurate acquaintance with our own early national literature. His compositions in Greek and Latin were such as I have never seen surpassed, and never hope I shall see. He changed his Greek or Latin prose style with the greatest versatility according to the nature of the English passage, evincing a close and critical attention to the manner and style of the best Greek and Latin authors. He improved connections and developed ideas by compounding, and succeeded in giving a close portrait of his original, yet with all the appearance of an original composition from its seeming ease and freedom. In verse passages he omitted nothing, and, what is much harder, he added nothing, representing every thought and every epithet of his original with accurate equivalents, yet felicitous in avoiding expansions and additions which our first-rate composers seldom refrain from allowing themselves. Though the examination did not then give as much opportunity as it does now for the discovery of a candidate's collateral knowledge, still his papers contained traces of extensive and accurate researches into ancient history, geography, and the manners and opinions of those ages.

In the whole compass of my papers his vigilance was such that he never once committed himself by omission or error, other than of the most impalpable description, such as only the lynx eye of an examiner would detect.

Mr. W. Walton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of treatises on Co-ordinate Geometry and Differential Calculus, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, etc., says :—

I have no hesitation in declaring that Mr. Westcott has acquired a very exact and critical knowledge of all the academic branches of mathematics and natural philosophy, and that he uniformly displayed much vigour of conception, as well as a very refined and elegant taste, in the form of his mathematical reasonings. I may perhaps be allowed to add that, bearing in mind not only his singular clearness of thought and power of luminous exposition, but also the urbanity and kindness of manner which, as a member of my class, he always exhibited towards me, I feel assured that he would be most valuable as a professor, and, as a principal of a college, most agreeable to a body of professors.

The next selected testimonial is from one of his pupils. It is given in full :—

Gentlemen—Confident that Mr. Westcott will have the testimony of more mature judges to his fitness for the office which is now at your disposal, I shall yet venture, on the ground of the great opportunities which I have had of forming an opinion from personal intercourse, to claim from you a hearing, which otherwise it would have been presumptuous in me to expect.

Influenced by Mr. Westcott's school and university reputation, I applied to him early in my undergraduateship to allow me to read with him as a private pupil. From that time forward I, at different periods, enjoyed the privilege of his instruction in classics. The general success of Mr. Westcott's

pupils is a far more valuable comment on his abilities as a tutor than any individual case can be; yet I can bear personal testimony to the soundness of the system which he pursued in the interpretation of classical authors, and where deeper thought and more patient investigation were required, I found his assistance invaluable. As Mr. Westcott is the only private tutor from whom I have received classical instruction in Cambridge, I feel bound to say that I am indebted to him for my University success.

But I should do injustice to him were I to stop here. Much as I value his guidance in this respect, I feel far more grateful to him for imparting to me higher principles both of thought and of action, by which I hope to be guided hereafter. I am but one among many who can bear testimony to Mr. Westcott's universal kindness and the warm interest which he takes in the well-doing of his pupils. We have been accustomed to look to him for advice in all our difficulties, and have ever found in him a wise counsellor and a firm friend.

Under the conviction that those qualities which have won him the affectionate respect of all who know him cannot fail to render him most efficient, under Providence, as the Principal of the College of which you are administrators, I beg to subscribe myself, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT,
Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Senior Classic, and
Senior Chancellor's Medalist, 1851.

Last of all, though by no means the least interesting, comes the testimonial from his past and present pupils. It was apparently drafted by E. W. Benson. They say:—

Understanding that Mr. Westcott wishes to become a candidate for the office at present in your gift, we, the undersigned late and present pupils of that gentleman at Cambridge, beg to offer you our testimony with respect to his qualifications as a teacher.

Several of us who remember him as occupying the position of head boy in one of the public schools, and have therefore watched with special interest his brilliant career in this University, have throughout had occasion to admire his constant and high-principled application to the duties of the several positions in which he has been placed; and we all can testify that the high character which these particular qualifications have gained for him in this place is in all points borne out by our own intimate and, in most cases, daily observation.

To Mr. Westcott's scholarship and acquirements you will doubtless receive more satisfactory testimony than ours can appear to be. We may at least say that his familiarity with the classical authors, and his accurate knowledge of both their sentiments and language, are most striking.

Several of us have also carried on our mathematical reading, either wholly or in part, with Mr. Westcott's direction and assistance, and can bear testimony to the ability and efficiency of his teaching in that department.

Of those higher points of character which, as they belong to the scholar and gentleman, so ought in an especial manner to be united in the headmaster of a public school, we venture respectfully to speak. Mr. Westcott possesses in a high degree that firmness and evenness of temper which most become the holder of such an office. He has ever taken a most affectionate interest in our progress and welfare, and been at all times ready to give us both sympathy and counsel. He has imparted great life and spirit to our ordinary work by the energy and talent with which he engages in it, by constantly leading us to exercise original thought in the various branches of our studies, and by making them mutually combine and illustrate one another. He has also engaged and assisted us in other pursuits besides those which lie directly before us, and more particularly has by his example and conversation incited us to a close and critical study of the Greek Testament, and given most valuable aid in that study to those who have wished it. In conclusion, we venture to say that some of the most happily, as well as profitably, employed hours of our University course have been those spent under Mr. Westcott's tuition, and respectfully yet confidently

to assure you that we believe no person could be found better qualified than Mr. Westcott both to preside over a public institution and to impart sound knowledge in an able and judicious manner.

Muncaster.
Frederick S. Sutherland Leveson-Gower.
Fenton J. A. Hort, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College.
J. B. Lightfoot, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College.
George M. Gorham, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College.
George Cubitt,[1] B.A., Trinity College.
Christopher B. Hutchinson, B.A., Scholar of St. John's College, and Assistant Classical Master of Marlborough College.
C. R. Moorsom, Jun., B.A.
J. F. Wickenden, B.A.
T. Middlemore Whittard, B.A., Trinity College.
R. M. Moorsom, Trinity College.
Chas. J. Beard, Trinity College.
E. W. Benson, Scholar of Trinity College.
A. A. Ellis, Scholar of Trinity College.
J. T. Pearse, Scholar of Trinity College.
R. M. Bingley, Trinity College.
J. Fenn, Scholar of Trinity College.
J. R. Blakiston, Scholar of Trinity College.

Besides the formal testimonials, which included one from the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, the Master of Trinity wrote a private letter, a part of which has been already quoted, in which he says: "I hardly seem to have said enough in favour of Mr. Westcott's talents, scholarship, good judgment, good temper, learning, and love of teaching." The parties responsible for the selection of the first Principal of Jersey College were not, however, convinced by these testimonials, but invited Westcott

[1] The present Lord Ashcombe.

and two other selected candidates to come over to the island for further inspection. This, however, Westcott was not minded to do, and withdrew his candidature. In this connexion he received a characteristic letter from his father, who says: "It certainly would not have been well to have been beaten by your inferiors, and to go to Jersey for the purpose." But it was no fear of defeat that deterred Westcott from facing the Jersey ordeal, for he had been assured in confidence that the majority of the electors were in his favour, and had received a private letter which assured him that his "election at Jersey" was "certain." He withdrew simply from a sense, derived from his brief Harrow experience, of his own unfitness for the position. He states this clearly in a letter to Lightfoot, dated 9th March 1852:—

My dear Lightfoot—As the representative of my old pupils, I must write to you to tell you the final decision which I have made about my future work. I have accepted an assistant-mastership at Harrow, and abandoned all thought of Jersey. Yesterday evening I received a note from Dr. Jeune wishing me to meet the Governors in Jersey as one of three selected candidates. I was glad to take the opportunity of withdrawing, for my experience here has taught me how utterly unfit I am for the independent management of a great school. Here I have learnt to feel my own deficiencies most keenly, and I have found too those who are willing and able to teach and to train me. For my own part, I have no doubt that I have made a wise choice. I have not a misgiving, and I feel sure that you and all my friends will agree with me. There is a work here to be done, and by God's blessing I hope that I may be enabled to help in doing it. For this my youth and power is better fitted than for the office of a governor. I wonder now at my presumption. Will you kindly tell any other of my old pupils, who may be likely to take an interest in my decision, of the task which I have chosen.

So he decided once for all to give up all idea of a headship, and to be an assistant-master. In acknowledging my father's decision to remain at Harrow, Dr. Vaughan writes :—

> That you should be willing to come and work with me, so little worthy to be above you, and when a field of independent and important labour seemed to be open to your choice elsewhere, is far more than I can think of without surprise—but much more, with deep thankfulness. In one thing only do I regret the words which I uttered last night, namely, when I seemed to generalise about young and untried men for great and responsible posts like mine. Be assured that it was of myself alone that I was then thinking—NOT of you. Oh, far from it; and if such an idea crossed your mind, do not let it weigh with you for one moment in taking your resolution.

His decision, however, was already made, and he never swerved from his determination to be content with a subordinate position. In view, however, of the letter which he wrote to Benson [1] on the very day on which he had his evening talk with the Headmaster, it is hard to resist the conclusion that Dr. Vaughan's words must have carried great weight and have further impressed him with a sense of his unfitness.

During the later years of his Cambridge residence, more particularly in vacation time, Westcott wrote several short poems. Several of these he himself has copied into a notebook, but the majority are scribbled in pencil on odd half-sheets of notepaper. They were not intended for publication; but as they all belong to this period of his life, and are characteristic of it, it seems right to place a few of them before his friends.

Two pieces are included in a somewhat remarkable (dare I say mystical?) fragment of prose. The writer

[1] See p. 171.

of this fragment, after a dangerous mountain climb, finds refuge in a religious hospice. He and a monk, his companion, are standing in the moonlit chapel near to a child's grave. The light streaming through the window throws "rainbow colours on the little tomb." "'For my part,' says his companion, 'I commonly pass by the monuments of priests and knights and rest before yonder figure of a child. Come, let us stand beside it while we listen to the children's hymn.' . . .

"Father! in the lonely night,
Shield us from harm!
Shield us till the morning light
Beneath Thine arm.

Evening closes o'er our way;
Our rest is far:
Guide us, Father, lest we stray,
By some bright star.

Hear, oh hear Thy children's prayer
In heaven above,
Till we see our Saviour there,
And sing His love.

Hear us, shield us, guide us home:
In pity see
Wandering steps, for we would come,
Father! to Thee.

. . . .

"I awoke, and lo! the sun was shining through the window of my chamber, which, like that of the pilgrim Christian, looked to the east, and a band of choristers were singing merrily in the garden below; and I thought I recognised the voices of my former little friends as I caught the following words:—

"Wake! the western hills are flushed
With the rosy glow of day.
Wake! the night-bird's song is hushed,
And the stars have died away.

Wake! before the earth resigns
All her freshness to the sky;
Wake! while yet the hare-bell shines
Jemmed with crystal jewelry.

Wake! the morning's early strain
Calls thee from the woods above;
Wake! and join a childly train
Journeying to the home of love.

Onward we must journey still,
Onward to that distant land,
Onward over rock and rill,
Moor and mountain, hand in hand.

"'Surely this is an enchanted spot,' I said to myself; 'everything seems to fill me with hope and zeal. A song of trustfulness and faith lulled me to sleep last night, and a song of simple energy wakes me now. Would that each day spoke so at its rise and close, and found a true echo in my own heart!'"

GOOD FRIDAY (1849)

Oh no! I cannot weep to-day,
When Nature holds communion high,
When Earth assumes a bright array,
The lustre of the glorious sky:
When sparkling stream, and fitful gleam,
Unite in mystic harmony.

I cannot even pray, for now
My soul is lost in voiceless praise,

When I behold yon mountain's brow
So calmly grand, and while I gaze
On each gay flower, or each green bower
O'erchequered by the leafy maze.

There is a joy more deep than grief,
More solemn than a prayerful sigh,
When the full spirit seeks relief
In silent swelling ecstasy;—
No words can teach, no tears can reach
The depths of our humanity.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The brightness of a falling star?
A ray of glory from afar,
Amid the wreck of things that are?—
Not such is life.

The pathway of the silent tomb,
Trodden in sorrow, sin, and gloom?
A sunless road, a joyless doom?—
Not such is life.

No sage's rule, no poet's lay,
No idle stage of vain display,
No terror-house of grim dismay—
Not such is life.

No dark spot in a flood of light,
No lone ray in the boundless night;
But with *reflected* glory bright—
Oh, such is life.

An island in the world's wide sea,
Begirt by Providence to be
The birthplace of Futurity—
Oh, such is life.

A rainbow arch in mercy given,
Amid Time's storm-clouds tempest-driven,
To span the earth and rest in heaven—
Oh, such is life.

A birth, a death, a mystery,
An earnest of eternity,
A truth, a work of charity—
Oh, such is life.

A work of patience, hope, and love;
Our struggle here, our God above;
With sin to foil, and faith to prove—
Oh, such is life.

A glimpse of heaven in rock and wood,
In rivulet and torrent flood,
In temple, tomb, and solitude—
Oh, such is life.

From God we came, to Him we go,
Our battlefield the world below,
Our triumphs sin and death and woe—
Oh, such is life.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (p. 69)

Rest, Pilgrim, now the day is past,
Rest, rest in peace;
The hill's steep brow is gained at last;
Thy faith is tried, thy hope is fast:
Rest, rest in peace.

The sun's first rays shall smile on thee:
Rest, rest in peace.
For Love and Hope and Piety
Shall guard thee—oh, how tenderly!
Rest, rest in peace.

So, when thy life-long fight is o'er,
Rest, rest in peace;
Light bringing from the eastern shore,
Thy sun shall dawn, to set no more:
Rest, rest in peace.

The night is dark. No light
Within the veil appeareth.
Vain shadows cheat the sight:
"Speak, Lord: Thy servant heareth."

Day breaks. Against the sky
The soft pale mist upreareth
Bright forms which fade and die:
"Speak, Lord: Thy servant heareth."

Noon burns. The weary soul
Nor past, nor future cheereth;
Toil failed to win the whole:
"Speak, Lord: Thy servant heareth.'

The evening closes. Late
Calm comes, no more he feareth
Who now can rest and wait:
"Speak, Lord: Thy servant heareth."

The following letters selected from my father's correspondence of this period are for the most part addressed to Miss Whittard, but latterly come the earliest letters written by him to his Cambridge friends and pupils:—

TRINITY COLLEGE, *2nd March* 1848.

You must not, my dearest Mary, be alarmed at my not writing on a sheet of letter-paper. Necessity they used to tell us was the parent of invention, and a piece of Plato in our late

examination said that she was the mother of fate—but why give the noble lady's pedigree? I am very glad to hear that you are again nearly well. I cannot form any idea as to how I did in the examination. I have carefully abstained from referring to any of my papers.

The French Revolution has been a great object of interest. I confess to a strong sympathy with the republicans. Their leaders at least have been distinguished by great zeal and sincerity. Lamartine, whom I fancy you know by name, quite wins my admiration. England seems destined to be the refuge of exiled sovereigns. Charles X. lived at Holyrood, I think, and now it is said that Louis Philippe (if he be still alive, which seems doubtful) will reside at Claremont. France will, I trust, prosper. The ex-king has not a particle of sympathy from me, for he was a Bourbon at heart, and Bourbons are by nature tyrants. When we think of all the misfortunes of France, at times the thought will occur whether her national irreligion has brought all her evils upon her; but she never seemed likely to be so prosperous as at present, if at least the working people can be reduced to order readily. But I am afraid you will grow tired of this. You do, Marie, magnify my labours when you give me six pupils a day. I have only five, and they will come at alternate hours—at present I only have them from time to time. I feel sure that I shall learn much from my pupils. They will teach me to express myself clearly. But still withal my thoughts are wandering homewards, and I shall soon quite realise the time when in the evening we shall read Pascal together. I have made such good rules as to what we shall do. I have lately read again Schiller's *William Tell*, and I was extremely pleased with it. I think you know it. I intend to read the *Piccolomini* and *Wallenstein* soon. At present I have not an Ollendorff, but when you set me an example I will follow it. I am rather afraid that my chapters are not quite exact; they are Luke xix., Phil. iv. to-day.

I never read any of Fox's book. Of old I believe it was chained with the Bible to the reading desks in churches, and is at least a very earnest and "stirring" book. It may be well to read accounts of persecutions, for at the present time we deem it impossible. And now it is nearly Chapel time;

and so, my dearest Mary, farewell. May God bless you. —Ever believe me, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *18th May* 1848.

My dearest Mary I was quite surprised, and yet very much pleased, to receive a note from you dated again from Bristol, for from your last I quite imagined that you would be unable to return home for several days. My remarks about the mosses must consequently have been quite unintelligible, and my picture, on which I prided myself, useless. However, we shall resume our investigations soon, I trust. If I come to Bristol I will certainly carry off my father's microscope. When I am rich (and how soon that will be!) I intend to get one. There are, I believe, several brasses in St. Mary's, Redcliffe, and certainly it will be worth while to be prepared for many others. The rubbings taken on black paper look very much better, I think, than the others. But now, Marie, I must advert to another part of your note, and I cannot help thinking that your feeling poorly at present makes you dwell more on such a subject. I mean, when you say that you feel lonely, nay, worse than lonely, at church. I know how difficult it is to fully appreciate the duties of a parish minister, and you can scarcely think how many thousands there are who need his visits more than even you would—much more than you would as far as he can see you—I mean, to form a judgment; and in endeavouring to place myself in such a case, I fear (nay, Marie, I believe) that I should do as Mr. Clifford does. But then as it now is I know more than he knows, and so should not do so. I think you will acknowledge the justice of my excuse. If you could read the statements which I have lately read in evidence given five years back to Government commissioners of the frightful grievance of men and children who knew of no God, no Saviour, no Bible, even by name, in the heart of our splendid cities, you would, I am sure, admit it. Bad as I had esteemed the state of our poor to be, yet it is worse almost than imagination would have pictured it. But to

leave such a painful topic. I hope we have not yet forgotten that beautiful chapter in the *Rectory of Valehead*, when the old officer relates the source of his consolation when indeed an "outcast" in the midst of the idolatries of India. Is there no force in that sublime doctrine which we continually profess? No "communion of saints"? Do you "remember"? Do not think that I deny the difficulties and trials of your position. I merely point out to you the means of overcoming them. I am but too conscious myself of the overpowering loneliness which seems then chiefly to weigh one down when amid a crowd you only seem to have no interest in their affections, and no part in their business—when all seem active and devoted, and you dare not move, or tremble at each step. Yet more or less this always must be so. I never can sympathise with the careless frivolity which seems too often to conceal any want of purpose, or substitute mere connexion in the pursuit of amusement for union in action. Happy must we be if we can find here and there gleams of encouragement and hope—if the "shadows of our crosses" fall from time to time on clear and pleasant paths, on fair and fragrant flowers. Isolation may give the firmness which we need, solitariness may encourage thoughtfulness, than which no treasure is more precious. Is it not so, my dearest Mary? Do you not sometimes feel it so? Farewell to this subject. I am very glad you mentioned it; and if you have any fault to find, or observe any deficiency in my answer, do mention it.

To return to our mosses again. If you find any in fruit I would get specimens, and enclose me some if you can. You remember the other promise? I shall be ready to begin directly, not having opened Ollendorff since I returned. Ever, my dearest Mary, "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

BEDDGELERT, 20*th July* 1848.

Till your note came, my dearest Mary, I had no notion that the week was so far spent. Time really seems to flow faster than the mountain stream in front of our cottage, which

the late rains have swollen into the dignity of a torrent. You can scarcely imagine what an entire change is produced in the scenery by a day's rain. Every mountain-side is streaked by a little streamlet which is almost lost in spray as it dashes from rock to rock, and the great channel in the pass is quite filled with a boiling, roaring flood—add all the participles from that quaint address of Southey's to the cataract at Lodore—and the highest rocks seem invested with a new magnificence by the misty clouds of rain which sweep round their summits: everything is greater and wilder. There is no clearly defined horizon. The last hill is partially enwrapped in clouds, and you feel there is much behind; while in a clear view all is at once before you, and the imagination has no room for its exercise. Such were my impressions when I walked down to Pont Aberglaslyn in pouring rain yesterday to admire the scenery; and as I purchased my pleasure by a thorough drenching, you may believe me that I am no fictitious enthusiast.

At present my mosses have received no important additions -not above eight or ten; but I find my time is very limited as I have six pupils and numerous other engagements. What will you say, Mary, to my refusal to be an editor already? I had an offer from Macmillan yesterday to edit a Greek play for twenty-nine guineas, but of course as I am at present situated I declined it, hinting that I might at some time be induced to publish something of Aristotle's, but not yet. . . . You must tell me what you are reading. I should think you might get through much. Whenever you send an exercise I will begin German again. If you could get a dictionary, it would, I fancy, add vastly to your pleasure. . . . Only may we do as much as our numberless blessings claim from us! We will treat of soul and spirit next time. Ever, my dearest Mary, "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

BEDDGELERT, *27th August* 1848.

In reference to your last note, my dearest Mary, it has occurred to me that we might find it mutually very useful and

pleasant to discuss a few points connected with our Church. It is never possible to be too secure or too clear in our views. There is a far closer connexion between reason and faith than most persons are ready to acknowledge. To believe firmly we must know distinctly; many of the objects of our faith may be mysteries, but we must at least know they are such, and we must feel their immensity. This disconnexion of knowledge and faith, so common in our age, is to be paralleled by the common excuse given for different men, "that they act according to their conscience," as if conscience were as definite a power as one of our senses, and not to be trained and enlightened according to the means vouchsafed to us; as if a man were not as much answerable for his conscience as for his actions. This is an important distinction, and particularly to be borne in mind in religious controversy, where conscience seems to be the final judge appealed to. But to return from this long digression—I think our investigations may be well divided into three great divisions (everything, you know, naturally becomes threefold):—

(1) The Constitution of the Church	α. Episcopacy. β. State connexion.
(2) The rites and services of the Church	α. Infant Baptism. β. Confirmation. γ. Excommunication, etc.
(3) The doctrines of the Church	Developed in the several Articles — particularly i., vi., ix.-xviii., xxv.-xxxi.

I will mention any objections I may chance to have heard; and I shall be obliged if you can add any new ones. . . .

I may remark, in concluding this topic, that in one thing we have changed from the primitive custom. With us, Deacons are only imperfect Priests, so to speak—the Diaconate is only a step to the Priesthood; with the early Church it was otherwise, and soon, I trust, it will be so with us. Before long, I hope to see an order of men—in some degree like the "local preachers"—who, while recognised religious "helps," may yet follow their several callings, and be an integral portion of the people. Such an agency gives greater unity to a

church, and removes the great barrier between clergy and laity. It is, I believe, to that that the Wesleyan body owes its widespread influence. Moreover, peculiarly religious duties become then connected with business, and those not personal only but social, and so one great step is taken in the great lesson that we are all "a holy priesthood." Thus much, then, my dearest Mary, have I to say on the first division of our subject. Tell me your opinion, and then we will go on to the next. But ever let us so seek that all may be for God's glory. And now à Dieu. Ever "remember."—Your most affectionate BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

BIRMINGHAM, 16*th Sunday after Trinity.*

If I do not write a long note this evening, my dearest Mary, the fault will not be owing to company. I am now left alone with Lizzie. My father and mother are both gone to my aunt's, who is much worse—indeed, it is a marvel to every one how she has held out so long. I was with her this afternoon, and she was more calm and happy than usual. I do not think I have heard one complaint from her, though her sufferings are without cessation; on the contrary, she only expresses deep thankfulness for every slight relief. It is impossible not to regard her long-continued illness as a great mercy, for now she is entirely weaned from everything. She can see her children without any strong emotion, and talk of leaving them with composure. I am extremely glad that I did not go directly to Cambridge, for, as I have known her so long, it has been a great pleasure to have been of the slightest use at such a time, and for my own part I have learned much from her.

. . . . . .

I have often wished that you could have been here for an hour or so; for, though I admit such scenes are melancholy, yet, Mary, you or I should not shrink from them, nor do I think you would. I intensely dislike mere morbid sentiment, but illness and suffering, even in others, are powerful teachers. Do not suppose that I would wish to communicate to our whole life the atmosphere of a sick-room, or abjure all the

relaxations of society or the pleasures of nature; yet I would not forget the graver side of life. I would not wish to be unable to minister comfort when comfort is most needed, I would not forget that we are "men" with exquisite means of pleasure, but I would still remember that we are "mortals" in probation for another existence. I am continually misunderstood when I speak on these subjects, but I hope you don't mistake me. I am supposed to be gloomy and adverse to society, whereas quite the reverse is the case. I am very fond of society, but I trust I do hate the frivolities of society. I cannot think that they are needed for relaxation, and I am sure they are useless for pleasure. All that is healthful and vigorous, all that adds to our energy and awakens our sympathies, or diverts the mind as a means to new endeavours, most heartily I would love. Never would I blame anything that a person pursues as conducive to these ends. I might differ in opinion, but I would not condemn. This always reminds me of the great fault of our Church—its unsociability. We are all unconnected—very disconnected—there is no unity among the parts in themselves, no concord in their action on others. But why should this be so? Why should "pews" and cushions for ever separate our rich and poor? or Sunday be the only assembling day of the congregation? Why are our communicants unnoticed and unregistered? You will easily suggest ten thousand queries, and who shall answer them? Does not the chief cause lie in the forgetfulness of the declaration that Christians are "a chosen people, and a royal priesthood," and the consequent little care of family services, and if of family, much more of social services? There is matter for abundant thought in this. May we, my dearest Mary, much and often reflect on it, and may the Holy Spirit be our Teacher. Ever "remember."—Your most affectionate

BROOKE.

BIRMINGHAM, *2nd October* 1848.

. . . You will not say that I am a too partial admirer of our much-loved Church, but I never could hear such arguments as Mr. T. seems to have used without the deepest

disgust. As if the State gave the Church anything but losses! As if she derived any superior power from her connexion with it, and was not rather hampered and shackled by numberless encumbrances! No fallacy, no falsehood rather, can be more shamefaced than the assertion that the revenues of the Church are derived from the State. They are entirely (with the exception of tithes, and these we may consider at some other time), and church rates, which are only exacted by the authority of a majority of the parish, derived from property left specially to the Church, over which the State has usurped a power, salutary perhaps, but yet usurped, of control and direction. The real state of the case is this with regard to Church property. The State controls ours in virtue of its connexion with us, and dissenting bodies control their own. So much for our advantages. The whole question as to Church and State we will return to again. My own opinions on that topic are, I think, likely to be modified. You will remember that at one time I used to dislike the idea of such a connexion, but now the observance of the wretched spirit of its opposers, and of the melancholy character of a negative constitution, seems to overpower all theoretical objections. My democratic notions have long since vanished into thin air, and my voluntary principle, I think, will follow next. "They don't work well," as Sam Slick said very sensibly. So much I must say on controversial matters. If I had been speaking, I am sure you would have seen my colour rise, and I wish you could have done so.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *2nd November* 1848.

Is it not sufficient trouble to write notes — pardon the word, my dearest Mary — but will you entail on me the penalty of deciphering my own writing? . . . The death-scene of Mirabeau was described by the last "Carlylean" biographer as "the sublime of deistic belief." You will judge of the applicability of the remark when you have read the description. I am far from being a believer in the ability of popular lectures. Of course, if young ladies are led to believe that the world only turns round in theory — like Franklin's niece, was it not? — an orrery is useful enough; but I cannot help thinking that

knowledge soonest acquired is least treasured up and remembered. I am half inclined to become entirely dissipated, and spend all my spare time in novel-reading. I am too tired to do anything in the evenings. How I wish I had a piano,—I MUST get one. All the "graces" which I mentioned in my last note have passed, and the scene in the Senate House was very interesting. There were present Guizot and his family—two daughters and a son: the former well-dressed, intelligent, vicacious, and French; the latter dirty, uninteresting, and vacant. Guizot himself is a very little man—perhaps five feet four. He has a fine brow, generally well developed, short iron-grey hair, and quick piercing eyes, which in conversation are, I believe, singularly bright. He wore an old long great-coat; and I can scarcely imagine any more ludicrous contrast than that presented by his conducting Mrs. Whewell, who is a tall, stately, and well-dressed lady, home. He was well received by the undergraduates, who, if not the most influential, are the most noisy members of the house on such occasions—and I might perhaps have been carried away myself but for a resolute determination. . . . Mr. Lee (between ourselves) is hung up in my rooms under the false signature of J. P. Manchester, and he proves a considerable ornament. Is not my note clean, neat, and legible? I made a new pen on purpose, and I have not indulged in sentiment; but if need be, let me give you advice not to be disheartened. The wider the field, the more our usefulness. If I could define life, it would probably be "time usefully spent." Let us "live," my dearest Mary.—Ever believe me, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 16*th November* 1848.

If I begin, my dearest Mary, to think of all I have to do this evening, farewell to my note. I have already written two home, for to-morrow is my mother's birthday, and I have sent her my medal in remembrance of it—rather an apt present, I think. Think you not so? . . . Is it not cruel that Dr. Owen should reduce the great sea serpent, which has fed us with wonder so long, to an ugly seal? However, he said in a long

letter to the *Times* the other day that the description and picture answered to the characteristics of a very large seal,—certainly, he said, it could not be a serpent. For my own part, I was beginning to believe in the Kraken. When I first amused myself with reading, a terrible picture of a sea-serpent devouring a ship's crew made a great impression on me, and so my prejudices are all in favour of the monster's existence. Your selection of books, Marie, is far more extensive than mine. Alison might suggest thoughts, and my only hope is to find them ready-made. Let us really adhere to our plan. My diary has of late been sadly neglected, and so has everything but my pupils. The term seems very short, or rather very speedily drawing to a close. How soon we shall, I trust, once more spend a New Year's day together, if all be well. Very much has happened since the last.

EDGBASTON, 20*th December* [1848].

I ought, my dearest Mary, to make you a good return for your very long note—with interest, too, if I was acquainted with all the mysteries of "per-cent," but I am going out this evening (to Mr. Wickenden's) and *Sybil* prevented my good intentions of writing yesterday becoming a *fait accompli*. Is not my French improved by novel-reading? A day or two ago I might have expressed myself in plain English. *Sybil*, a kind of supplement to *Coningsby*, by Disraeli, is a very remarkable book; quite a contrast to *Jane Eyre*, my other novel; deriving all its interest not from the delineation of individual character, but from the great subject matter, "the two nations"—the rich and the poor. The date extends from '31 to '40, including the Chartist outbreak and strikes. The plot is marvellous to impossibility, but on the whole I am very glad I read it, and very sorry I cannot impart my pleasure to you.

. . . . . .

As for Jenny Lind I would not give sixpence to hear her alone. What possible pleasure could there be in such selfishness? I am sure, my dearest Mary, you don't think I would go by myself. I hope we may hear the *Elijah* again together.

Your school agitation immensely amuses me. It is so delightful to contemplate you as the leader of a faction, or of an opposition—may I say a constitutional party?

It is too early, I suppose, to wish you a very happy Christmas, for indeed I can scarcely realise the presence of the holly-crowned, frost-gemmed king; but I suppose now he will soon make us adopt his livery, as he forced me to get a scarf to-day.

EDGBASTON, *19th January* 1849.

. . . You have often heard my views of life, yet hear them once again; for I should never forgive myself if I were to mar your happiness by representing my opinions falsely. To live is not to be gay or idle or restless. Frivolity, inactivity, and aimlessness seem equally remote from the true idea of living. I should say that we live only so far as we cultivate all our faculties, and improve all our advantages for God's glory. The means of living then will be our own endowments, whether of talent or influence; the aim of living, the good of men; the motive of living, the love of God. I do not say that these ideas are to enter prominently into every detail of life, any more than that in every movement we must be distinctly conscious of the vital principle physically; but just as this must necessarily exist before we can take one step, so the whole groundwork of our inner life must be these feelings to which I have alluded. Every pleasure that rests on any other basis must be unsatisfactory; every pain that is supported by any other prop, overwhelming. We must then look forward. We must value our earthly blessings as pilgrims would a fair scene: we must take comfort and refreshment from them, and then press more vigorously onwards. But still more, my dearest Mary, "no man liveth to himself." We should remember the incalculable effects of the most trifling actions. The fate of thousands will depend on you and me—the fate of thousands to all eternity! Life is indeed "real," indeed "earnest," if viewed in this aspect; and can we refuse to regard it thus? I cannot. You cannot, I am sure. We must then remember that we are beacons "set on an hill," which, if they give an uncertain light, will

bring ruin on countless multitudes of harbourless mariners. I know that it is not customary to see things in so solemn a light; yet I wish I could draw a still more impressive picture, for I continually forget these features of humanity. . . . Do not be led away by any enthusiasm I may ever have exhibited on these subjects—oh, how incommensurate with what I have done! . . . Let us press forward towards that prize which even the holy Paul did not count himself to have attained; which the infant Cyril rejoiced in; which the aged Polycarp found in his funeral pyre. How different their circumstances! yet their hope was one; and may not we have it? Where can we find a rival motive? Oh that we could now know as we are known; that we could see things as they really are; that we could trace the dark lineaments of sin, and the fair beauties of holiness! Is not the very meaning of the words I have quoted, that in heaven we shall have no temptation from the vain shadows which here beset us? Let us remember that we do not injure ourselves alone by neglecting a duty, but many a being who, but for our carelessness, might have shared in endless happiness; that by our zeal we awaken others from their indifference, and are allowed to minister to the good of thousands whom we may rejoice to meet (how earnestly I pray these may be no idle words!) in heavenly places. Think, my dearest Mary—think most earnestly on these things. Do not regard my deficiencies; do not measure my maxims by my deeds; pray rather that these latter may be made conformable to what I feel is right. . . . How desperate would our case be if we could not pray for one another. This is one of the glorious characteristics of our holy religion. "Remember," my own dear Mary. May we take Romans xii. as our guide, and may we be enabled by God's Spirit in some measure to keep its precepts. My time is now exhausted, yet I could write volumes; but that word "remember" would contain their sum. May God bless you!—Ever your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
Saturday Evening, 24th February 1849.

My dearest Mary—I feel inclined to write a line this evening, and will not you say that it is a strange feeling to have after 11 o'clock? But I will tell you how it is. At 8 o'clock my last pupil left me, and even ordinarily one is not inclined to work much on Saturday evening, but to-night a friend, who has taught me more than any one else, called for me to tea, and I have only just left his rooms. We have been talking on many great things—I was going to say all great things—and when one's mind gets thus excited, what is more natural than to try to give vent to its feeling where it will meet with sympathy? And so sympathy on the greatest topics was one subject we have been discussing. We were talking of a clergyman's home, and how hopeless it would be without there was throughout it a full and deep unity of purpose and interest. Of the two great aspects of life, both dangerous in themselves, yet glorious when united. I mean life as a work "real and earnest," and life as a mere contemplation of what God has done for us. Of the dangers of the present day from the growth of an ill-disciplined spirit of independence in thought and action. Of the scheme we had proposed for our little work. Of music, of poetry, of Cambridge, of active duties, of things present and future. And is it not, then, my dearest Mary, necessary for me to write at least one line to tell you what I have talked of and thought on, for this is an enjoyment I have rarely had this term? Must not you have been largely interested in all my views? And particularly when we were talking of our first texts, and I referred to 1 John ii. 17 (which I shall always remember in connexion with the Battie Scholarship), and my friend suggested that he was afraid my sermons would be too gloomy, and if my sermons, then much more my conversation; and I sometimes think you may fancy so; and yet often you tell me that you don't. You ought, Marie, to tell me what you think. I have often told you my views of life. You should give me yours. All our thoughts and wishes and plans must be in sympathy. Let us earnestly pray

that they may be such as to be completed in heaven; that we may be journeying on only to our abiding city; that all things here may be only dear to us as we see God in them, for I don't think we can love men less for loving God more.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *9th March* 1849.

To H. R. A.,

who complained of the student's life at Cambridge.

Tell me not, though faint and weary,
That the student's lot is pain;
That his life is dark and dreary,
Toilsome, perilous, and vain.

Dark!—a thousand sights of glory
Beam before his raptured eyes,
Words and deeds still bright in story
Shine along each path he tries.

Dark!—before him ever burning
You may see the lamp of life,
See him ever God-ward turning
Prayerful eyes amid the strife.

Dreary!—with good angels near him
To inspire fresh deeds of love;
With the voice of God to cheer him,
Nobler works of faith to prove.

Toilsome!—who would count the labour?
Perilous!—who would fear the end,
If he truly love his neighbour,
If he feel his God his friend?

Vain!—the student's earnest pages
Kindle never-dying fires,
And his spirit lives for ages
In the deeds his word inspires.

Like some old Cathedral gleaming
In a flood of golden light,
Chequered o'er with colours streaming
From the windows richly dight,

So the student's life. Fresh beauty
Flows from every source of truth,
And he feels his solemn duty
Suits the joyous time of youth.

Let us then, on God relying,
Speed on our appointed way,
Ever hoping, ever vying
More to labour and to pray.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 11*th March* 1849.

My dear Alder—May I ask you to keep these lines as a memorial of one of the pleasantest days I ever spent?[1] And may I not also hope that you will now not only recognise but participate in the feeling which gave rise to them?—Yours very affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Oh, tell me not their faith is vain, who dream
Of holy sympathies, and mystic bonds
Of love and worship in all living things,
And things that live not! While the white-robed choir
Poured forth their hymns of glory, I believe
The birds, who make God's temple their abode,
Thrilled by the sacred harmony, rejoiced
In concert with our joy. Oh, I believe
The very sunshine gleamed with brighter glow
At words of love and mercy, peace and praise!
Their hearts are cold, their love, their sympathy
Lifeless and dull, who think that man's the world:
That there are not below, around, above,
Ten thousand unintelligible sounds
Of gratitude and praise: ten thousand mute,
But holy worshippers, in rocks and stones,

[1] A visit to Ely Cathedral.

Sunshine and stars, temples and monuments.
I love not man the less, but God the more,
Because I feel this love in all around,
And see in all living and endless praise.
And oh shall I be silent? Praise and prayer,
The bright reflections of the joys of heaven,
Like the fair colours on yon ruined wall,
Which speak of glories that we cannot see,
Nor even dream of, till the sun reveals
The image of their beauty. I believe,
And joy in thus believing, each fair shaft,
Each sculptured capital, and quaint carved boss,
The fretted vault, and long, plain-timbered roof,
Each bears its part in worship; that each stone
By some mysterious sense can praise its God.
And oh shall I be silent? May I live
Worthy of what I feel, worthy of such
Companionship with nature; may I hear
In every voice God's praise, in every sight
Of beauty see it; in all works of power,
Of might and majesty; in trees and rocks,
Mountains and rivulets. Oh, this faith is true,
This truth is love, and love's the life of heaven!

ELY, *2nd Sunday in Lent*, 1849.

P.S.—I would not alter anything, because I know you won't look at the lines, but the feeling. For this alone I give them you. B. F. W.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 24*th March* 1849.

My dear Alder—You have indeed decided the question of priority in writing, which occasioned so subtle a discussion this morning, and the fault is certainly my own, if I am in want of subject matter. I do not think that I should ever have required anything to remind me either of yourself or the many happy hours we have spent together, but I shall not on that account less value your kind present, because it will couple both more intimately with that which so often formed the topic of our friendly controversies. In years to come, if all be well, I shall, by the help of Coleridge, more vividly

recall our Sunday rambles down Pont Aberglaslyn, and over the rocks below the bridge; and I think you will not smile at me for any romantic fancies, if I confess that I find my greatest pleasures in such associations.

I need hardly say that I heartily agree with the whole tenor of the passage to which you refer; and I can recognise the danger in which I frequently stand myself from the feeling to which he alludes; and yet I trust that our conversations have not been without this fruit, that I am so sensible of the peril that nothing would ever induce me to lead another along the way I have passed, or to venture on it further myself. But do you not think that there is an opposite spirit widely current in the world just now, which would exclude God's Providence from the operations of Nature, under the Epicurean delusion that they are too insignificant to merit His attention? And as there is much truth, I yet fully believe, in Nature's teaching, may we not supply her deficiency without abandoning her help? May we not fit her fair carved work and many-coloured pictures into the solid fabric of our simple faith? I ask really in doubt. I am not at all sure that this may not be wisdom falsely so-called, though St. Paul declares that God is not without witness in the natural world. My only wish was to rescue, as far as we each may in our little circle, the claims on human sympathy which form the chief attraction of the school of Carlyle, from a necessary connexion with scepticism. I wanted to unite a vivid pleasure in Nature with a faithful worship of her God. I was anxious to read both books, as Keble calls them, and not indeed to close either. I have sometimes thought that you incline to neglect one as much as I am in danger, though not inclined, of neglecting the other; and I am sure that you would entirely sympathise with my pleasure from this auxiliary source, if you would only suffer yourself to approach it.

You have been kind enough to make yourself the keeper of my "poetical" conscience, and I am not afraid that you will accuse me of any unworthy feeling if I send you a few lines I scribbled the other day, which are in some measure a correction, or explanation, of my former feelings. I only send them because I could not now express my meaning so well in other words, for I cannot long retain an impression, nor yet

recall it. I wished to indicate that we feel as intense a pleasure from the discharge of the meanest duty to our fellow-men as from the contemplation of the most beautiful scenes, or rather that this active exercise of Christian charity is indeed the only true source of all real enjoyment of nature or art. The lines were partly written while walking from the Mendicity one starlit night, so you will see that if so trifling a service could give me pleasure, I shall not underrate the discharge of our active duties. How earnestly I wish we may truly and sincerely discharge them.

I will not offer you any formal thanks, but I am sure that you will not think I feel the less on this account.—Ever believe me, my dear Alder, yours most affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

When our human heart is swelling
With a sympathy divine,
When a still small voice is telling,
God's own whisper, "Thou art Mine";

When we feel a fresh communion,
Such as when the earth began,
Linking in a holy union
Earth with heaven, and God with man;

When each tree and leaf and flower,
Earth's fair fields and starry cope,
Seem by some mysterious power
Fraught with messages of hope,—

Love can tell the torrents' voices,
And the whispers of the breeze,
How each rolling star rejoices
With celestial harmonies.

Deeper echoes, while she listens,
Answer from her heart's recess,
And the very wave that glistens
Seems to share her blessedness.

And she knows whene'er the wildest
Storms of sin and sorrow rise,
That the darkest clouds shine mildest,
Sunlit, in the western skies.

Calmly then in peace reposing—
Peace the fruit of active life,
May we live, not idly dozing,
Nor amid ambition's strife.

May we seek no gaud of glory,
May we fear no lip of scorn;
Till we die—not famed in story,
But from earth to heaven upborne.

To Miss Whittard

Trinity College, *22nd April* [1849].

. . . L—— is amusing; but it is a good thing that no one can imprison us for smiling. If he has roused your indignation so far as to make you practise more, I shall regard him in the light of a benefactor. I am sure you would now find the time well spent in doing so, for when once one sees the meaning and feels it, then it is that practising is really serviceable—at least, I think so. The little voluntary of Mozart's is taken from his First Mass, so that it is quite grave enough for me; but at the same time I am learning an air and variations! The latter I confess is not so palatable, but then it is livelier. My bed-maker will soon, I trust, grow accustomed to my eccentricities; at present I can often see her steal a glance at my desperate efforts to educe the tune from the notes. . . . Tell me when we shall begin Schiller again, and then nothing must interrupt it. I have finished Macaulay. He remains the same to the end: very brilliant, very lively, very readable, but there does not seem to be in him either true philosophy or true religion—indeed, the one implies the other. A perfect historian, like a perfect poet, should, I think, be a man eminently religious, or how can he trace the deepest meaning of things? Think you not so, my

dearest Mary? But this is a wide field for discussion—yet a very interesting one. I wish we could grow to view all things more religiously—to make other days as Sundays, and not Sundays as other days. Let us strive more and more to do so. Ever "remember," my dearest Mary.—Your most affectionate BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Give lots of love to everybody—as much as you can spare.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *25th April* 1849.

I should very much like to know, my dearest Mary, who taught you bird language? I am afraid he was not very skilful in his profession. I will tell you what my little bird said: that if you were not reminded, our German would be forgotten. Did the little bird say true, Marie? I have the *Musical Library* now, so that I will learn two or three pieces. Let me hear your choice. I have begun, as you recommended, with "The Blacksmith." What shall I try next? See how restless I am. To see me practising is one of the most amusing sights in the world. I play a few bars, and then run on to something else, and so on *ad infinitum*, as the mathematicians say. . . . I have put my ferns under glass covers, and they are thriving wonderfully. They have only been covered up two days, and their advance has been quite marvellous. . . . The weather at length seems inclined to be fair again, and if it does really prove so, I don't know what will become of me. I can't work when I am not obliged. One of my pupils was first in Classics in the Trinity Scholarship Exam. Shall I not reap laurels soon? If my Ashby visitors come, they must be here soon, and yet the leaves have not attired the avenues in their proper beauty. Your papa says you are to come up next October, so that the stipulation about the Fellowship is not needed. Shall we not look forward to the period? What sights! what pleasures! . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, *1st May* [1849].

. . . I am now in active training for my Swiss tour. To-day I pulled on the river for more than an hour, and I intend to continue the exercise zealously. Shall I explain the opinion

I stated in my last note? When I spoke of a future state in reference to the Jews, I only meant to say that their *revelation* gave them no *direct* assurances: I don't suppose it possible that any pious man at any time could have been really deficient of the idea, though I equally firmly believe that the Christian alone is *assured* of it. The Jew might find much in his Scriptures which might encourage the hope which existed independently, and not derived from them—as in the instance our Lord quotes in the Gospels. But then, as far as he could show, he had no obvious proof. Christianity and our Lord's resurrection "brought life and immortality to light." Many, very many don't agree with me. I believe a Professor of Divinity, a precise theologian, said that the sermon was heresy! Heresy! why, the word will soon be synonymous with sobriety and independence of thought. Do you understand me? Of course, I would only speak with great diffidence, but I really think we can thus see the inestimable advantages of Christianity more clearly. . . . I will not trouble you with any more philosophy or morality, if you will confess that you do like it. My Muse is sulky and indisposed still, and it is not my nature to coax; so she must wait till she grows better-tempered. I am glad that you like the last verses. They are more original, I fancy, than the others, and old Aristotle used to say that poets and parents loved their own children excessively.

You cannot fancy how musical we were last night. Two friends came and sang for three hours. I felt the proudest being alive, as you may imagine. My practising has fallen off the last two days. I am going to begin Schiller's Ballads to-night. When shall we resume *William Tell?* To-day I was planning part of our tour. It included all the localities mentioned in the play. We shall, I hope, stay a day or two at Luzern (why did I affect the foreign spelling? pardon me), and see the Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau, and Tell's chapel, and the field of Sempach, where Arnold of Winkelried died so bravely, and the hollow way where Gessler was shot, and rocks and avalanches and storms, I hope—but at a distance. I dare not hope to see you before October. However, the time will soon pass, and we shall both, I hope, be very busy listening to Nature as well as books; for after all she is the great teacher,

and her lessons may be had for looking for them even in the dullest place or gloomiest day. But we will not look for them too often—and then again they seem to overwhelm us. I know no sensation like the kind of swelling which one feels on a really sunshiny day. You seem as if you could fly, but that it would be a pity to leave the green earth.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *17th May.*

. . . This evening, if I have time, I will try to do some Schiller, and enclose it. I have lately been reading his Life; but it was by Bulwer—or Lytton, as he now calls himself—and though there is much in him to admire, I confess I have not found my ideal poet. He considered, truly enough, that poetry was a work and a duty, and a training for others, but he was not, I fear, a simple Christian: I mean, a Christian of the New Testament, quite distinct from sectarian Christianity. I can't make out that he admitted that which makes Christianity what it is, the notion of a mediator. Yet even thus he expounds much poetic truth, and even Wordsworth does not dwell on Christian doctrine; but THE Christian poet is yet to be seen, for I never will accord Milton the name. It is strange that there has been no great Romanist poet. Why not, when the papal system admits every addition of art, and encourages every kind of symbolism and mystic interpretation? Can it be that she loves neither simplicity nor freedom?—I will not say truth. Have I not suggested to you an ample subject for thought? I went on the river to-day in spite of the rain, and I felt it do me good, but it was almost a penance; I was the solitary spectacle. I have Mendelssohn's Six Pieces. There is a very pretty andante in them; the others are so so. You may guess they are not very difficult, for I can murder them. At present I am seriously thinking of learning to sing. I should above all things like to manage a glee or any part music. But this is another of my airy schemes. The future must speak for it.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *22nd May* 1849.

You certainly have fair claims, my dearest Mary, for a long note, but I am not sure that I can write one, though I went

out to look at the trees in order to get ideas. We have had a very wet morning, but the afternoon was very bright and blue, and so the chestnut trees have put out their long spikes of flowers, and the limes have assumed their fairest green, while there is still just enough of their black trunks left visible to form a contrast. Yet though the limes were green, and the chestnuts very grand with their massy foliage, and the river deep and broad, and rapid with its swollen stream, my ideas would not flow fully or gracefully, and I am cast again on my natural resources. . . . I confess that at times I feel utterly lonely and friendless. I have never yet found any one who could quite share my doubts, and there is no one to whom I would teach them; and then—but what then? As for those who, as you say, seem to think it their whole life's business to talk about opinions, I can only say, that if Christianity is not a work in truth and earnest, I don't know what it is. People think—if it be not absurd to call such vanity thinking—that Christianity is a name, Faith a word, and forget that it is dead unless accompanied by "ITS works," as the last verse of James ii. should be translated. What a miserable mistake this is; and what miserable results it works the poverty and wretchedness and vice of millions testify; and not less loudly the emptiness and idleness and luxury of those whose name is rich, though indeed poorest of the poor in all which constitutes true wealth. Don't call me a democrat or republican or socialist for saying all this, my dearest Mary; I am nothing of the kind. I don't believe we can ever much improve, but at any rate let us not deceive ourselves; let us remember that WE have to live, if all around us are sleeping; and let us, moreover, remember, which too many of those who teach this doctrine forget, Carlyle among them, that the New Testament will help us to live so, and NOTHING ELSE. We cannot be "heroes" unless God's Spirit works with us. Then let us ever more and more seek it for ourselves, and for one another. Let us realise the great idea that "work is worship"—*Laborare est orare*, as the old monk said; that is, all work done in an earnest and prayerful spirit. Whatever our work may be, it can be done holily and piously. May we do all our duties not for praise or reward, but because they are our duties. Oh, my dearest Mary, how I wish I could write this

not on paper but on my own heart! You see, Marie, my resources are of the old kind—the words are of the old sort; but even if I do repeat myself, it is well at times, I think, for the past is often forgotten. But now, my own dearest Marie, farewell.—Ever your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *25th May.*

My dearest Mary—You want now, I fancy, to be cheered as much as I did a week ago, if you "have no hope"—but I don't think you used the words seriously. You are still full of hope are you not, only sometimes tired? I feel very much more vigorous myself than I have for some time. Yesterday I talked out all my fancies, and when seriously examined they are not so very monstrous, practically—I trust not. At times I seize one idea and work it out in all its consequences, without regarding how much it is modified by other points. Others, I fancy, are guilty of the same error, and from such distortions of particular truths the worst sectarianism springs. I may yet be a minister of our own Church, which at times seems to me almost impossible; not because I hold opinions different from hundreds who are, but because I think they don't consider points which they should; though, again, I am now inclined to think that one should sacrifice one's own judgment and opinion if one feels that one may be practically useful, and our Church does offer a glorious field just now.

My notions about my little book are still notions. I have so many works to be done that I almost despair of accomplishing all, though Switzerland will fill me, I am sure, with marvellous vigour. I am so bent on going that I would even go by myself now. I must see the mountains and the glaciers. What will you say to me for reading Carlyle? Will you quite despair? I don't think that I am likely to become too enthusiastic, though there is much in him which I like. Is it not right to learn even from a foe, as an old Latin proverb says? I know some persons think they flourish better in the dark—as my Hymenophyllum does, for instance:

I have been obliged to blacken its glass—but for my own part I prefer Ajax' prayer, which you remember Keble quotes. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, 26*th May* 1849.

. . . I am in very good spirits for my journey at present, and I have a most magnificent pair of shoes—so vast that my friends can scarcely see me in them; and when duly accoutred in blouse, knapsack, and alpenstock, I am pretty sure they would not "know" me. . . . When shall "we two" see the mountains? How delighted we shall be to see them together. But what air-castle building! If we could only live really, the veriest round chalk hill would be delightful, for after all Nature must first receive the impress of our own feelings before she affects us. Byron and Wordsworth could not hear her speak the same language. I have been indulging this evening in some of my old revolutionary talk about society: grumbling, complaining as usual; I wish I could say, doing better, *i.e.* proposing remedies or acting them; and saddest of all, have been libelling ladies. . . .

Whitsunday.—We have had a very pleasant day, my dearest Mary, and should not the anniversary of such a season be always pleasant? Of all days it most affects us now: I mean, we all continually need the fresh coming of the Spirit. We had a sermon in Chapel on a verse of the 8th Romans, and I read over the chapter carefully. It seems to me more and more magnificent when compared either with what the wisest have written, or still more with our own inmost hearts. Is there not intimated in that a mysterious union between man and creation (so "creature" in v. 19 should be translated)? and would not that alone change the whole face of nature to a Christian? We don't look earnestly or often enough for our points of connexion with all around us—things or persons—and yet isolation is death. You see, my dearest Mary, I am striving to prepare myself for seeing rightly—and I wish it were a principle and not a mere emotion; and yet "by hope we are saved," and hope is of the nature of an emotion, and emotions lead to actions; so may mine—I am altogether hopeful to-day. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE,
10th Sunday after Trinity, 1849.

My dearest Mary—I quite forget whether we have ever talked upon the subject alluded to in my last note—Baptismal Regeneration—but I think we have, for it is one of the few points on which I have clear views, and which is, I am sure, more misunderstood and misrepresented than any other. Do not we see that God generally employs means, I will not say exclusively; that He has appointed an outward Church as the receptacle of His promises, and outward rites for admission into it, and thus for being placed in a relation with Him by which we may receive His further grace; for till we are so connected by admission into His outward Church, we have no right to think that He will convey to us the benefits of His spiritual Church, when we have neglected the primary means which He provides. It does not, of course, follow that the outward and spiritual churches are coextensive, that all who have been placed in relation with God by Baptism, and so made heirs of heaven conditionally, will avail themselves of that relation to fulfil those conditions—and here lies the ambiguity; because a child is born again into the Church of God, as he has been born into the world before, people seem to conclude that he must discharge all the duties of his new station, which in temporal matters we know he does not. By birth he may, if he will, truly live here; by baptism he may, if he will, truly live for ever. I do not say that Baptism is *absolutely* necessary, though from the words of Scripture I can see no exception, but I do think we have no right to exclaim against the idea of the commencement of a spiritual life, conditionally from Baptism, any more than we have to deny the commencement of a moral life from birth. . . . You quite misunderstood my scruples about Articles; it is that I object to them *altogether*, and not to any particular doctrines: I have at times fancied that it is presumptuous in us to attempt to define, and to determine what Scripture has not defined; to limit when Scripture has placed no boundary; to exact what the Apostles did not require; to preach explicitly what they applied practically. The whole tenor of Scripture seems to

me opposed to all dogmatism, and full of all application; to furnish us with rules of life, and not food for reason; but perhaps I carried this idea too far, for as men will reason, it may be necessary to erect landmarks and prescribe bounds. I only wish men would pay more attention to acting and less to dogmatising. You will now understand my whole meaning. It is not perhaps very serious, but like all other ideas it grows, and I doubt whether I may not be in danger of yielding more to my hopes and prospects than they can demand—even my convictions of simple, truthful Christianity. Yet, my dearest Mary, ever "remember," and then we cannot go wrong. . . .

To F. W. Wickenden, Esq.

Trinity College, *2nd August* 1849.

My dear Wickenden—Will you receive a note from me in patience now? At any rate, hear my explanation. I did not return to Cambridge till long after Commemoration, and I found a letter from Moorsom with yours, saying that you had started for Ireland; and my spirit of loyalty, which you know is very intense, would not suffer me to hold any communication with a rebel country, so that I could not write till I heard that you were once more in a situation where you might sing "the king shall have his own again," without collecting a mob of riband-men or orange-men. . . .

To F. J. A. Hort, Esq.

Trinity College, *5th October* [1849].

Dear Sir—I cannot at present say quite definitely that I shall be in Cambridge between the Triposes, but I think it most probable. In that case it will give me very great pleasure to read with you. Perhaps this answer will be sufficient till I see you here.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

Brooke F. Westcott.

To Miss Whittard

Trinity College, 5*th May* [1850].

. . . I do not think that any allegories can equal those of Adams. For my own part, I prefer *The Shadow of the Cross* and *The Old Man's Home* to the other two. *The King's Messengers* seems too formal, except in the one beautiful idea which the name contains. The whole course of the story—excepting the beautiful description of Sophron's death—is too much after the usual course to strike one; and then, above all, I must confess that I read it directly after *The Old Man's Home*, which all but called forth my tears, hard-hearted though I am. . . . .

Trinity College, 15*th May* 1850.

My dearest Mary—

As you blamed my Muse
For saucy messages last time, yet choose
To make an explanation, now she sends
Her gracious pardon, and as some amends
Would add a rhyming letter; but I know
The lady's temper: how she loves to show
Her little airs right daintily, and tries
By turns to please and triumph. In her lies
The sum of all our vanity, and yet
Fancy and feeling too should serve to whet
The mind for noble struggles. There's a tale
You may remember—still our memories fail—
Told by Herodotus—a moral too
Hangs to the story. Hark! I'll tell it you.
There was a king in Egypt, who of old
Had been a common citizen, but bold,
Skilful, and resolute, he gained the throne
And ruled with sovran sway; each day alone
He sat in awful majesty till noon,
Dispensing laws and justice. But how soon
The scene is changed!—a festive banquet now
Succeeds to solemn pageant. Look! each brow
Is crowned with garlands, and each hand extends
The sparkling cup—lamps glitter—incense sends

Its reeking steam aloft—the voice of song
And mirth and revelry echoes along
The royal halls. Rude jest and ready wit
Pass to and fro; the royal troubles sit,
Or seem to sit, most lightly on the king.
But all at once, within the noisy ring,
A bearded sage appears. With sad surprise
He looks on each gay face; then sternly cries:
"Is this the due of royalty? the state
Of lordly minds? Methinks an evil fate
First changed a peasant to a king, and then
Hath changed the king into a clown again."
He spoke; and where he looked for wrath, a smile
Kindled the monarch's eye, who, all the while
Most mildly courteous, to the sage replied:
"My father, reverend stranger, when he died
Gave me a bow—his only legacy—
And as he gave it, thus he spoke to me:
'My son, be wise, this bow will serve thee long;
But seek not thou to keep it ever strung.'"
So ends my story, and at length my rhyme
Shall turn to prose—you laugh and say, "'Tis time."

You may account how you can for the above strange vagary; I am not in high spirits; it has not been a fine day; I have not been particularly pleased with anything. Your message suggested a merry answer, and the old story occurred to me—one not to be forgotten at Cambridge. But how can "things" remember or forget? I will prove my personality to you in very truth when you come to Cambridge, if you call me a thing forsooth! . . .

EDGBASTON, *7th July* [1850].

. . . Yesterday, as we intended, we went to the Corn Exchange to hear Dr. Newman. By great persuasion I induced my papa to exceed his customary sixpence for amusement (?), and we were in the front ranks. My curiosity was, of course, intense, and the appearance of the lecturer served to increase it. He looks younger, more intellectual, but far less "pious" than I expected. He has no trace of feeling in his countenance, no mark of intense devotion. He made

a long discourse on tradition, proving that Protestants judge of Romanism by tradition. All this was subtle and clever, but did not tell. Then came some clever, witty jokes, utterly irreverent, utterly unbecoming a Christian minister. The people applauded, and I felt my fears allayed. He seemed to enjoy the wit himself, and yet he must have known that sneers are not arguments. I was grieved—greatly grieved—to see no mark of respect, no indication of sympathy with the Church in which he so long ministered. His mere rhetorical power is greater than I anticipated; his power of argument less; his capability of widely influencing English people, I think, absolutely nothing. There is none of that insinuating scepticism about him which I fancied there might have been; none of that determined enthusiasm which I felt sure there would be; and shorn of these two influences we need not fear him. . . .

To J. B. Lightfoot, Esq.

Trinity College, *Tuesday*.

My dear Lightfoot—If your powers of mathematical calculation are to be judged by the specimen you have given me this morning, there is no hope for you—you *must* be plucked.[1] You have produced a result exactly double of the true one. However, even if you are plucked, it will always be to me a great pleasure that I had you for a pupil.—Ever yours most sincerely, Brooke F. Westcott.

To E. W. Benson, Esq.

Anochar, Glasgow, 22*nd August* [1850].

My dear Benson—Your packet did not come soon enough to save you from certain mental vituperations which might have been severer at any other place than Anochar, which does not leave room for unpleasant thoughts; but when it came, how could I complain longer? I am delighted to hear that you are in such good hands, and delighted that

[1] My father regarded J. B. L.'s fee for tuition as excessive. At one time he declined to receive any fee from E. W. B.

our College numbers Mr. Martin among its Fellows. Was it by his advice that you commenced Analytical Conics? Surely you will not make anything of the subject by yourself, nor should I think it advisable for you to read it. Did you not resolve to take the easier subjects—Hydrostatics and Optics—in Goodwin? Those you will find intelligible and interesting. At the same time, it would be well to freshen your recollection of Newton and mechanics by simple examples. I should most strongly recommend you to take this plan; but if Mr. Martin thinks otherwise, I should like to hear from you again.

You will not readily gain my pardon for certain unnatural calumnies against the Stagirite. When you read him many times—I mean any one book of his—you may be permitted to compare him with his "rival," but till that time the Pythagorean law should be observed. I shall hand you over to Lightfoot for condign punishment; he will, I am sure, execute it with just severity. Have you dared to complain to him?

Scotland has hitherto given me exceeding delight. The boundless ranges of mountains sufficiently distinguish the scenery from that of Wales, and their grassy slopes from that of Switzerland, so that I do not find any loss of pleasure from former experiences. A little snow is now lying on the hills opposite, though they are of no great height, and our effeminacy is shown by having fires.

Remember me to all our common friends. What is Hutchinson doing? I should be glad to hear from Whittard or Lightfoot, though it is difficult to promise an answer.—Ever, my dear Benson, yours very sincerely,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

May I trouble you with a commission? If so, will you ask Macmillan to send me a copy of Credner's *Einleitung in das Neue Test.* by post, if he can procure it.

EDGBASTON, 5*th October* [1850].

My dear Benson—If your composition had been in less able hands, your note would not have remained unanswered

so long, but as I have received no further detachments, I must write to explain my long silence. I reached home yesterday, after a very pleasant vacation, with the very highest admiration for Scotch scenery and for Scott's novels, and it is quite impossible to enjoy either the one or the other thoroughly without a long residence in the country. Work has progressed favourably, though I have done very little myself, except gather strength for the future. But this is no light thing at present. I am now looking forward to work next term with great pleasure, and I trust your mathematics will be in a state to undergo divers examination papers in a certain little room under episcopal surveillance,[1] and your mind in a more congenial state to enjoy the waste beauties of the Stagirite—for I trust your heresy has been repressed by Lightfoot's cane.

Excuse my hurried note, and ever believe me, my dear Benson, yours most sincerely,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To Miss Whittard

TRINITY COLLEGE, *23rd October* [1850].

. . . I made my *début* as a singer yesterday. My master proceeded with me in the following original way. 1. "Just sing the scale that I may see what your voice is." I obey. 2. "It's a tenor. Well; now try this song from the *Messiah*, while I play it." I obey. 3. "Now play it while I sing." Still I obey. 4. "Well, I think we shall go on successfully; and you must get some piano duets from the library that we may play them together; and you must learn these two songs by Saturday." This is rather severe work, and I am quite at a loss, but still I must work patiently. It gives me confidence to have a teacher, and moreover makes me careful. He says that playing is everything. Play carefully, and with patience you will sing creditably—this is the sum of my teaching. . . .

[1] Bishop Prince Lee's portrait.

(On his Ordination as Deacon)

MANCHESTER, *Trinity Sunday*, 1851.

This morning, my dearest Mary, as I hoped, I was ordained Deacon. In this the great work of my life is begun, and so in part of your life too, and may we both be enabled to discharge it with all zeal and diligence and love, "to the glory of God's name and the edification of His Church." Silence at such a time is perhaps better than many words—silent, earnest, effectual prayer. Henceforth I —and you with me, for our lives must be one—are pledged to be, as far as in me lieth, "a wholesome example to the flock of Christ." Who could undertake such a pledge save with such promises as the Gospel gives us? I wonder how any dare to teach but in the strength of those assurances of divine help which have been granted to our weakness. The beginnings of all new works are most important—habits grow from very small causes; and so, my dearest Mary, pray for me now most earnestly, that I may be enabled to begin my duties, whatever they may be, in a right and truthful spirit, even as I would end them. . . . It was my privilege to take part in the service, as I was appointed by the Bishop to read the Gospel. It was a new and yet a natural feeling to stand within the communion rails and speak to a congregation. Now I shall feel quite ready to write a sermon; hitherto it has seemed to be a voluntary intrusion on rights which belonged not to me. I do not see any reason to change the text which I chose years ago for my first effort—1 John ii. 17. Can you suggest to me any better? Should you prefer Rom. xii. 1?[1]

(On his Ordination as Priest)

BOLTON, 21*st December* 1851.

. . . The day has been full of excitement to me, and yet, as it seemed, in the words of the first Lesson, full of "quietness and peace" as the source of strength. I am glad that

[1] As a matter of fact, Rom. xii. 1 was the text of my father's first sermon, and he used to declare that it contained all that he had since preached.

it was St. Thomas' Day too, for the Collect is very beautiful. Oh, Mary, I cannot tell you how I felt when I received the commission of my office. When the hands of the Bishop and the priests were resting on my head, I felt as I cannot feel again. It seemed like a fire kindled within me, and indeed may it be a fire, ever burning clearer and brighter! It will need to be fanned often; and may I never quench it! Thus I speak to you, my dearest Mary, for why should I have a thought which you do not share? I trust I have a mission to discharge. I trust that I shall have strength to discharge it. You too share my work, and so, as I pray for myself, I pray for you. . . .

To F. W. Wickenden, Esq.

Trinity College, 19*th November* 1851.

My dear Wickenden—There is an old proverb, I think, to the effect "bis dat qui cito dat," and do you think that a speedy answer will seem of double length—or at least of double substance? . . . You now suggest a topic sufficiently extensive, but I am not competent to give a general answer, yet on the whole *the* charge pleased me. Its tone and language and statements were far more moderate than my fears had anticipated. Even —— seems at a loss for any obviously vulnerable point, and is obliged to regard the Bishop of Manchester as a new "type" of "latitudinarian" Episcopacy. There seem to be some errors in detail—*e.g.* as to the Scotch Church—which will not surprise those who know that the Bishop's strength lies elsewhere than in particulars; but I rejoice to see the position which he assigns to the Occasional services and Offertory, and to notice the earnestness with which he seeks to restore an outward social vitality to our Church. You ask me about the title "Rev." Even as I accord the title "Christian" to all who claim it, if they do not directly deny in practice the profession which they make, so should I give the title "Rev." to all recognised religious teachers—to a Rabbi, an Iman, or even to as uncertain a lecturer as E. Dawson, if he desired it. I do not think that we pledge ourselves to the recognition of his

office personally, but merely to the acknowledgment of his social style. If a person seems to need the addition "Esq.," if even he only expects it, I so address him; no one indeed supposes that my judgment rests on any better grounds than courtesy. In this way I find no difficulty about the title "Rev." The term itself is rather literary than theological, and was certainly given (I believe) to the Bar. As for the wider question of foreign Orders (which I do not, you will see, in any way connect with the title "Rev."), I think that there is great truth in what the Bishop says. We may say that non-episcopal churches are maimed, armless, heartless, if you please, but still I can see no ground to conclude that they are headless, lifeless. Their energy may be curtailed, their inter-communication may be broken, their circulation may be sluggish, but, as far as I can judge by *their fruits*, they still *live*. In saying this I do *not* imply that the Church of England recognises foreign (Presbyterian) ordination as adequate for ministration in her services. . . .

To J. B. Lightfoot, Esq.

Bolton, 18*th December* 1851.

My dear Lightfoot—Many, many thanks for your kind note and testimonial, which I shall keep among my most valued treasures. Whatever may be my future fortunes and my future work, I shall always look back on my years of "pupilising" at Cambridge with the most intense satisfaction. I do not think that any one can have ever had the same delight which I had in similar work, or a like reward to that which I have found in the friendship of all my pupils. This, I trust, I may always retain when we are scattered far and wide, each doing our own proper work hopefully and faithfully. Your last words I have long been accustomed to sum up in the one word "remember." Whether Charles I. interpreted it as I do, I do not know, but I think that the word is nobly used in my sense. Let me then in turn ask you to "remember," especially at this time, yours very affectionately,

Brooke F. Westcott.

To E. W. Benson, Esq.

Kingsdown, Bristol, 30*th December* [1851].

My dear Benson—Let me give you, and through you all my Cambridge friends, my most hearty thanks for the testimonial which I received this morning. If I were an elector it would have more influence with me than any other. You have, indeed, said so much, so very much, that I can rightly use the picture you have drawn for a model, if not for a portrait, for you have described me as I wish to be, and so I trust to realise your language more and more, as I am enabled to gain fresh energy and zeal and patience in coming time. My best wish for those of you who will work at Cambridge, as I have worked hitherto, will be, that you may first meet with pupils such as I have found; my best wish for all, that you may have at some time such friends as I have—may I not say so?—in my pupils.

The fewest words are, I think, the best to express thanks, or rather, to indicate the feeling which cannot be expressed: and I will not trouble you with more sentences to profess what I hope may be seen in other ways; and you will, I know from all you say, willingly believe that I am most sensible and most mindful of the kindness of you all.

With the best wishes, I am, my dear Benson, yours very affectionately, Brooke F. Westcott.

To F. J. A. Hort, Esq.

January 1852.

With regard to 2 Thess. ii., as far as I can gather from your note, you have come to the same conclusion which I reached: that the doctrine of a "double-sense" applies as truly to New Testament prophecies as to those of the Old Testament, and so maintain that the Apostle takes the great anti-Christian features of the Roman Empire as far as they were spiritually symbolical. My notion of a prophet is that he is a "seer"—not an organ. The construction seems to me extremely difficult. I hardly know what view you can take

which some commentator has not taken; but I shall be glad to learn what it is. A large "query" is all which I have yet appended to the verse. My instinct—and it is but an instinct—leads me to assent to Olshausen's view of an incarnation of evil. Speaking of this, I am reminded of an effort I made to get a special subject for the Maitland Prize —"The Doctrinal Relation of Buddhism to Christianity"—which involves most nearly the idea of a Satanic counter-incarnation; but the Vice-Chancellor thought it was too special, and the result is, I believe, that he requires an essay on "The Duty and Policy of Christian Missions," which is certainly wide enough. I wish our theses gave some scope for definite investigation, as in the botanical "monograms," for as long as we encourage commonplace, what else can we expect?

You must never ask me for news—I never know any; and pray do not tell me that your notes are dull, or I shall never have courage to answer them. For my own part, I should have had but little patience with a H. Walpole for my correspondent. If I could find time I should like to answer your letter by coming over to Chepstow for an hour or two, but that will be impossible now, though a day's sunshine seems to make one believe in anything.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To E. W. BENSON, ESQ.

HARROW, *8th March* 1852.

My dear Benson—The sight of your handwriting, even if it were examination-like, was a great pleasure to me; for I had long been anxious to hear more of you than I could learn from Scott. But how shabby a return I shall make you! Here note-writing follows of necessity after a mid-day dinner, and is followed by an afternoon school; so that physicians may delight in the prospective results. Yet I feel that it is good for me to be here. The place teaches me much which Cambridge could not teach, and which we must all learn. If I go to Jersey, the experience will be invaluable; and if not,

I have found a place where I can work with equal usefulness. Dr. Vaughan offered me a mastership soon after I came, and I think I shall accept it provisionally in default of Jersey. You will thus see that I am not very anxious about the latter place, though I should certainly prefer it. I do not think that I could trouble Dr. Vaughan for a testimonial. The "administrators" must be content with what they know already, without they inquire for themselves. It does not seem that I can interfere further. Do you not agree with me?

For the Tripos list I shall look most anxiously. As for fears, they are always urgent. May you secure all you wish —all which will help most in the great after-work of life. Pardon my hurry, and ever believe me, yours very affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Can you come to Harrow? I can offer you hospitality by night, if not company by day. Do come if you are at all inclined.

CHAPTER IV

HARROW

1852–1861

My father's first residence at Harrow was a little house opposite to the gates of The Park. Here he was settled early in 1852, busily occupied with his school duties, which were mainly concerned with the composition of the Sixth Form, which Form he also from time to time took in class. He found his work quite sufficient to fully employ his energies, as the following words addressed to Mr. Lightfoot in May of that year testify :—

It is absolutely my duty as one of the Harrow masters to protest most vigorously against your expressions of surprise that I have not written. As a matter of course, we are excused from all correspondence whatsoever, as far as writing goes, and our friends seek to do all they can to cheer us in our work by writing often and at length. See my theory! and yet it is not mine only, but the received view of things.

Last night I executed the only piece of work which the College has allowed me to do for her, and set an Ecclesiastical History paper for "the May." How delightful it would have been to have come down for ten days to examine; but it was quite out of the question.

Our vacation is yet very distant, and I have no notion

what I shall do in it. I fear that I shall not be able to get a house till Christmas, and that will tend to throw all my plans into confusion. However, I always was an optimist, and I shall remain true to my faith.

His devotion to Harrow and his work there was very whole-hearted. The Hon. A. Gordon (now Lord Stanmore), who visited him in July 1852, in a letter to Mr. Benson thus describes his impressions of his day at Harrow :—

Just before we left London I went to spend a day with Westcott. We had a delightful long walk and talk, in the course of which we discussed all sorts of things. I was amused to see how Harrow had changed him. He says he has given up all theories of education after having tried his own for a fortnight! He seems heart and soul devoted to Harrow, which he pronounces the best school in the world! I have not enjoyed a day more for a long while.

He had the most complete confidence in his Head, Dr. Vaughan, and found congenial friends among his colleagues on the staff. The Harrow masters at this time were indeed a distinguished body. My father's most intimate Harrow friends were probably the Rev. F. Rendall, also an old Birmingham boy; the Rev. F. W. Farrar, the present Dean of Canterbury; and the Rev. H. W. Watson.[1] The one thing needed to complete his life was the partner to whom he had been so long attached. He states this in a letter to Mr. Lightfoot :—

HARROW, 11*th September* 1852.

. . . My feelings with regard to Harrow remain still unchanged. I do not fancy that any school offers so good a

[1] Rector of Berkswell, Coventry. The well-known mathematician and physicist.

field for training. I can enter into the system heartily, and with the most perfect confidence in our head. Vaughan is almost too kind, and yet withal clear and very decided in his views. As I told you before, I feel that the work is doing me good, and I hope that I may be able to profit by it as I should. I should, however, be glad to have some one here to share my little cares and troubles, which come more frequently than in a College life; but for this I must yet wait at least till Christmas.

On 23rd December 1852 my father was married in St. Philip's Church, Bristol, to Sarah Louisa Mary Whittard; and after the Christmas holidays they set up house together at "The Butts." His Cambridge pupils seized the opportunity of his wedding to bestow on him some tangible proof of their affection. This wedding gift was a very handsome silver-gilt inkstand, which my father always valued very highly.[1] Writing to Mr. Lightfoot to acknowledge the gift, he says:—

HARROW, 12*th January* 1853.

It is always quite vain to expect that our words will ever answer to our deepest feelings; so I shall make no attempt to tell you how great was the pleasure with which we received your note and the most beautiful gift which accompanied it. To me it was most precious at this time, for I had a double pleasure in seeing the delight with which my wife welcomed such a proof of affection. Receive then our hearty thanks, and pardon the absence of many words. Both Mary and myself think that you will know what we feel far better than we can express it.

I can never look back on my Cambridge life with sufficient thankfulness. Above all, those hours which were spent over

[1] He laughingly said at the time when he received this gift, that he would never use it until he signed a name that was not his own. When, therefore, he became a bishop, his wife and family insisted on having the inkpot filled, and constrained him to fulfil his vow.

Plato and Aristotle have wrought that in me which I pray may never be done away. There is scarcely one who was once called my pupil whom I may not now call my friend; and I trust to keep ever unbroken the ties formed so auspiciously.

You know how much we need your prayers, and we are assured that we shall have them. May you and all in whose name you write have every blessing. We must often "remember" you.

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Benson also, thanking him for his share in the gift and for his congratulations. He adds thereto a prayer that Mr. Benson, who had just been ordained, may receive every blessing and all strength for his work, and concludes with the words: "As is ever the case, may you find comfort and joy and spiritual growth in ministering to others."

In August 1854 my father paid a visit to the south of France. He has left in his diary an unusually full account of his experiences on this tour. From the 6th to the 8th he was staying at Clermont, and thus describes his doings:—

6th August.—My rest in the diligence gave me no excuse for late indulgence this morning, and so after breakfast I walked to Notre Dame du Port, passing the Cathedral, for the scene of St. Bernard's triumph merits precedence even before the resting-place of Massillon. The church is an exquisite and perfect specimen of Romanesque. The modern stained glass very good in its general effect. Kneeling among the crowd gathered there to worship, and conscious of my real isolation, I could not fail to remember, even with comfort, the famous words "Dieu le volt." The time shall be, I hope, when some of that congregation shall be received with us.

In the afternoon walked up the valley past Royat. The scenery is very beautiful. A deep gorge lies between well-wooded hills; through it a stream leaps and sparkles, making

pleasant music in the sunshine. Here and there, perched on little cliffs, showing grey through the walnuts, rise Italian-like, ridge-tiled houses; above them all the quaint Romanesque church, and blue in the distance the Puy itself. I could not resist the temptation to make a little sketch, but in a minute or two a heavy storm came on and my task was broken off. In returning I was drenched; but in spite of that the day was full of enjoy ..ent.

7th.—Warned by my experience of yesterday, I bought a very primitive parapluie before I started off for the ascent of the Puy. Throughout the day it did me good service in sunshine and rain. The views as you ascend the plateau are very fine. The grand situation of Clermont becomes more and more evident. A little mist fell as I came just under the cone of the Puy, but it served the purpose of a spring, and I was thankful to gather the drops which were collected on the leaves of the bracken. The side which I chose for my ascent was unfortunate. I never had a harder climb; but it was rewarded. Light fleecy clouds floated about here, and there a dark storm rolled along, shading the mountain sides. At times it rained pretty heavily, but le Puy kept clear of mists, and the distance seemed grander for being measured by the clouds. The Nid de Poule is remarkable. I came upon it suddenly, and the impression was—may I not say it? —sublime. The course of the lava current, which issued from one side of it, is clearly marked, and the sight of such desolation gives an idea which cannot well be put into words.

8th.—This morning, armed again with my faithful umbrella, which has begun to assume the battered appearance of a veteran a little prematurely, I started for Gergovia. The road lies along the highway for five or six miles, and the heaps of stones opened to me mines of geological treasures. I almost wished that I was an entomologist. I saw some glorious butterflies: Painted-ladies, Swallow-tails, a Camberwell beauty, Clouded yellows, Tortoise-shells, and Fritillaries of all kinds, and one I did not recognise, not very unlike a White admiral. The hill of Gergovia is striking in form, an admirable position for a Gallic army. The summit is a long plateau, and the sides are steep and in parts inaccessible. The stone rampart along the south is very clearly marked. The east side is

boldly escarped, and the view is beautiful. On descending, as I had forgotten all my stores, I went into a little village auberge for some bread and wine, which were good, cheap, and clean. On my return I confess to being tired. I had tea in the evening, which was a most refreshing luxury.

Passing over an interesting week, we come to his stay at Lyons:—

At Lyons my patience was tried by the execrable arrangements (?) about baggage. Octroi is an infinitely extended customs examination, and all my troubles were climacterised by being made to pay a franc for the transport of my portmanteau for about a hundred yards. In vain I protested. Every one assured me that it was the fixed tariff; but to this present I believe it is the tariff of Englishmen only.

17*th August.*—Lyons appears to me to be one of the finest cities in the world. It is truly queenly. I climbed the hill to Fourvières, and found the road better than I had expected. The little street leading to the church of Notre Dame offers a strange sight, every house being full of offerings destined to decorate the church. The exterior of the church announces some of the greater benefits which the Patroness of Lyons is supposed to have secured to the city—freedom from cholera on two occasions, 1831 and 1835. After all, is it not better to see in this, and openly acknowledge, however rudely, the working of Providence, than to speak only of sanitary reform? Some of the tablets which cover the wall are very interesting. One announces the answer of the long continued prayers of daughters for a father, who at last received the Holy Eucharist. The church was full of devout worshippers. After getting a little familiar with the view from the terrace, I mounted the Observatory, and I should fancy there are few such views in the world. On every side it is full of interest and beauty. If we could not see Mount Blanc, I was satisfied with the Jura; and I do not think I would have parted with the soft deep atmosphere and fleecy clouds even to have secured a view of the king of mountains. The Rhone and Saone can be traced to the junction. Through the telescope

the remains of the Roman aqueduct are clearly seen. There rises the little pyramid of Auray; there the quarter of the Croix Rousse, and above it the threatening batteries of the fortifications; there the dome of the Hotel Dieu (fine name it is). The inscriptions in the book are interesting and characteristic. Few English, Spanish, and German; many American; most French. An American records his opinion that the view is "considerable pumpkins," an opinion which wins the approbation of his next following countryman. The Spaniard expresses his admiration with dignity. The Englishman gives his address; the German his titles. The Frenchman often adds some little prayer to Notre Dame.

From the Observatory I passed by some Roman remains to the churches of St. Irenæus and St. Juste and then to the Cathedral. The Cathedral has much that is interesting, but my eye has been spoiled for anything of second-rate excellence by Bourges. The interest of the church at Auray was very different, and I enjoyed an hour or two there in sketching, and wishing that the restorers had left well alone. Those four granite pillars in the centre tell a strange tale.

The last days of my father's sojourn in France were spent in Paris. On this, as on other occasions, he spent much time in the Bibliothèque working at MSS. Of his Sunday he writes:—

In the morning go to the English Chapel. The singing as before very poor and unecclesiastical. When will our church be well represented to foreigners? The Bishop of London even promised to come over to Confirm, but at the last moment he withdraws. There is something of zeal wanting among us. After service walk through the Louvre. A well-behaved crowd filled the rooms, but I could see little of study or deeper enjoyment. The chief attraction was the Napoleon room. Round every article—bed or chair or cabinet, hat or coat or cloak of state—numbers affectionately hung. The man must have been a great man who can thus have identified himself with a nation. To me, I confess, the splendid decorations of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were more

attractive. The fan and slipper, rich and delicate, had a deep moral. There were obvious sermons in these, and not less striking in the devotional books of Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Henri XIV. On the whole, I do not think that I saw anything in the whole exhibition which inclined me to open such places on Sunday.

In 1855 my father, on the occasion of a visit to Cambridge, met Professor Tischendorf, the eminent biblical scholar. These two great authorities on the text of the New Testament seem to have encountered one another by accident in the University Library. They conversed in French, and the outcome of it was that my father was not favourably impressed by the famous German scholar. Cambridge generally seems to have come to the conclusion that Professor Tischendorf was a man of one idea, that idea being "Palimpsests and codices."

In the same year appeared the first edition of my father's *General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament.*

He dedicated this work to his old master, Bishop Prince Lee. In acknowledging the gift, the Bishop says: "The dedication is most gratifying to me, combining as it does both pleasurable recollections of our past work, with the sense of your present good-will, and the assurance that 'non omnis moriar' in a work which I have already read enough of to see it is of value and will last." Some years later my father wrote to Mr. Macmillan asking him to send a copy of a new edition of this work to the Library of Trinity College, because, to quote his own words, "It seems (strange compliment!) that the copy of the first edition is one of the two books which have disappeared from the library in the last ten years."

The Easter holidays of 1856 were devoted to geologising, this being almost the last occasion when my father suffered acutely from the geological fever. He never shook it off entirely. He thus writes to his wife :—

FARRINGDON, *April* 1856.

Did you ever see an enthusiastic geologist, my dearest Mary, with two immense masses of "conglomerate" weighing down his feet, a large umbrella overhead, and a stout heart within? If you never have, you might have had the sight to-day at "Lamb's Close quarry" between the hours of ten and twelve. The morning very early was magnificently fine, but when breakfast was over the rain was falling in torrents. But what matter? I went out, and in sunshine and rain, and above all in mud, I collected a few interesting fossils. Then I returned and spent the rest of the morning in cleaning and packing, and at half-past one Mr. Adam came in a very neat black tie (as you are particular in your inquiries) and in capital spirits, in spite of the rain. Chops refreshed us for our afternoon's work, and starting in rain we soon had sunshine to reward us, and the sunshine lasted all the afternoon. To my other fossils I added a few bones and teeth, which are interesting. To-morrow we start for Chippenham. We find that something must be sacrificed, and Swindon is the least important victim.

It was a great satisfaction to hear that you reached Bristol so well. Katie is evidently not of a philosophical frame of mind. We must teach her to adapt herself to circumstances, and not drive poor gentlemen from railway carriages. However, Mary is a model traveller.

If you go to Clifton you may make anticipatory inquiries of the fossil man, and learn anything of the stone-pits at Westbury. The geological fever is at its height. By Saturday I expect I shall call you a "chenendopora," or my dear "scyphica," or call you an admirable cabinet specimen. Take care you are not put into a dish of muriatic acid to bring out your good features. But, indeed, I must not chatter longer.

It had been my father's intention to spend his summer holidays of 1856 at Bonn, with a view to studying German. He said at the time, "I am so full of the notion that I expect to come back half a German student; but I cannot even in fancy picture either the sword or the pipe as part of my dress. I am bent more on work than on pleasure. However, I shall take a sketch-book with me, and the rage for 'Prout's Brown' has not yet quite exhausted itself." This solitary expedition did not, however, come off; but the idea was realised two years later, when he went to Dresden with a friend, Mr. R. M. Hensley.[1] He thus describes their method of procedure there:—

. . . As soon as breakfast is over our German master, N. von Schweintz, comes in with some copy-books, a volume of Goethe, and a grammar. We begin reading aloud, construing little fragments, and then writing some from dictation. Meanwhile a little conversation goes on. Old recollections are renewed by the familiar "zum Beispiel." The dictation is corrected, a piece given for German translation, and an hour and a half is gone. This over, I start to the Library, where I work till it closes, and perhaps think of the luxury and quiet of our reading room in the incessant chatter. However, I do some work, and find about one-fourth of the books I want, for there is only a very poor collection of modern Theology. At one we meet and boldly go to a restauration, where we dine sumptuously on three or four courses for about a shilling.

While in Dresden my father frequently visited the Picture Gallery. One of his favourite pictures was Titian's "Tribute Money." He writes of it thus:—

It seems to me one of the most "feeling" pictures which I have ever seen. The head of our Lord shows a sorrowful

[1] Now Sir Robert Hensley, Chairman of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

dignity of rebuke which is marvellous. He penetrates to the very bottom of the question and the trick—nay, it is all open before Him. He almost expostulates with His adversary for his powerless cunning; and the Herodian looks as one who believes in nothing, who has pleasure merely in raising a difficulty—keen, sceptical, faithless.

Of the Sixtine Madonna he says:—

It is smaller than I expected, and the colouring is less rich, but in expression it is perfect. The face of the Virgin is unspeakably beautiful. I looked till the lip seemed to tremble with intensity of feeling—of feeling simply, for it would be impossible to say whether it be awe or joy or hope—humanity shrinking before the divine, or swelling with its conscious possession. It is enough that there is deep, intensely deep emotion, such as the mother of the Lord may have had. I cannot fully understand the two cherubs yet. The taller—the contemplative—is infinitely more beautiful in the picture than in the engraving; the other—the meditative—is somewhat dull at first sight, but I must study his expression more carefully.

Again he says of the same picture:—

The Virgin's head offers the exact contrast to that of the Saviour. In that there is the least human development with the fulness of divine power; in the other the fulness of humanity overpowered by the presence of the divine. A somewhat similar contrast seems to hold between the two subsidiary figures. St. Barbara, in the freshness of exquisite beauty, dares not look up at the godlike vision. Sixtus, worn out with age, lifts up his grey head in thankful adoration. For symmetry's sake I should like to carry the same idea to the cherubs, but I cannot at present—active contemplation, inward meditation, this is what they represent. But yet I do not see their exact relation to the other figures, or why they carry our thoughts out of the picture. But without them the picture would be more incomplete than the engraving, and in time the whole will grow more clear.

Another picture that pleased him was a figure of St. Roderigo by Murillo. Of this he says:—

The painter has succeeded in giving what seems to be the Christian ideal of martyrdom. St. Roderigo stands in his priestly robes with the palm-branch in his hand, and with his eyes turned to heaven. An angel appears to him with a chaplet of flowers ready to place it on his head, and the saint seems to say with deepest faith, "If thou wilt—the crown: yet what thou wilt." A slight blood-stained mark round his neck alone tells of suffering and violence. The angel alone is with him. His enemies are unseen or unnoticed.

Generally in scenes of martyrdom one is horrified by all the external instruments of torture. The outward overcomes the inward in the impression on the spectator. Here it is all otherwise, and I shall see for long the solemn figure with heavenward face which tells of the inward victory at the moment of suffering.

One other picture is very striking in its conception, though the execution seems to me faulty in many parts. The subject is the Magdalen. She is kneeling before an open grave. Her only dress is her long wavy hair, which falls in rippled ringlets to her feet—no word but "rippled" could describe the bright gleaming eddies which the hair makes—and a winding-sheet which an angel is folding round her. Her eyes are swimming in tears, and she looks to the heavenly messenger as her deliverer. If St. Roderigo is the type of Christian martyr, the Magdalen is the type of the Christian penitent. Together the pictures teach great lessons on death, yet of death to those on whom earth has no claims. The priest and the recluse seem half removed from earth already. How can *we* realise such lessons?

At Dresden my father was present at a grand Requiem on the anniversary of the late king's death. He was not, however, favourably impressed by the music or the service. The great orchestral band had been transferred entire from the theatre to the church. The very choir was unnatural, for men took the treble

parts—"a barbarity worthy of the seventeenth century." Neither was he pleased with the treasures of the famous "Green Vault," which he characterises as a collection of "precious trifles, whose inestimable value cannot redeem them from contempt—nay, rather increases it." He describes these treasures at considerable length. Amongst them he mentions caskets "which had first held reliques and afterwards money (the new divinity)," a font like a rose-water dish, and countless drinking vessels, for the treasures of the old Electors were mainly composed of these. Finally, his party were admitted into a little room where they beheld "the very climax of barbarism." The room contained a collection of enormous pearls. This is what he has to say about the uses to which they were put:—

> Fancy that the largest pearl in the world is turned into the body of a hideous model of a court dwarf, that others are made to represent Punches, and figures of the most shameless vulgarity. "C'est assez curieux" was the remark of a French lady who came out. She was a gentle critic.

One day, having stayed too long at the "Porzellan Fabrik" at Meissen, my father and his companion, Mr. Hensley, missed their return boat. They had the satisfaction of seeing it well off in mid-stream when they reached the pier! What were they to do now? There was no later boat, and they were fifteen miles from Dresden. There was a railway somewhere in the background, but probably no train. They decided to race the boat to the next station. My father tells the story:—

> In a minute we found ourselves running by the water-side, as the vessel moved at no very swift pace up the stream. There was a pathway along the bank, the next station being

some three or four miles distant. The passengers on the boat soon noticed our efforts, and we became a centre of interest. I do not know whether the Germans are given to betting, but I fancy that our powers of endurance must have been the subject of many wagers, and the chances were decidedly against us. Once our hope was greatly raised. The vessel stopped to take up passengers on the other side, but, alas! it took no heed of our cries. On the vessel went, and on we went, at an equal pace. On, on, steadily and resolutely, without word spoken, till Hensley trips up and falls heavily down. In a moment he is up again, fortunately only with a scratched elbow and a torn coat, and on, on we go again. The race really becomes serious, and we can see that the interest on board is increasing. I noticed a compassionate stewardess watching almost every movement on our part, and I could fancy her interceding for us. The station was far, far off. The heat was still great, and we were not in training. Sympathy for us was not confined to the vessel. An old woman bending under a vast load of sticks called out to me as I passed, "Laufen sie nicht, sie werden . . ." Alas! the end of her sentence was lost as I passed quickly on, and now quickly with good reason, for I noticed that the captain made signals which seemed to be for our encouragement. On, on we ran, and now the vessel seemed to be nearing the shore. We saw some men busy with a long board, and hope triumphed. At a sudden bend of the river the water proved to be deep close to the bank. The vessel came close in, the board was put out, and in half a minute we were steaming on. In a moment a crowd was round us. As we were going to sit down on deck, twenty voices cried out, "Nicht hier, nicht hier. In die Kajüte—in die Kajüte, geschwind." We found ourselves hurried away most wisely into the cabin, where the windows were instantly shut to prevent a draught, and we were overwhelmed with good advice as to how to cool ourselves. As Hensley looked rather pale, a most medical-looking gentleman came up, took his hand, and said with an expression of the most profound sympathy, "Wie fühlen sie sich?" I fancied that he would prescribe on the spot. By degrees the whole ship's company came in detachments to look at us, with the most

kind feeling, and they appeared to admire equally the captain's goodness in stopping and our "pluck"—pardon the word—in going on. In about an hour or so we were moderately cool, and an admirable cup—*i.e.* five cups—of tea removed all sense of fatigue. Apart from the good effect of the excitement, I really felt drawn to everybody by their real kindness.

Having concluded their German lessons at Dresden, the two friends enjoyed some further travels. They proceeded to invade Bohemia :—

PRAGUE, 29*th August* 1858.

We have, you see, reached Prague, the final limit of our wanderings. . . . We reached the gates of the fortress after a good climb with only a little rain. But after we had obtained our tickets of admission and were joined by the guide, the rain fell in torrents. The time allowed for a visit is only an hour and a half. We asked our guide whether we could wait a little, as we could, of course, see nothing. He said that we might wait in the restauration, and he would inform the Commandant of the fact. We accepted the arrangement gladly, and added a cup of coffee to our hasty breakfast. Still things looked desperate. When the guide came back I heard him talking to our landlady, and caught the words "schrecklich," "Engländer," "nichts sehen," from which I gathered that he supposed that none but English would venture up in such horrible weather when nothing could be seen. We watched the clouds anxiously, and welcomed some breaks in them. They now began to drift more rapidly, and roll and rise on all sides. The rain ceased, and I thought that we might venture out. The view was grand. Black heavy masses of cloud rested on the heights, but the foreground was bright and clear. Light mists swept over the dark pine woods, and along the valleys. Gleams of blue sky appeared through openings in the clouds. In the far distance a reach of the Elbe glittered in the sunshine. The view became more and more beautiful every minute, ever changing as the showers swept by, and sometimes over, us. The fortress itself is very interesting. It has rarely been besieged

and never been taken, and is the hiding-place of the Dresden treasures in time of war. In 1849 all was conveyed here, and the king himself with the royal family lived in its shelter for two months. . . . A walk leads all round the edge of the rock which the fortress encloses, and, as you may fancy, the interest is ever kept awake by the fresh combinations of wood and rock. The sunshine literally followed. The clouds rolled over what we had seen and away from what we wished to see. The stormy sky—for the clouds were high—added, in fact, immensely to the effects, and we were the more pleased as we had expected to see nothing. . . . The last wonder of the fortress is the well, which is 600 ells deep. Some water was poured in and it was seventeen seconds before the sound of its fall came back. We listened and listened, and thought we must have failed to notice it, when at last came the sharp rattling of the little stream. Afterwards four lights were lowered with a little barrel, and we watched them sink till they became like a star, and till one's head was dizzy with looking. . . . I wish that I could by any device give you half the pleasure which I felt in looking at the cliff scenery of the Elbe. I should feel really unhappy if I did not trust that you would one day see it. It is not too vast for pleasure, but is like a small cabinet of exquisite pictures, which you can enjoy at once without the long study and preparation which is needful for the understanding of greater works. Yet the scenery is neither little nor on a small scale, but its character is picturesqueness of the highest order, and exquisite colour, rather than majesty. To me the pleasure was wholly a new one. No comparisons could suggest themselves, and only another image was added to the stores with which memory is already charged. . . . On our way back we went into another church, from which we heard the sound of voices. It was crowded and mass was being celebrated. Every one seemed to join in the chant, and I can only liken the effect to that which you remember at Havre and Amiens. Why cannot we have the same thing in our Church? It makes me almost feel angry to hear sounds so deeply moving, which ought also to express our feelings, and yet know that we must remain silent when we should in turn raise full swelling hymns. The same sort of feeling came over me

also yesterday when I saw that the Pope had at once directed two bishops, one with twenty missionaries, to proceed at once to China in consequence of the new treaty. We shall barely follow with two or three perhaps. What marvellous power the organisation of the Roman Church gives to its leaders, and is it wrong? Oh! Marie, how often I wonder what we *do* for our religion. Granted that we *are* different from what we should be if we were not Christians, is it so clear that our relations to others would be changed? We stand and watch the great stream roll by, we know not whither, we ask not whither. Soul after soul passes us, and we make no attempt to hold communion with it. We bear no open witness: perhaps we doubt ourselves. Can it not be otherwise? That full hymn this morning raised all these old thoughts, and how shall we answer them? How, Marie? If our thoughts could only find a natural utterance, and a simple active energy! There is a quakerism of temper as well as a quakerism of dress, I fancy; and I am a Quaker in feeling, I fancy, yet ready to adopt—not the Quaker's velvet collar, but a sober every-day dress if I can find it. See, Marie, a new change on Carlyle's "clothes." Now I must go down to tea.

In following the course of my father's life at Harrow, as preserved in his diaries and letters, one is almost tempted to forget that during those eighteen years he was a strenuous schoolmaster, giving always his best energies to his immediate duties. His wonderful literary activity, his interesting holiday excursions, his continual yearning towards Cambridge, come so prominently before one, and their present evidences are so manifest, that one overlooks the fact that they were a comparatively small part of his Harrow life. We know his books; we know his sketches, which enshrine the memories of his holidays; we know that Cambridge was the natural goal he reached; and so we minimise his Harrow work. He is well known to many by his books; but these were the product of what one may

call his overtime work, and of his holiday labours. His personal influence was something far beyond. His industry, and capacity for work were so extraordinary that he was able, while discharging to the uttermost and extending his regular school duties, to execute other enduring work. But during the long years of his Harrow life he was heart and soul a Harrow master: his best was continuously given to his boys, and he found time to keep up correspondence with many of them after they had left the school.

Considerations such as these compel me to pause, as it were, in mid career and view my father simply as the schoolmaster. He has himself described the teacher's influence and office; and strove in his own work to realise the high conception which he had formed. This is what he says:—

> The frank questioning, the interchange of thought, the influence of personal enthusiasm, the inspiring power of living words, which come in the free intercourse of the class-room, give a force and a meaning to facts and theories which the book cannot convey. It is spiritual. The end of the teacher whose work we strive to follow is not fixed by the communication of his special lesson. He will seek, indeed, to do this as perfectly as possible, but he will at the same time suggest the vast fields which lie unexplored even in his own department; he will make clear the limitations and assumptions under which his results are obtained; he will add, if I may so express the truth, the symbol of infinity to the provisional statements which represent the actual attainments of man; he will use the most effective technical education as the vehicle of wider culture. Literature, art, and science will be for him partial revelations of a boundless life, and it will be his object to make the life felt through the least part with which he deals.

How far he succeeded in his aim it is for his pupils

to say. There are many old Harrow boys who felt the "wonderful magnetism" of his strong personality, and gratefully acknowledge what they owe to him. Let some of them therefore bear their testimony.

Mr. C. B. Heberden, Principal of Brasenose College, writes :—

When I look back on Mr. Westcott's work at Harrow after an interval of thirty-five years, it seems to me that what was especially characteristic of his teaching was the combination of the minutest accuracy in detail with width of learning and broad generalisations. For example, he insisted rigidly on the importance of bringing out the exact significance of a tense or a particle, while at the same time he encouraged us, so far as possible, to read large portions of classical authors. Many must remember with pleasure how he made us read plays of Euripides rapidly with him in his study. He tried to stimulate us to think for ourselves. I remember his saying once that he would gladly teach us what was wrong, if he could only be sure that we should discover the mistake and find out what was right. He used to draw up outlines of thought on all manner of subjects, often quite outside the ordinary school curriculum, tracing, for example, the general headings under which long periods of history might be grouped, and in this way he gave us many suggestions for writing essays, for which at that time very little was done in school teaching.

Mr. Westcott was one of the first of the Harrow masters to recognise the importance of music in school life, and thus did much to promote the wonderful work accomplished by Mr. Farmer at Harrow in the course of the sixties. Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Westcott's house was the first to adopt house-singing, and "Io triumphe," written by him at Mr. Farmer's request, was the first of the Harrow school-songs.

His sermons in the school chapel were unique; delivered very quietly and without a trace of anything approaching to rhetoric, not easy for boys to follow in consequence of the amount of thought put into them and the conciseness of the language in which it was expressed, but all the more weighty

and impressive. Apart from the more direct religious influence in his sermons and in his preparation of candidates for confirmation, all his teaching was permeated by a sense of religion. Thus he would dwell on subjects such as the myths of Plato, the poetry of Æschylus and Browning (for whom he had a great admiration), and on some points in the philosophy of Comte, with special reference to the religious ideas which they embodied. His mind was always fixed on great principles, and I believe that this gave a peculiar value to his teaching, however much his thoughts may have sometimes been beyond our comprehension.

Mr. T. G. Rooper, one of H.M.'s Inspectors of Schools, writes :—

As might be expected, Dr. Westcott's influence on many of the boys in the school was deep and lasting. This was due not only to his acknowledged pre-eminence in learning, but even more to his sympathy, to his good-nature, and above all, to his gentleness and unlimited kindness.

It was not to the older boys alone, or those in his own house and pupil-room, that he was ready to give advice and assistance. As a new boy I well remember that he invited me to take a botanical walk with him because he had heard from one of his pupils that I was fond of collecting flowers. I have not forgotten the suggestions which he made concerning the collection of wild-flowers on that sunny afternoon, but I recall even more clearly his remark on our return: "After a long walk there is nothing I find so refreshing as a cup of tea. Will you join Mrs. Westcott and me at six o'clock?"

Neither can I forget his friendly and genial talk during the social meal. What a rebuke to pert confidence and crude self-assertion was the Doctor's tentative treatment of large questions, his habit of inquiring in a humble spirit, his readiness to gather information even from a child! What a valuable lesson for positive puppyhood when he who was so well qualified to pronounce judgment preferred rather to ask questions, to hesitate, and to encourage further research!

On another occasion he arranged to take a party of boys to St. Alban's Abbey, then unrestored. He showed how to study details of mouldings, and to make drawings of them with the view of distinguishing different stages of Gothic architecture; and some of the party date their interest in architectural studies from that day.

But it was not only in expeditions such as these that he gained the respect and affection of the boys; he frequently took part in games of football, and amid winter wind and rain contended with the most active.

The scholars in the Sixth Form received special help and attention. He would urge them to study their Euripides or their Sophocles in copious draughts. He held classes in which boys, under his guidance, read rapidly through a whole play before making a minute study of details. When the time came for the study of detail he would teach the class to exercise their constructive faculty. For example, if an instance occurred of "the attraction of the relative" in a Greek author, he would help the boys to collect examples of all the variations of this construction, and lead them to study the researches of eminent scholars on the point. If any pupil of his failed to learn how to collect, compare, contrast, and classify facts, with the view of arriving at general principles, it was the fault of the scholar and not of the master.

In the school pulpit Dr. Westcott's sermons were a source of inspiration to many. His turn to preach was looked forward to by the whole school with special interest. The younger boys were attracted by his personality; the older boys expected to be "set on thinking," and were never disappointed. He certainly made no attempt to preach down to the level of a juvenile audience, but without any such condescension he managed to direct their thoughts much as he wished them to be directed.

His exact knowledge as a classical scholar, combined with an unusual width of interest in numerous other branches of learning, enabled him to encourage boys in all sorts of pursuits. "German now," he once remarked, "you should learn that language. You can teach yourselves as I did. I got a copy of the *Deutsches Balladenbuch* and worked at that to commence with."

"On questions of theology," he remarked, "hesitate to pronounce opinions before you are thirty years of age."

Such was Dr. Westcott as I remember him at Harrow—guiding us in our studies, inspiring us with ideas, elevating us through his preaching, joining in our amusements, gravely taking part in the school Debating Society, writing school songs, and ever ready to help all and sundry in any way he could. Many of his old pupils look back to his work as one of the chiefest of the good influences of a great public school, and many still linger over his memory with gratitude and affection.

Bishop Gore writes:—

Through some accident, the nature of which I cannot remember, I once had to go to your father to ask for an order for Poppo's Thucydides. On that occasion he almost shivered, as was his way, at the idea of a boy beginning so early the use of a commentary, and he took down his own Becker's text and assured me that he had nothing but the bare text till he was, I think he said, twenty-three. Then he explained to me how fatal was the premature use of commentaries.

A sermon of his, which doubtless you have got, on the "Disciplined Life," made a profound impression on some other boys and on me.[1] Just before he left I remember a correspondence of his with the Headmaster advocating the institution of the weekly Eucharist in the school chapel, in which I was interested, as, with some other boys, I had the habit of going on Sunday mornings to the parish church when there was no Communion in the chapel. I remember an examination paper of his in the New Testament, which I have lost, but which I came upon a few years ago, and which impressed me with a sense of the very high standard he set for the instruction of boys in the New Testament. It might have been set to-day for an honour theology examination at either University.

[1] This sermon, originally printed for private circulation, is contained in *Words of Faith and Hope*.

Sir W. H. B. ffolkes, Bart., writes :—

I was with your father nearly seven years, being with him in a small house as well as in the larger house, so that I had a more thorough knowledge of his merits from a schoolboy's point of view than others who were with him for a shorter time.

I was sent to Harrow far too young, being a little boy of little more than twelve. From the moment I entered Mr. Westcott's house as the youngest boy in the school till I left Harrow in 1866, I received nothing but the greatest kindness from him. He always treated us as gentlemen, and our word once given to him was quite enough, whatever others might say. In the small house there were only about eight of us, and we were in constant touch with him, so that he did an immense amount of good to us all.

He would take us out for walks, and show us every flower and fern that grew in the neighbourhood of Harrow. His general knowledge was extraordinary, and he could instruct us on almost any subject. I owe him a great debt for such knowledge of natural history and other subjects of general knowledge as I acquired from him.

Mr. Westcott was too good to be a schoolmaster. He had not an atom of the prig about him, and I pity the boy who would have dared to tell him a lie.

When we went into the big house opposite the old pump, we found ourselves among thirty-six boys, not particularly distinguished either in games or school work. Well, Mr. Westcott worked this house up until it became the clever house in the school, with more boys in the sixth than any other, and in consequence there was a great deficiency of fags. In games, too, we improved greatly. He took an interest in everything that we did—our work, play, and hobbies. Even in such a matter as stamps his knowledge was surprising. He rarely punished us; perhaps he ought to have done so more frequently, but he preferred to give a kind admonition, and whoever received an admonition, if he was a gentleman, never required another for a similar offence. He took the Sixth Form in the Headmaster's absence, but I do not think he was a good Form master. He was too great a scholar for

that. I was told that once when he was taking the Sixth in Aristophanes he was so taken with a passage that he went on reading, and forgot all about the Form. But as a composition master for the Sixth he was first-rate.

I have always felt the deepest affection for your father. I owe so much to his kindness and advice, though I was one of his less brilliant pupils. One day, when Mr. Westcott was in pupil-room correcting a small boy's Latin verses, a big boy shot a hard paper pellet at the little fellow. He missed him, however, and hit Mr. Westcott a very severe blow on the cheek. He flushed, and the veins on his forehead stood out, as they always did when he was moved. "Who did that?" he said, and the culprit at once jumped up and said, "I did, sir, and I am very sorry." Mr. Westcott said, "A very good shot. If you had missed me I should have set you a Georgic." That was your father all over. He would not have dreamed of punishing under the circumstances, as it would seem as if he had lost his temper. In justice to the offender, I should add that he waited for Mr. Westcott after school, and said how sorry he was, and that he had not intended the act.

One morning I was asked by my Form master for 200 lines—a punishment which he had not set me, but the boy next to me. Schoolboy honour, of course, prevented me from explaining the case. I said that I had not written the lines because they had not been set me. The master accordingly doubled my unset punishment. I had to go to your father to get the punishment paper. He said, "My dear ffolkes, you are always getting into trouble. What have you done now?" I explained matters to him, and he believed me, and wrote to my Form master, but without success. He promised to remit me 400 lines on his own account when I got into trouble with him, but I must say that except for his sympathy I was no better off, for he never set me a punishment of the sort.

The Rev. G. H. Rendall, Headmaster of Charterhouse, says:[1]—

[1] Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, 3rd November 1901.

At Harrow, for eighteen years, his work—and he, I am sure, would never have miscalled it drudgery—lay in the correction of Sixth Form composition. Perhaps the most impressive single lesson I recall at school was his correction of a boyish essay on Robert Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral." The conception of the poet that he most cherished was that of one "who sees the infinite in things," and this poem possessed for him the special fascination of dramatising self-sacrifice, faith, consecration, in that very field of work, and even in that unseen and highly specialised corner of it, to which, imbued with Cambridge traditions, he dedicated so much of his own powers. All work—yes, that of recondite and solitary erudition—admits of consecration; and no consecrated work can possibly be wasted. The student's toil may, in time, seem isolated or self-centred; but in eternity it finds its meaning—

> Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
> Use for our earning.
> Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes!
> Live now or never!"
> He said, "What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes!
> Man has for ever!"

It is not uttered words, but the impress of manner, of conviction, that I recall. That at least abode with me. The first prize I chose at Cambridge was an edition of Browning's poems; and to this day, as I read or rehearse stray melodies from that poem, I catch the echo of the teacher's words in my own life still passing into the eternal.

Sir C. Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., writes: [1]—

Through the mist of years I recall my revered tutor as a Harrow Master in the fifties. A writer in *The Pilot* has lately said that Westcott was "noticeable in a society dominated by convention and commonplace." Who would suppose that in the society so contemned were included (to mention but a few) Dr. Vaughan and his brother, Pears, Rendall, Bradby,

[1] In *The Harrovian.*

Farrar, John Smith? But no doubt there was an element of mystery about Westcott in those remote days. It was, I believe, the mystery of a great reputation, of which we boys knew but little, though we were conscious of it. He was not widely known at Harrow in those earlier years, for he was shy, reserved, sensitive, a laborious student. Nor do I think that he ever largely affected the public life of the School, though he left marks deep and ineffaceable on pupils who knew him well. It is extraordinary to realise that in 1853 he was only thirty, for he seemed to us full of learning (as indeed he was) and weighted with care. He took the Sixth Form every now and then, generally at Fourth School, and impressed us all with his earnest interest in the lesson. I fear that the Sixth Form took some liberties with him, and there was occasional disturbance, which would have been impossible in the presence of the Headmaster. Only rarely —if Dr. Vaughan was preaching in London—did Westcott take the Sunday afternoon lesson, and in his hands it had special interest. He seemed to have drunk in the spirit of St. Paul as no one else ever did.

He took his turn of preaching in Chapel, but he dreaded and disliked the duty, and he was quite inaudible to many of the boys. We knew all the same that his were no common sermons. It has been truly said "the sentences were closely packed with meaning, and the meaning was not always easy." To his own pupils, or to Sixth Form fellows who went to him with composition, the visits to his beautiful study at The Butts, where he lived for some years, were a great delight, and they acted on us like a tonic.

We felt, I think, that to bring poor work to him was specially inappropriate, and that we must give him of our best whatever it might be. The pains that he took: the encouragement that he gave to poor efforts; the high ideal that he set before us—these can readily be recalled. Then he would pass for a little time to pleasant talk, and if any reference to foreign travel recurred he would say, "You remember such a cathedral and the carving at the head of the columns," and he would hastily draw, sometimes at the corner of one's poor exercise, a lovely bit of carved foliage—there is no doubt that his knowledge of architecture was wide and accurate—and

one went away refreshed and braced from contact alike with his cultivation and his sympathy. He was always warmly interested in those who were "going up to Trinity." As we had been accustomed to value sermons in Harrow Chapel, I asked him as to preachers at Cambridge, and received the instant reply, "You can never go wrong with Harvey Goodwin" (afterwards Dean of Ely and Bishop of Carlisle). His parting gift, "In affectionate remembrance of Brooke F. Westcott," was a *Novum Testamentum tetraglotton*, by Theile and Stier, beautifully bound (it is before me as I write), and the date of the gift is 26th July 1858.

Sir Charles Dalrymple has also written a few words about some of my father's Harrow pupils, mentioning specially Mr. R. A. Earle, at one time Disraeli's secretary; and Mr. Graham Murray, M.P., Lord-Lieutenant of Bute, and Lord Advocate of Scotland, as being pupils of whose abilities my father had a high opinion. Further he says:—

> One specially interesting pupil, also a boarder in Mr. Westcott's house, the late Marquess of Bute, through many years, and up to the time of his death, valued the friendship of his old tutor.
>
> Year after year it was the custom of Lord Bute, who had palms in his chapel that had been blessed, to send one of them on Palm Sunday to his old tutor. After he had had a paralytic stroke in the spring of 1900, Lord Bute lay on Palm Sunday in a torpid condition, while those around him believed that he was noticing and caring for nothing. To a friend who was beside him he quite suddenly turned and said in a low voice, "Will you see that the Bishop of Durham gets his palm?"

The following letter to Mr. Benson, who was at the time a master at Rugby, will serve to reveal in part the sort of spirit in which my father engaged in his school work:—

HARROW, *24th May* 1860.

My dear Benson—Will you look at the enclosed scheme? I cannot but hope that it will have your support, and that it may prove a great comfort to us in our common work.—Ever yours affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

(*Circular*)

It has seemed to some who are engaged in school work that they might derive additional strength to meet their many difficulties from the practice of common and stated prayer bearing upon the wants and trials of school life. The approaching season of Whitsuntide offers a peculiar promise for the commencement of such prayer, which might in the first instance be made with a view to a blessing upon the whole scheme of sympathetic union.

Even humanly speaking, the consciousness of sympathy, as it appears, would prove a motive and a help to perseverance.

It is proposed—

(1) To have fixed times for common prayer, as—
  (*a*) The great Communion Festivals.
  (*b*) Some one day in each week (as Friday).
(2) To have (if possible) a unity in the subjects of prayer, as—
  (*a*) For the gift of the Holy Ghost in our work at Whitsuntide, etc.
  (*b*) By turning our thoughts to special temptations, as in Lent.
(3) To seek to support one another (if it may seem desirable) by prayer in times of peculiar trial.

If you are inclined to join in carrying out such a scheme, would you kindly let me know? And I should feel greatly obliged by any suggestions as to the details of the plan.

In the year 1857, when the University of Cambridge was becoming agitated in the matter of reform,

my father, whose interest in his own College was still very keen, promoted a private "Protest" against some features in the proposed alterations affecting Trinity College. What became of this "Protest" I am unable to say, but several copies bearing the signatures of former Fellows of Trinity of about my father's standing remain among his letters. The document is marked "Private" and is as follows :—

We, the undersigned, late Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, beg respectfully to submit to the Cambridge University Commissioners our opinion on certain points affecting the Constitution of that Foundation, to which we understand that their attention is directed. We cannot but entertain a warm and lively interest in the welfare of our College, having within a comparatively recent period partaken largely of its benefits, and we think that our removal from the immediate influences of the University enables us to form an opinion peculiarly free from the suspicion of local prejudice or partiality.

We should gladly welcome any changes which would increase the efficiency of the College Tuition and improve the distribution of the College Patronage, but we are convinced that such reforms may be successfully carried out without disturbing the essential principles of the present Foundation.

We believe that the important services which Trinity College has rendered to education and literature are mainly due to the existing system of the Scholarship and Fellowship election and tenure. We therefore earnestly deprecate—(1) the general opening of the Scholarships and Fellowships to University competition; and (2) the absolute limitation of the tenure of Fellowships to a term of years.

We are persuaded that these measures would have a strong tendency to destroy both the corporate character of the College and also those College sympathies and social ties which are among the most valuable elements of a Cambridge education; to distract the attention of students by a variety of competitive examinations, and divert them

from a liberal and comprehensive course of reading; to diminish the value of Fellowships, considered as stimulants to University education, by depriving them of that permanence as a possible provision for life which now forms their chief attraction; and to discourage the free cultivation of any purely literary or scientific studies by imposing upon all Fellows the necessity of immediately entering upon some remunerative occupation.

The signatories include Alfred Barry, E. W. Benson, A. Ellis, George M. Gorham, Fenton J. A. Hort, J. B. Lightfoot, and C. B. Scott.

In the same year visions of work at Cambridge were first unfolded to him, and he writes to Mr. Lightfoot :—

HARROW, *26th February* 1857.

You make me almost ambitious when you speak of Cambridge Professorships. I often feel unsettled here, and you ought not to make me more so. If I could ever see any chance of such a post there is nothing I should look forward to with more hope; but I know how many men there are to whom I must yield. However, if I could make myself not unworthy, but—castle building, vain castle-building.

In January 1859 my father preached four sermons before the University of Cambridge, which were subsequently published with notes under the title *Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles*. Just before this brief renewal of his connexion with Cambridge he had seriously considered the advisability of offering himself for the Vice-Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter. In the following letter to Mr. Lightfoot he states his reasons for abandoning the idea of Lampeter, and seeks hospitality for the occasion of his first sermon :—

HARROW, *3rd January* 1859.

My dear Lightfoot—First let me offer you all good wishes of the New Year; then let me thank you for your kind note and the information about St. David's. You will see by the time which has passed that I have not decided hastily, and I trust that I have decided rightly in determining to think no more of the office. When I first entertained the notion I was not aware that the post included a professorship of Hebrew. It may be true that I could make myself competent to undertake this work, but I feel that I should not be competent at the time I made claim for the appointment. This I hold to be a fatal bar. But more than this, I do not think I could undertake the work at Lampeter as a final work. My hope is—a very vague hope, and one which grows dimmer—that I may come again to Cambridge, and I should not like to go to Lampeter with the conscious intention of leaving as soon as I could find another place. I called Hort into counsel on the matter when we were at St. Ippolyt's last week, and he fully confirmed me in my decision. You will, I hope, do so too. He spoke very kindly and frankly of my supposed chances at Cambridge. I see clearly the difficulties there, and, with its many heavy drawbacks, I see the advantages of Harrow. But I see no good in anticipating a remote future.

Shall you be able to find me any resting-place on the evening of the 15th? I must ask you to be my tutor now. Can't I change "sides"?—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

The year 1859 was altogether a very crowded one in my father's life. He had two years previously undertaken to write articles for Dr. Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, covering the whole period from Ezra to the times of the New Testament. The first volume of this work appeared in the course of this year, my father's most important contributions to it being his articles on the *Canon* and on *Herod*. His contributions

to the whole work were very numerous, and included lengthy articles on the *New Testament* and the *Vulgate*. At the same time, work at the text of the New Testament was not neglected, and the whole atmosphere was charged with commentary schemes. The Commentary originally projected by Dr. Smith, of which mention is made in the following letter to Mr. Hort, was abandoned in 1863:—

HARROW, *5th August* 1859.

. . . Hitherto my great scheme of work has not been very successful, but I am making some progress with the Gospels, which I had hoped to finish. St. John I revised some time since, and, if you like, we might proceed to compare notes by letter. For some reasons I prefer letters to *viva voce* comparisons. They seem less discursive and more deliberate. Dr. Vaughan asks me to let him have a few remarks on the text of Romans in about three weeks, and I shall trouble you with a draft of what I wish to say. What a noble group you have for your historical work. In some way or other I have contrived to gain a definite wish at least to learn more of all the men whom you mention, and I have much more hope of learning history truly—so as to feel it—by becoming acquainted with the "individuals" of a time than in any other way.

For Dr. Smith I have reached to the end of a first volume (K), which is to be published in October. Of the Commentary I have heard nothing, for hitherto I have been unable to attend any of the dinners where such things are discussed. He offered Romans, I believe, to Dr. Vaughan.

Shall I say that it is almost a relief to hear you speak of the hard trials of "routine"? I sometimes think that I feel them in a peculiar degree, but I fancy all life is mixed up with them. Of all discipline they seem the hardest to bear, and therefore perhaps the most necessary. Pardon this.

While the Dr. Smith Commentary was still in suspense, and the later projected Commentaries of

Rivington and *The Speaker* were yet in the future, Macmillan entered the field and approached my father on the subject. It is clear that the need of a scholarly Biblical Commentary was very widely felt. My father entered into Macmillan's plan, and wrote to him as follows :—

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Harrow, 24*th November* 1859.

With regard to the text and notes, I feel as if a combination would be necessary. If you could persuade Mr. Lightfoot to undertake St. Paul's Epistles, I should rejoice exceedingly. For myself, I should be glad to reserve the writings of St. John, including the Apokalypse, and the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Mr. Lightfoot also viewed the proposal with favour, but differed from my father in certain details. Hereupon my father wrote to him :

Harrow, 7*th December* 1859.

My dear Lightfoot—The prospect of a common work on the New Testament is one so delightful in every respect that the differences in our plans must be very great if I, at least, do not yield far enough to make common work possible. Macmillan's letter reached me this morning. He seems to be open to any scheme on which we could agree, so that for the present we may theorise safely.

The peculiarities of your plan seem, then, as far as it is distinguished from that which had occurred to me—1. The printing a Greek text. 2. The addition of select various readings. 3. The printing of the English Version. The first of these is, of course, open to no objections. Probably we should be in close communication as to the formation of the text, while the annotator would be finally responsible for the text adopted in his section. Such an arrangement as this might, I conceive, be every way productive of good. But 2 seems to me a more difficult question. Would you

not confine yourself to readings which you regard as possibly true—as Hort and I proposed to do? If so, then on this we are agreed also. Otherwise it seems to me that a selection of readings satisfies neither the scholar nor the ordinary reader. But your note does not enter into details, and the point may be left for the present. Practically I fear that I should find the corrections which you propose in 3 difficult. If you mark only positive blunders, then perhaps the task would be easy; but how hard to draw the line between an offence and a falling short. However, I do not see any difference between us sufficiently great to render it anything but a great pleasure to work together. If you would prepare a few pages, then we should have a standard for work easily settled.

As to fellow-workers: who occur to you? Hort has promised to undertake the Synoptists for Dr. Smith. What else would he do? Davies would do the Acts and Catholic Epistles better, unless I am mistaken, than the Synoptic Gospels. His tone, I can imagine, would differ much from that which you or I should adopt in dealing with the Gospels, but in these Books not so much, I fancy. Supposing the scheme to be possible, I think that there should be some definite outline of plan drawn up, and a general editorship. I suggested to Macmillan that you might be willing to share that labour with me. Our principles, I believe, would be absolutely one. Benson just occurs to me. What do you think of him for the Synoptists?

On the same day my father wrote again to Mr. Macmillan:—

HARROW, *7th December* 1859.

I have heard from Mr. Lightfoot on the subject of the proposed Commentary. . . . If the scheme comes to anything, I think a very definite plan must be drawn up for the guidance of the work, and, as I said before, some general editorship will be desirable to preserve general unity of tone. Mr. Hort above all men I should welcome as a fellow-labourer, because I know how heartily I could sympathise

with all his principles where in detail I might differ from him, and so would Mr. Lightfoot. . . . I confess, as you know, to a most profound and ever-growing belief in words, and I should rejoice if all who might share in any such Commentary as is proposed could bring to the work an absolute faith in language, and so in Scripture.

I should rejoice very much to hear of an English Introduction to the Old Testament, and if I could be of the slightest use in considering the outline, let me do whatever I can, though I am indeed most incapable of giving advice except in one or two very limited divisions.

Mr. Hort also entered into the scheme, and some months later my father wrote him the following :—

HARROW, 5*th May* 1860.

My dear Hort—I am very glad to have seen both your note and Lightfoot's—glad too that we have had such an opportunity of openly speaking. For I too "must disclaim setting forth infallibility" in the front of my convictions. All I hold is, that the more I learn, the more I am convinced that fresh doubts come from my own ignorance, and that at present I find the presumption in favour of the absolute truth—I reject the word infallibility—of Holy Scripture overwhelming. Of course I feel difficulties which at present I cannot solve, and which I never hope to solve.

Meanwhile, until we meet, and this we evidently must do, I shall work on with great satisfaction, beginning with St. John's Gospel. How I shall ever have the heart to see notes printed I cannot tell.

But I have now time only to thank you for your note. My confession of faith you will find soon, I hope, in the little *Introduction*, which ought to be ready now.—Ever yours affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

I shall still hold my engagement to Dr. Smith for Daniel and Apokrypha. Indeed, for the Old Testament I think his scheme *possible*, but not for the New.

Thus it came to pass that the three friends, Hort, Lightfoot, and Westcott, formed the plan of undertaking together a commentary on the whole New Testament.[1] The scheme was that Lightfoot should comment on the Pauline writings, Westcott on the Johannine, and Hort on the historico-Judaic. This general idea was never wholly abandoned. Dr. Hort was only able to publish a very small portion of his allotted task, but Dr. Lightfoot and my father made very considerable progress with their portions.

In the latter part of 1859 my father, at Mr. Lightfoot's suggestion, was seriously thinking of offering himself as a candidate for the Hulsean Lectureship in 1860. He thus wrote to his friend at Cambridge:—

HARROW, *3rd November* 1859.

My dear Lightfoot—Many, many thanks for your kind note. I have paused, you see, some time before coming to a conclusion, but I do not see any serious reason why I should not be a candidate for the Lectureship. I cannot hear that any older man is a candidate, or any one to whom I should feel bound to yield, and so I intend to offer myself in due course. Can you tell me anything of the form? I imagine that it is needless to send in the name before the beginning of December, and much might happen in the meantime to interfere with my design. I fully feel the difficulty of the office, but there are one or two things which I should be glad to say, and so that one can speak what one feels to be truth useful to oneself, there is hope that some one else may find help in it.

Some time or other when we meet I shall be very glad to learn what are the objectionable parts in my sermons. I fancied that I kept wonderfully within the limits of orthodoxy: but I trust that my object was rather to say what I felt than to square what I said to any scheme.

[1] See *Life* of Dr. Hort, i. 417, 418.

We are still all in uncertainty here. Butler has not been talked of so much lately, but I trust that his chance is not less promising.

A few days later, however, he wrote to say that he had given up the idea of the Lectureship, being under the impression that Dr. Vaughan, who was just then leaving Harrow, was likely to be a candidate. To him my father would certainly have felt bound to yield.

Dr. Butler's election to the vacant Headmastership of Harrow was announced on 15th November. In a letter to an old pupil my father expresses his satisfaction :—

HARROW, *28th January* 1860.

My dear Dalrymple—I delayed answering your letter till I could send you some tidings which were likely to interest you most—of Harrow and our new head. Hitherto all has been as prosperous as could be wished. The numbers of the school are increased, and from the first Mr. Butler has distinctly taken his place as Sovereign. I felt some anxiety lest he should betray any indecision or nervousness, and so create a suspicion of weakness ; but my fears were quite groundless. At the first Masters' meeting he took Dr. Vaughan's chair with the calmest ease, guiding all the deliberations with the most perfect calmness and self-command. To preach was a more trying task ; but I could not see that his step was quicker when he went to the pulpit, or notice any trembling in his voice when he began his sermon. His delivery was rapid, and somewhat monotonous, but the composition was admirable, many of the sentences exquisitely neat, the thoughts unusually abundant ; and the audience was evidently deeply interested. In alluding to his work he spoke with singular modesty and manliness. I am sure that you would have been pleased, and contented to trust Harrow to his guidance.

In the summer of 1859 my father paid a visit to

"the home of his ancestors" in Devon. Some twenty years later, when we were staying at Porlock, on the borders of Dorset and Devon, somebody furnished our party, which included Bishop Benson and Bishop Lightfoot, with a picnic. On that occasion some local magnate remarked to my father that they were restoring their church, presumably Shobrooke, and were taking every care of the tombs of his ancestors. I don't know whether my father was moved to subscribe to the restoration fund for his ancestors' sake; but he seems to have concluded on this earlier occasion that they needed some care. He describes his visit in full in a letter to his wife.

To his Wife

Exeter, 17*th August* 1859.

My dearest Mary—As we have returned from our little stroll, and have now nothing to do, I will try to write you the history of "A visit to the home of my ancestors." Well, to begin at the beginning, I went to Crediton at eleven, and having reached the station, asked the way to Shobrooke, and in due course came to the church, which is a pretty little building with a well-proportioned tower, snugly resting under the crest of the hill, and looking far over a rich country. I walked back to the Parsonage to get the keys, and met the clergyman, with whom I had a little talk. He directed me to notice some Norman oak carving in a part of the Gallery. "There is nothing else," he said, "of interest in the church." So I went again to examine the interior. The "Norman" work proved to be Renaissance of the date of James I, but there were some curious combinations of Gothic and Italian details which I do not remember to have noticed elsewhere. But I was searching for tombstones and not for architectural details, and it was sad to see nearly all of these broken and defaced by the erection of pews and the reflooring of part of the church. Only one Westcott stone was tolerably perfect, and

even this was deprived of its ornamental termination. However, there were some very good lines on the Philip Westcott whom it commemorated, which shall serve as the moral of my story. Having seen the church, my next object was to see Raddon, or rather two Raddons, West Raddon and Raddon Court. . . . At last I came to West Raddon. Poor place! it was crushed by vast farm buildings, and scarcely any trace of an old building remained about it. One or two windows showed the deep splays of Elizabeth's time, but even these were filled with new framework. It seemed sad. West Raddon was gone. Well, Raddon Court remained. There was hope there. . . . I was dismayed when I looked for the old house to find a fine new building, but hope still whispered that the old one might be in the hollow behind the trees. A workman was busy near, and I said: "Is this Raddon Court?"—"Yes, sir; fine buildings these, sir."—But is there not another old house?"—"Jem, how long is it since the old Court was pulled down?" my friend asked of his son.—"Twelve years."—"You'll find nothing, sir, but a bit of the out-houses turned into these labourers' cottages. The dwelling-house was all pulled down, and where it stood is now a garden." So hope ended. "The home of my ancestors" has gone and left no trace. At least the future, then, is all open. There is no Raddon to look to, as a spot to be sought again. It has gone, and we must found for ourselves a new home. Now for my moral:—

Here lieth, etc. . . . Anno Dni. 1647, aet. suae 41.

If fortune's gifts, if nature's strength
Could to thy life have added length,
Philip, thou hadst not been so soone
Brought here to bed before thy noone.
But casuall things away soone fly,
Only thy vertues never dye;
Sleep then in peace here till thy dust
Have resurrection with the just.

SOLA VIRTUS EXPERS SEPULCHRIS.

This Philip Westcott is reported to have been a scholar. My father once purchased an ancient tome—a Bible, I believe—and found therein the name of Philip Westcott.

In February 1860 *Essays and Reviews* was published. This volume contained seven Essays written by various authors, and described itself as "an attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment." Amongst the seven authors were included Professor Jowett and Dr. Temple, at that time Headmaster of Rugby. By the appearance of this work my father was greatly moved. He felt it to be imperative that the position taken up by the essayists should be seriously and reasonably assailed. He was most indignant with the Bishops for merely shrieking at the Essays, and declares that the language of Bishop Prince Lee about the Essays roused his indignation beyond expression. He was most anxious that Lightfoot and Hort should join with him in preparing a reply to the controverted volume. For his own part, he felt this to be so important that he would gladly lay aside all other work that he might be free to point out some *via media*. His letters of the time are full of this matter; but he was not content with writing only. He and Lightfoot together had an interview with Dean Stanley on the subject of Dr. Temple and the Headmastership of Rugby.

The following are extracts from letters bearing on this subject:—

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

6th August 1860.

The other day I had a note about a series of essays on the aspects of Revelation which are designed as a kind of informal protest against *Essays and Reviews*. At first I could only say that I would have nothing to do with controversy; that it seemed to me that to state the simple truth was the best refutation of error; but that if free scope were given I might be glad to do anything I could to maintain what I hold to be very precious truth. It occurred to me that you too might not be unwilling to join in some such scheme; and I thought also of asking Lightfoot, but I do not by any means know yet whether such a form as I propose would meet the objects of those who started the scheme, particularly as it was in the first instance in the hands of ——, in whose judgment I have not the greatest confidence. But I had pondered independently the possibility of some such plan before, and if anything is to be done, it is something at any rate to know where you are.

Briefly, it is quite evident that a great battle for truth must come soon, and that every one must as a first duty, if he sees anything of Truth, or honestly thinks that he does, arm himself to the best of his ability. I do not underrate purely critical work, yet I should grieve to think that you are wholly devoted to it. I feel sure that there are yet other fields on which we are bound now to spend some time and with definite aims. The *Guardian* notice, if it did no other good, made me feel how wide a chasm there is between me and those with whom I would have gladly worked, and I am more and more inclined to think that something might be done by a series of preliminary essays to our Commentary. I have not spoken to Lightfoot yet, but I think it is needful to show that there is a mean between *Essays and Reviews* and Traditionalism. From all that I see of younger men, I am satisfied that there is good reason to hope yet, and great reason to fear from Comtism. You will see how hastily I am writing, but indeed this is no epicurism. I tremble to think of writing on some

topics, and yet silence can hardly be kept much longer, though to break it will be to express only partial truth.

HARROW, *13th December* 1860.

It is precisely because our position is growing unpopular and suspected that I am very anxious to speak at once and support it. The *Essays and Reviews* precipitate a crisis, and even an imperfect expression of opinion is better than silence. Just now I think we might find many ready to welcome the true mean between the inexorable logic of the Westminster and the sceptical dogmatism of orthodoxy. At any rate, I am sure that there is a true mean, and that no one has asserted its claims on the allegiance of faithful men. Now, I think that Lightfoot, you, and I are in the main agreed, and I further think that with our convictions we are at such a time bound to express them. The subjects which had occurred to me are—(1) The development of the doctrine of Messiah, including the discussion of the selection of one people out of many. (2) Miracles and history. (3) The development of Christian doctrine out of the apostolic teaching. In other words, I should like to have the Incarnation as a centre, and on either side the preparation for it, and the apprehension of it in history. These subjects, I confess, seem to me to be distinct from a Commentary, and far more fitted for separate discussion. If we combined we might severally have to make some sacrifices, but the case demands it.

TO THE REV. J. B. LIGHTFOOT

HARROW, *20th December* 1860.

Let me introduce myself to you in the character of an agitator. Possibly Hort has written to you on a subject on which I feel very deeply. It seems to me that we ought, with as little delay as possible, to write some essays preliminary to the Commentary. I do not care much for *Essays and Reviews* in themselves, but they precipitate a division; and a reaction more perilous than scepticism seems already setting in. Now

I think that we can make good a position equally removed from sceptical dogmatism and unbelief. I enclose a note from Hort, and he probably may have sent you one of mine in answer to his objections. I do trust that you will view the matter as we do. The need seems to be urgent, and silence is now, I think, positively wrong.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, 9*th February* 1861.

I have been thinking much what can be done about the reckless assaults on *Essays and Reviews*. First I thought of a protest; then it was suggested to write to Dr. Jelf. Can you think of anything? For Mr. Wilson I cannot say one word. But I do feel that the attacks made on Jowett (much as I think him in error) can only end in injuring the Truth. Does any practicable plan occur to you? As it is, I can only speak as I have opportunity.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Harrow, 25*th February* 1861.

Of all cares, almost the greatest which I have had has been *Essays and Reviews* and its opponents. The controversy is fairly turning me grey. I look on the assailants of the Essayists, from Bishops downwards, as likely to do far more harm to the Church and the Truth than the Essayists. The only result of such a wild clamour must be to make people believe that the voice of authority alone, and not of calm reason, can meet the theories of the Essayists, and thus to wholly give up Truth, and the love of it, to the other side. It would be impossible to find opinions more opposed to my own than those of the Essayists, and for this very reason, I am most anxious to see the error calmly and clearly pointed out, and not merely shrieked at. As far as I have seen, those who have written against the Essayists have been profoundly ignorant of the elements of the difficulties out of which the Essays have sprung.

After much anxious consideration Lightfoot decided that he could not join in this undertaking, and his defection led to the abandonment of the scheme.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

30th March 1861.

It is a sad defection, and I hardly see how we can carry out the scheme. Lightfoot was a good mediator between us, and his part was a necessary element. I can think of no one who could take his place, and I fear we should alone be unequal to the task.

In December 1860 my father visited Oxford in order to take an *Ad Eundem* degree, and so gain access to Oxford's literary treasures. He was the guest of Dr. Jeune during his stay there, and appears to have thoroughly enjoyed his visit. The following extracts from letters which he wrote thence will give an idea of some of his Oxford impressions and experiences :—

Oxford, *18th, 19th, and 20th December.*

. . . Oxford quite overpowers prejudice. It is not in its general effect at all what I fancied that it would be, though every building by itself seems familiar. . . . We wandered down to Magdalen. The tower and bridge you must remember; and looking over cloisters I could hardly wonder that Elmsley—the great Greek scholar—when pressed to say what would have been his highest wish for life, said, "To have been President of Magdalen." (He was an Oxford man, and did not, perhaps, know of Trinity.)

. . . It so happened that a Mr. Senior was staying with Dr. Jeune. He is a famous man, a great lawyer and political economist; a man who knows every one from the Queen to the Pope . . . We got on very well together. By this time I have grown well used to paradoxes, and am not prepared

to run against every one's angles and bruise myself. Indeed, there was much to learn from Mr. Senior, and Dr. Jeune extracted admirable anecdotes and sayings, which would enrich me for a year, could I but remember them. . . .

Every one is busy with controversy, and one gentleman announced that "the feelings of scorn and contempt were given us by Almighty God to wither such empty sciolists as" Darwin and all naturalists in a mass. . . .

Dr. Jeune introduced me to Dr. Pusey, one of the few men I was anxious to see. He had, I believe, never been in Dr. Jeune's drawing-room before. It was a study, as you may imagine, to watch him and Mr. Senior together. Gentleness and simplicity were well matched with cynicism and wit. "What a face!" said Mr. Senior, speaking of a portrait in a book he was reading; "why, he is Puritanism incarnate. He looks like a man who would deny every word of every one of the Thirty-nine Articles." Dr. Pusey could not but look at the ominous face, and closed the book with a quaint smile. There was some talk of a famous collection of MSS. which has been offered to the University. "But," said Dr. Pusey, "we have always heard that there are bailiffs about the house." "Oh, then," said Mr. Senior, "tell the owner to close the bargain at once, and he will have the double pleasure of benefiting his University and cheating his creditors."

In the evening we had graver talk, and I was amazed at the acuteness and ready vigour of a man, near seventy I am told, who knows Homer and Horace better than I do, and beneath a surface of raillery has high aspirations after truth. The great event this morning was my admission *ad eundem*. The ceremony was dignified. I shone in a red hood, and, preceded by three maces (I never had such honour at Cambridge), was led to the Vice-Chancellor, who was throned in state and supported by the Proctors. The Oxford mathematician presented me, and I was declared to have the privilege of "reading" and teaching and many other things which I could hardly follow. The first was the one I wished to exercise, and so I went immediately to the Bodleian. There I saw the great MS., found an error in Tischendorf (how pleasant!), ascertained the character of another MS. which is a great favourite of Hort's, and spent there three

very pleasant hours. The Librarian, Mr. Coxe, is a most kind man.

When, in 1861, the Hulsean Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge became vacant, my father felt that he ought to be a candidate for the office. It had long been his cherished hope that he might one day be permitted to occupy such a position. He was convinced that he had a message to deliver, and was, moreover, specially anxious at this time to vindicate his orthodoxy. He believed that the charges of being "unsafe" and of "Germanising" brought against him were unjust, and though the change would have involved a considerable sacrifice of income, he thought that it was his duty to avail himself of the present opportunity, and bear the pecuniary loss. He did not at first realise that his friend, Mr. Lightfoot, whom he believed to be quite satisfied with his present position as Tutor of Trinity, was also inclined to be a candidate. When each of the two friends became aware of the other's feelings a generous contest arose, which resulted in my father's withdrawal and Mr. Lightfoot's candidature, as it was agreed that the latter had the better chance of election. Mr. Lightfoot was, in fact, elected, but declared that he would not be content until my father also was established at Cambridge. Thus it was that when some ten years later the Regius Professorship of Divinity became vacant, Dr. Lightfoot, contrary to general expectation, declined to be a candidate, but instead thereof, devoted himself heartily and successfully to securing my father's election. The following letters to Mr. Lightfoot illustrate this incident of the Hulsean Professorship :—

HARROW, *27th September* 1861.

My dear Lightfoot—I wrote a letter to you to Cambridge, which I directed not to be forwarded, about the Professorship, fearing that it might make many idle journeys otherwise. The subject has occupied very much of my thoughts, and I cannot see my way very clearly. I can say honestly that if I wish the place, it is only because I feel that I have something to say and do there, for the material sacrifice would be great, which to me is a very serious matter. But, on the whole, I think that if I am not now to offer myself, I should virtually abandon all hope for the future, and acquiesce in a charge of unsound opinions which is most unjust. If I could secure hope for the future, and protest against false judgment in any other way, I should most gladly do so, but unless I can, I feel that I ought to be ready to make the sacrifice which the chance of success involves. You will see that I am not sanguine or careful for the issue, and if you, knowing my reasons, think I should be more wise in waiting still longer, I shall thankfully acquiesce in your judgment. My fear is lest I may allow purely personal and family considerations to influence me when I owe a debt to Truth. As I have said before, you, I think, can do more good where you are, and you are in Cambridge, and I should deeply regret seeing you away from your Tutorship.

I shall be in no hurry to send in my name, and I shall wait to know your opinion as to my grounds for standing. However the matter may end, I shall feel quite satisfied.

HARROW, *8th October* 1861.

My dear Lightfoot—We have in part misunderstood one another, I think, but the misunderstanding tends on the whole to clearer after-views. Personally, as I have said, there is no situation in the world which I should (if I dare indulge a wish) more covet than a theological professorship at Cambridge. So far from being indifferent, I am perhaps so eager as to distrust my instincts. Yet I cannot say that I should not prefer it five years hence—if one may look forward. I

am only not prepared to say for ever farewell to the hope which has hitherto been cherished since I was capable of feeling it.

Thus much of myself. But, on the other hand, I cannot but fancy that you may have some wishes pointing to an unshackled position at Cambridge. If so, I heartily accept your wishes as deciding my choice. We both wish to have our judgment decided by circumstances, and such a circumstance I should welcome at once as deciding me. When I say welcome it is a true word. I assumed that you found as complete a prospect of happiness in your Tutorship as I knew that you found in it a useful work. What you say now makes me doubt this, and the slightest confirmation of my suspicions will be sufficient to end all suspense.

These delays will not, I think, be any prejudice to either of us. Any one who cares may know that one of us will be a candidate. I have made no secret of my own doubts here.

HARROW, 14*th October* 1861.

My dear Lightfoot—As far as I am concerned, I am entirely and honestly in earnest. There is no doubt, as far as I can learn, that you have a better chance, and I should in sincerity rejoice more in your success than in my own. Only if it could be shown that I *ought* to come forward to represent a principle (to "protest" in my old unhappy phrase) could I be willing to do so. This is, I am satisfied, impossible. A resident only would be able to contend against an Archdeacon, and I am sure that I should be opposed strongly on party grounds, which you would not be. Your generosity again is leading you to overrate my chances, which I never overrated myself.

I am indeed quite clear. If you like to defer your own decision for the occurrence of any impossible chance, let it be so, but I have mentioned here quite openly what my decision is.

It is RIGHT, I am sure.

HARROW, 28*th October* 1861.

My dear Lightfoot—My joy at the tidings which you sent me yesterday was the greater because all I heard from Cambridge tended to extinguish hope. Now, however, I do not despair of the University. . . . I repeat what I said from the first, that my only wish was that some one should fill the place who would speak what he believed, and believe what his conscience and reason dictated. This wish is wholly fulfilled.

It only remains to wish you, as I do with all my heart, every blessing in the prosecution of your work, than which I know none nobler or more promising.—Ever yours affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

The following extracts from letters to Mr. Hort deal with the same matter:—

HARROW, 30*th September* 1861.

. . . The thought of the Hulsean has occupied me very much. It would be a very great material loss, which, with a large young family, I can hardly bear, but then I think that I ought to be ready to do what I can at Cambridge; and I am the more anxious, perhaps, because I am supposed to "Germanise." I have written to Lightfoot and wait his answer. What do you counsel? I am quite free, I hope, from ambitious views. I only wish not to be moved by selfishness on either side. . . .

HARROW, 19*th October* 1861.

. . . I could well interpret your silence, and now that my decision was made it was a great comfort to have your support, and that of Mayor's letter. The intrigue seems very discreditable to the University, and I can hardly understand ——'s motives, who ought to know better. However, I will not despair of Lightfoot and the final triumph of Truth. . . .

To Mr. Wickenden he says :—

HARROW, *26th October* 1861.

. . . I was much occupied with anxious thoughts about the possible duty of offering myself for the Hulsean Professorship at Cambridge. I had little wish, and no hope, for success, but I was inclined to protest against the imputations of heresy and the like which have been made against me. However, after careful consultation with Lightfoot, we decided that he should stand and not I. The election is just over, and I fear the worst. It seems that —— has busied himself to secure the exclusion of Lightfoot or me as "unsafe" men, and at the last he succeeded in persuading —— to come forward, who, as he has never paid any attention to theology, has (of course) no prejudices. The feeling in Cambridge, when I last heard, was that —— would be elected by private influence. If this has proved to be the case, the University is sadly disgraced. For my own part, it was a great relief to be left quietly here. With our host of little children it would have been a hard struggle to live at Cambridge : yet to live is not the end of living. . . .

Thus vanished the prospect of a move to Cambridge ; and it was willed that my father should continue his work at Harrow for another period of nine years.

The following letters belong to the first nine years of his Harrow residence :—

To MISS WHITTARD

HARROW, *7th May* [1852].

. . . On Tuesday I went a most delightful walk. I found a really green lane, and the progress the trees have made during the last few days is wonderful. One field attracted me from a long distance by the display of cowslips, and as I was

enjoying the sunshine and the shining of "earth's stars," a little bird flew from the hedge just by me, and as I carefully looked I saw another sitting on her nest, faithful and yet fearing. How brightly her little black eyes glanced at me; and how closely she brooded over her charge! You may easily fancy that I took care not to frighten her, and I felt quite joyous to be near one so true and loving. Even now I can see the twinkling of her eyes as she followed mine. Very little things gladden us. Just before I had picked up a nest which had been robbed, and looked at it wistfully; what a contrast it made with that still guarded by love! . . .

HARROW, 18*th Sunday after Trinity*, 1852.

. . . To-day I have again taken up *Tracts for the Times* and Dr. Newman. Don't tell me that he will do me harm. At least to-day he will, has done me good, and had you been here I should have asked you to read his solemn words to me. My purchase has already amply repaid me. I think I shall choose a volume for one of my Christmas companions.

My thoughts have chiefly run in the direction of a saying of Origen's, which I must quote for you. He is speaking of the Transfiguration, and he adds: "The Word has different forms, manifesting Himself to each as it is expedient for him, and to no one is He manifested in a higher degree than the subject of the revelation can comprehend." I wish I could give you any notion of the charms of the original; yet you will find out its meaning, for the thought must be familiar. It seems from the Gospels as if our Blessed Lord even hid Himself from the unbelieving in mercy and love lest they should aggravate their guilt; and so conversely to each one of us He unfolds Himself more and more clearly as we strive painfully and prayerfully to penetrate into that which He sets before us. . . .

To F. J. A. HORT, ESQ.

HARROW, 19*th July* [1852].

My dear Hort—To plunge at once *in medias res*, and to defend myself from your charge, do you think that μυστήριον

is ever used in the New Testament in the sense of the English "mystery"? I think not; but just now I cannot collect my notions on its usage. I should, however, regard 1 Cor. v. 1 (*sic*)[1] as giving the right type of its meaning.

You must not praise me prematurely. At present Maurice is unread, for I have but little time on my hands. I cannot even promise when I shall satisfy you in that respect. Perhaps I am afraid still of adopting what I should find out for myself.

One book lately has interested me very much—the *Life* of Wordsworth. Much as I value his poems, I cannot love the man. He seems to me a very English Goethe. How could he write so much without the impress of Christianity? How could he speak of "Nature" as he does if he had felt that πᾶσα κτίσις travaileth and groaneth with man for his new birth and its own restoration. But this is not all. His egotism is wholly Goethe-like. You probably know his letter to Lady Beaumont in defence of his poems; and do you not think that there is much in it unworthy of him? We can all thankfully acknowledge all that he and Goethe have done for us, but need we love them? . . . How much I should like to talk with you about boy-nature. Sometimes I am tempted to define a boy as "a being in whom the idea of honour exists only potentially." Truly one grows sad often at what experience teaches, and now I begin to understand Arnold's terrible words. Will you accept this wretched apology for a note?—Ever, my dear Hort, yours very affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To E. W. BENSON, ESQ.

HARROW, *24th September* [1852].

My dear Benson—Shall I frankly confess to you that I have long felt more than half angry with you? It was only late and casually that I heard you were at Rugby, and, perhaps unreasonably, I had hoped to hear from you that your Cambridge life was ended. But now I have told you this, let me congratulate you most heartily on the work that lies before you. I know that you have long looked on Rugby with

[1] ii. 1, iv. 1?

intense affection, and may you be blessed wholly in your endeavours to make it like the ideal you cherish. I am very ignorant of the details of your system, but I suppose it is like our own; and in that case I can fully understand how you will enjoy the variety of reading and intellect and development with which one is brought into contact. My own satisfaction at my own position is as great as ever. . . .

You kindly ask about my reading. It goes on as well, on the whole, as it did at Cambridge. I have written much on the Epistles, and I hope to get the essay finished before very long; but to-day I have received a very heavy packet of Maitland exercises which will cause a break in my own pursuits for a little time.

In studying the Apokalypse, have you paid any great attention to the application of the theory of a "double sense"? It has always seemed to me absolutely necessary to maintain this for the right understanding of the book. But on this point my views are perhaps extreme.

This note has been written under the most adverse circumstances. I was anxious to write soon to assure you how often I have thought of you and your work. All kind remembrances to Evans.—Ever very affectionately yours,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

The work on the Epistles mentioned in the above letter is *The Apostolic Harmony*, which my father had projected as a companion to *The Gospel Harmony*, but did not publish.

TO MISS WHITTARD

(On the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington)

HARROW, 19*th November* [1852].

It is quite impossible, my dearest Mary, to give you any idea of what I saw and felt yesterday—and of what I did not feel. The day was fine after sunrise, and outwardly there was nothing to mar one's pleasure. I started at about five in

the morning with some friends in a fly, and when we reached town the streets were already alive with footmen and horsemen; cabs and omnibuses, which plied for a guinea and a shilling respectively. We reached Ludgate Hill at about half-past seven, and then I left my friends struggling with the crowd, and passed up Newgate Street to the north door of St. Paul's. The entrances were not open, but as the rain had now ceased and the sun was fairly risen, we stood waiting for about an hour with tolerable good-humour, which, in my case at least, was greatly increased by my endeavour to imitate the pleasant zeal of a policeman's endurance, who cheered us with continual assurances that the door would soon be open. So in truth it was opened at last, and we all rushed in, and were lost in a maze of wooden supports and a sea of black cloth. I ran recklessly up the first staircase I saw, and found myself a member of the Corporation of London. This not being my true character, I effected a retreat, and remembering that I had to go to the South Transept, I followed the clue of a labyrinthine set of passages and gained the South. Here I took the staircase which was pointed out to me, only, however, to be ranged among the peers; and feeling that I was no more a bishop than an alderman, by the help of a good-natured attendant I scrambled over a low partition and gained my true seat, which was as good as it could be, in the centre of the lowest gallery, commanding a full view of the interior, and directly in front of the place of interment. It was now about eight o'clock, and the Cathedral was soon full. Till half-past twelve we spent our time in watching successive arrivals. Sir C. Napier fixed my attention more than any one. I can see his fine head and snowy hair and beard even now, and it was a touching sight to see him totter along. I noticed the Bishop of Manchester and Chevalier Bunsen, who for different reasons interested me by their manner and occupations. Every one seemed tacitly to assume that we were in a churchyard and not in a church, and behaved accordingly. The deputation from Cambridge, I grieve to say, wore their caps, with one or two exceptions. The officers generally wore their hats or helmets. The barristers improvised caps for the occasion by tying knots at the four corners of their handkerchiefs, like this; and the M.P.'s

varied the fashion, like this. Ladies ate sandwiches, and gentlemen drank wine. All this, doubtless, resulted from the length of time we had to wait and from the coldness of the morning. Still, it had a somewhat unpleasant effect, and one's organ of reverence was diminished. Time, however, wore on, and at length a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the procession. By this time the windows of the Dome were partly darkened, and the line of gaslights which ran along the cornice and round the inner gallery of the Dome glowed like a glorious ray of sunshine all round the building. Every part, far away to the roof, was crowded with eager faces. The deep mourning and sombre dresses were relieved by the bright uniforms, and it was a grand sight when the Chapter and the white-robed choir—in number about 200—walked to the west door to meet the cortege. That moment rewarded one for hours of headache and expectation. One by one the great people came—Speaker and mace, Lord Mayor and sword, Judges, Lord Chancellor and mace, Prince Albert. Then there was a long pause. At last voices were heard far off chanting the opening verses of the service, and nearer and nearer they came, louder and louder grew the anthem, and as they came again round the Dome the bier was with them, and on it the coffin and the marshal's hat. Before it was borne the coronet and baton. Every one seemed moved now, and, indeed, how could it be otherwise. We thought who lay there, and what he had been, and what he was, and what he would be. The solemn music continued. The coffin was transferred to a stage erected in the centre. The pall-bearers and old friends grouped round it, bearing banners—and nobler ensigns still in their white hair and shattered forms. The Dead March was played, and silently and slowly the stage descended. The march was finished, and now no more was to be seen of him who was the Duke of Wellington. All had vanished—coffin, coronet, and baton. A marshal proclaimed the names and titles he had borne; his steward broke his staff, and it was cast into the grave. Again the music of many voices rose. And last came the glorious Chorale from the *St. Paul.* Then the Bishop of London gave his blessing, and all was over.

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Harrow, *29th September* 1853.

Dear Mr. Macmillan—You must allow me to thank you again for speaking of Neuss' book. The new edition was published in two parts—the first part at the beginning of this year, and the second quite lately. The old edition I never saw, though it was known to me by name.

I like the appearance of Mr. Hardwick's book very much, and I wish that I was able to give a judgment worth anything upon its merits. I only trust that its successors may be as good. I hope to send you the *Introduction on the Canon* before long. It is in the process of "writing out," but necessarily goes on slowly.—Ever very truly yours,

Brooke F. Westcott.

I do not think that I have thanked you for the copy of the review in the *Eclectic*, which you kindly sent to me. I shall be glad to have any suggestions for the improvement of the *Introduction to the Gospels*, and most glad to receive any corrections of mistakes or faults.

To F. J. A. Hort, Esq.

Harrow, *12th October* 1853.

. . . As to our proposed recension of the New Testament text, our object would be, I suppose, to prepare a text for common and general use—in schools, for instance. With such an end in view, would it not be best to introduce only *certain* emendations into the received text, and to note in the margin such as seem likely or noticeable—after Griesbach's manner? Such a book would, I think, do great good. The question of orthography is difficult. Do you think that it is worth while to desert the later spelling in a book for general use? No one would print a Bible now with the orthography of James First's time except as a literary curiosity. The matter might be discussed in the preface once for all. But here again I shall be glad to know your own notions. I feel most

keenly the disgrace of circulating what I feel to be falsified copies of Holy Scripture, and am most anxious to provide something to replace them. This cannot be any text resting solely on our own judgment, even if we were not too inexperienced to make one; but it must be supported by a clear and *obvious* preponderance of evidence. The margin will give ample scope for our own ingenuity or principles. In the arrangement of paragraphs I think we might follow our own judgment entirely. I think that I should use Lloyd's Testament as the basis both for text and division, as my wish would be to leave the popular received text except where it is clearly wrong. But on all this, as I have already said, I shall be glad to know your opinion. But pray think how utterly ignorant and prejudiced even well-informed men are on the text of the New Testament. I dare not trust myself to use names.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Harrow, 14*th November* [1854].

. . . Have you entered into the Maurice controversy? I only hope it may pass away quietly. At the first onset we always strike blindly; and much evil would result from the public discussion of the moot points just now. It is well, I believe, that they have been named; and it will be well for men to get familiarised with them. Then at length they may debate if they please. This is a strange symptom of belief or disbelief—that Mr. Maurice's views on the Atonement seem to have called forth comparatively little criticism.

What are we to think of the new contest between the Crescent and the Cross? What would our forefathers say to us? A renegade Christian for Commander and the two greatest Christian powers for allies. Who then shall malign Islam? But are not the Greeks indeed dead?

Harrow, 7*th December* [1854].

My dear Frederic—Harrow is dissolved—the school, I mean, and not the hill, which holds out still against the rain

most valiantly. Gould the noisy and Marshall the unready are gone. Sandars the interrogative and Burdon the demonstrative are gone. Meek the cold-handed is gone. Pretor the clear-headed is gone. I too the much-scheming am going.

> Ὣς ἔφαθ'[1]· οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλίον ἠδ' ἐχάρησαι.
> αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα πέτοντο κατὰ πτόλιν[2] εὐρυάγυιαν
> θεσπεσίῃ κραυγῇ· σμαραγεῖ δέ τε δώματ' ὑπ' αὐτῶν.
> ἔξ ἔσαν, ἐκπρεπέες, σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες ὠχραῖς,
> Χρυσός θ' ὃς μάλα πᾶσαν ὁμηλικίην ἐκέκαστο
> φωνῇ τε κραυγῇ τε· Φύλαξ δ' ἔπετ' αἰὲν ἄκαιρος·
> Ψαμμίτης τε νέων πάντων μέγ' ἄριστος ἐρωτᾶν.
> Φόρτος τ' ἠπεροπευτά, μετῆν δ' ἄρα Πρηὺς ἔπειτα
> ψυχραῖσιν χείρεσσιν, ἐπ' ἄλλοις δ' ὕστατος ἦλθεν,
> ὕστατος ἡλικίῃ, τιμῇ δ' ἄρα πρῶτος ἐφάνθη,
> Πραίτωρ, οὗ σμικρὸν τὸ δέμας, μέγα δ' ἐστὶ φρόνημα.
>
> . . . .

[1] The Headmaster on last morning (Schol. Harr.).
[2] Harrow *emphasis gratia.*

This is a Homeric fragment. I hope you can scan it; I won't attempt to do so. The MS. is sadly defaced, but I can see some allusion to the wasp jersey of our house, and a good scholiast could doubtless explain it all.

Even now I have scarcely realised your disappearance. I never likened Moorsom to a fairy, but he certainly carried you off in a fairy-like fashion. I am not quite sure that I will pardon you till I have a full account of the "supernatural" phenomenon which must have accompanied your evanishment. It is but just to say that I did not smell the odour of hempseed in the house. I am sure the Greek lines will be as good as another whole sheet of words. Fancy that they form a paper in a little room——

Pray excuse a very hasty, wild, rambling note.

"Remember" us, I need not say.—Ever believe me, very affectionately yours, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To his Wife

Trinity College, *Good Friday*, 1855.

This morning I went to hear the Hulsean Lecturer. He preached on the Atonement. But who is equal to such a subject? All he said was very good, but then he did not enter into the great difficulties of the notion of sacrifice and vicarious punishment. To me it is always most satisfactory to regard the Christian as in Christ—absolutely one with Him, and then he does what Christ has done: Christ's actions become his, and Christ's life and death in some sense his life and death. Don't you think that this is the real answer to the difficulties? or do I not make myself clear?

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

19*th July* [1855].

My dear Mr. Macmillan — I am growing anxious to have the last sheets from the printers. Our examination begins next week, and I shall be hard pressed to correct them. Will you forward to them the adjoined *addendum* to be inserted in its proper place among the others.

I hope, if all be well, to make good progress with the revision of my old Essay.[1] My present scheme is the following:—

Introduction—Nearly the same.
Chap. I. Relation of Evangelical Literature to the first age.
Chap. II. The special History of the Fourth Canonical Gospel.
Chap. III. = (I.).
Chap. IV. = (II.).
Chap. V. = (III.).
Chap. VI. = (IV.).

[1] *Elements of the Gospel Harmony*, which was at this time being shaped into *An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*.

Chap. VII. The Parables and Miracles as wholes (old App. C., D.).
Chap. VIII. = (V.).
Chap. IX. Relation of Fourth Gospel to Apocryphal and Heretical Gospels.
Appendix A (extended).
Appendix B } The facts of our Our Lord's Life implied
Appendix C } in Epistles.

I shall be very glad of any suggestions, corrections, etc., before I begin to work.—In great haste, ever yours sincerely,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

HARROW, *25th July* [1855].

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I have added one or two names to the list for presentation copies.[1] I shall be glad if you will send on my account—I mean, from my copies—a copy to Mr. Scott, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Vaughan. I wish I could send to more of my Cambridge friends, but I have many home claims.

You will perhaps kindly see to the binding of the presentation copy for the Bishop of Manchester. I liked the binding of my father's copy last time very much, if you remember that. But I know that I may trust to your taste.

Though the work has been very wearying and disjointed, I seem to feel now like one who has just lost a friend ready to talk at every moment and fill up all the idle moments of one's life; but I suppose that I shall soon find some new friend to fill up the place of the old one.

TO THE REV. J. B. LIGHTFOOT

HARROW, *1st September* [1855].

My dear Lightfoot—We reached home only yesterday evening after a month's sojourn at Filey, or I should not so long have delayed to send you a copy of my poor long-

[1] Of the essay on the *Canon* of the New Testament.

delayed Essay. You know how much it owes to your hospitality, and I can only hope that it may seem in any way worthy of a connexion with Neville's Court.

I am now fairly engaged on a new edition of my old Essay. Of course it will be much changed, but I hope to retain whatever there is of good in the first edition. Meanwhile I am anxious to learn all I can of the Jewish (?) literature of the Apostolic age, and you can tell me better than any one else where to look for some account of it. . . . You would have admired my geological diligence during the past four weeks. I became a determined stone-breaker, and have gained a fair knowledge of the Upper Oolite strata of Yorkshire, and the shale beds of Gristhorpe.

While thinking still of Philo, I must say how much I have been struck with the ability of Jowett's book. Of course I must wholly dissent from his views of Scripture language, and all the deductions which he draws from its uncertainty. But notwithstanding this, it is a book of greater thought, and more real wisdom than any which I have read for years. Don't you think so? I wish he were not so cold, but one must pardon manner. I should say that I am speaking of the Essays, and not of the Commentary, which I like very much less. What a contrast there is between Jowett and Stanley. But I must not scribble more now.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Harrow, 15*th September* [1855?].

. . . Will you not excuse me if I decline to attempt to settle any chronological point in the Gospels? The data are far too uncertain to give more than a probable conclusion; and in many cases the order of time is wholly—hopelessly uncertain. How much I should like to have been in some closet to listen to your discussion of *αἰών*. What unorthodox groans would have issued from the recess quarter? How certainly I should have been proclaimed heretic! I do hope you furnished the good people with a Bruder. . . .

To his Mother

Harrow, *16th December* 1855.

My dear Mamma—What an inexcusably bad correspondent you must think me. I feel almost bound to give you an account of the way in which I have spent all my time since you sent your long note. . . .

This evening for the first time I am quiet and alone. Louey and Tiny are, I hope, safe and well at Bristol. Katie keeps me company, and is wonderfully well. She paid me a visit after dinner, and was lost in deep contemplation of her solitary importance. You may fancy that I have grown rather impatient at being kept here. We do hope to leave on Wednesday; but on Friday a note came, in which Mr. S. objected to his son leaving so soon. I answered it somewhat sharply. Mr. S. has throughout expressed very little consideration for us, and I should be sorry for him to think that it is either a common or an easy thing to lose one week out of five. To-morrow I suppose I shall hear from him again. At any rate Louey and Tiny will be with you on Wednesday, and Tiny will be more amusement to you, I fancy, than anything else. You must finish her alphabet learning, for her notions as to many letters are singularly indefined; moreover, she still confounds (wilfully, I fear) the bear and the lion, and thereby favours the Russians. . . .

My solitary housekeeping seems quite strange to me. I have not been alone before, and have lost most of my bachelor independence, and have a tendency to forget the sugar in my tea or some other equally important matter. Perhaps it is fortunate that my dinner is brought to me without any order of mine, or I might forget that.

Love to all, and all good wishes, which I shall hope to repeat in person. Ever your most affectionate son.

Brooke F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, *6th April* [1859].

My dear Hort—I cannot believe that we differ about the "ideal Christian," or the Christian ideally rather. It

must be some clumsiness in my way of expressing myself. I quote all the passages which you quote in support of my view, and especially notice the aorists. Have you not misunderstood my use of the word "ideal"? Each Christian, so far as he is a Christian, is an ideal Christian, or rather is such by partaking in the ἰδέα. In "idea" he is one with Christ, and all that Christ did he did in Christ. But the work of all life is to realise this idea. I have made an alteration in the note to bring out my meaning more clearly, and added two of your references and one other which shows the aorist in contrast with the present.

I am obliged to write in the midst of "Trial," for I should indeed be sorry if we differ on such a point, which is one of my central beliefs.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

I shall now give you very little more trouble, if any. When will you let me repay the office?

The above letter is in reply to some criticisms of Mr. Hort on a passage in my father's *Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles*, pp. 106-107.[1]

The following letter to Mr. Wickenden refers to the index to the *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, prepared by him, and to an adverse criticism of *The Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles*, which had appeared in the *Literary Churchman*. It may be remarked in passing that these Cambridge sermons were somewhat severely handled by too orthodox critics, and did not obtain a wide circulation. It was mainly on their account, I believe, that my father laboured under the imputation of being "unsafe."

HARROW, *12th March* 1860.

My dear Frederic—Many, many thanks for the great trouble which you have taken; many, many regrets for

[1] See Dr. Hort's *Life*, i. 407.

the offending varieties of division. It is too late, I fear, to alter them in the text, but you will, I think, find all come out tolerably clearly in the table of contents. The corrections which you kindly send are duly registered. In one or two places my meaning seems to have been too obscure, but I am rejoiced to find that there are so few errors.

Last week I was immensely amused (ought I to have been?) by a very fierce review of the Cambridge Sermons in the *Literary Churchman*. The writer "forbore to characterise such writing," and proposed a series of questions which I should have asked my class at a Sunday School, with an air of the most triumphant refutation. It is strange that intelligent men should be so very dull. If you fall in the way of the paper, I should strongly recommend the article to your notice, if only that I might ask you whether you think my meaning so enigmatical as to justify so bad a guess.

But I must not write a note now, much less review reviewers, to whom I owe a great debt.

You say nothing of yourself.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

The following letter to Mr. Wickenden also concerns the *Study of the Gospels*, and work done by my father for Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*:—

. . . I feel very glad that you were willing to take so much trouble in helping on my work. Many, very many thanks; but why should I say so? You know that I do thank you sincerely.

I have ventured to put "St." for "S." as is my constant fashion, and for "Mary S.," "Mary V." I never like to speak of St. Mary. Don't scold me. Many thanks for the correction on p. 426, "seal" for "soul." I have written to the printers, and trust it may not be too late. It makes sense, unfortunately, and perverts the sense of the original; but my writing is terribly misunderstood. To a note which I added to an article on Judith in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary*, "the theory of Volkmar" is converted into "the story of Volkenar." This proof I did not see again. Have you seen the *Diction-*

ary? I have taken the "Maccabæan period," which I found extremely interesting—beginning with Alexander and ending with Herod G.—a tolerably wide interpretation of the phrase, not unlike that which Dr. Stanley gives to Ecclesiastical history, beginning with Abraham!

The following letter to Mr. Hort, written from Eastbourne during the Easter holidays of 1859, shows that my father was already at work on St. John's Gospel, while not unmindful of the Greek Text, which even in those early days was in the press:—

I trust that you received a note this morning which has relieved you from the sad necessity of supposing that the unfortunate sheet represented my text, and not the printers'. By what confusion I know not, but both in that and the next which I received the printers have reversed nearly everything. I really feel quite grateful to you for scolding me so little, if you supposed that I could have been so perverse. Though I waver sometimes, I have some principles left. I have not had any sheets of the Romans from you since the second.

I have been enjoying extremely some work on St. John. How, indeed, is it possible not to enjoy such work? Yet how hard it is to study the Gospel widely enough and yet minutely. Just now it strikes me as a great Hebrew epic. The Hebrew poetical character—in the highest sense of the word—is very remarkable, and I do not think that I was ever sufficiently conscious of it before.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Harrow, 22*nd November* 1859.

. . . This term has been one of very great anxiety. Added to other things has been the two months' suspense as to our future Head. The choice has been the best, I think, possible under the circumstances. Butler is young, but he has otherwise very great qualifications for the work, and comes with

the loudest welcomes from Harrovians of every date. At least we are secure from violent changes of all kinds.[1]

But you libel our house. Externally it is the boldest mediæval pile, with gables and pointed windows, and Flemish steps, and blue brickwork, and stone facings, and everything else which can raise a promise which the interior belies. The interior, if by no means mediæval, contains square, comfortable rooms which we enjoy. The boys' quarter is very convenient and well arranged, and you will not, I hope, notice such disturbing noises as you anticipate. When will you come and make trial?

On All Saints' Day I met Benson and his wife at the consecration of a church which Cubitt has just built. It was a delightful meeting. I wish that you could have been there. . . . You speak of Wells just as I should do. . . . How grand the effect of the Cathedral group from the hill to the east! They call the place the city of the dead, but I am sure that there must be troops of God's spirits there.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Harrow, 19*th July* 1860.

My dear Davies—At the risk of writing both hastily and crudely, I feel I must write to thank you for your note, and to try to put into words one or two thoughts which have occurred to me on the great subject of which you write. Hitherto I have only had time to read three or four of your sermons,[2] and if I cannot accept any clause as expressing my view, I can at least accept the whole as a true view—one view it may be of many—for the subject, as all divine subjects, is infinite.

1. In the first place, I object to all illustrations from human justice on whatever side alleged; because I think that our justice essentially regards actions in relation to society,

[1] My father has remarked that Dr. Barry, his own friend and contemporary at Cambridge, and afterwards Principal of Cheltenham College, was Dr. Butler's most serious rival.

[2] *The Work of Christ.* Macmillan, 1860.

and not as they affect the individual himself. Sins most ruinous to the moral character of the individual are wholly neglected by human law.

2. Next, man's forgiveness accepts the penitent as he is, and is not in any way supposed to remove the effects of past offences in him. He remains what his sin has made him when forgiven—in himself.

3. Does it not then follow that the requirements of divine justice and the perfection of divine forgiveness may require the satisfaction of a condition which is not required in our dealings one with another?

4. And in connexion with this is not the essential union of the Christian with Christ—"accepted ἐν τῷ ἠγαπημένῳ"—so that His actions are ours, His sufferings ours—always insisted on in the New Testament?

5. If, then, we may represent suffering as the necessary consequence of sin, so that the sinner is in bondage, given over to the Prince of Evil, till his debt is paid, may we not represent to ourselves our Lord as taking humanity upon Him, and as man paying this debt—not as the debt of the individual, but as the debt of the nature which He assumed? The words in St. Matt. xxvii. 46 seem to indicate some such view.

6. To my mind there is nothing in this which is against our instinctive notions of justice. And such a view seems to reconcile the love of the Father for man with the love of the Son for man.

I should be very glad to hear how far you differ from me.

"Trial" is just beginning, and I ought not to have written perhaps without thinking more, for the subject is one which I have not studied as I ought to study it, and possibly the view which I am inclined to advocate is an old one. I am very glad to hear good tidings from you.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE REV. F. J. A. HORT

HYTHE, *6th August* 1860.

. . . There seems to me to be something unspeakably sad in controversy on such a subject as the Atonement. It is

worse than a popular discussion about Transubstantiation. Have we the slightest hope to expect to gain an intelligible theory of the fact? Is it not enough to say that the death of our Blessed Lord was necessary for our redemption? and that we are saved by it? Is it not absurd to expect that we can conceive how it is necessary—since the necessity is divine? Then, again, do you not think that those who talk of instincts of justice and the like—all human words and ideas which are generally refuted (pardon me) by the facts of evil and life, if pressed one step in theory—forget the absolute union of Christ with man, as of man with Adam. In point of justice the Incarnation, as involving fatigue and suffering, naturally was unjust according to the view of Davies, if I understand him. And may we not conceive of a necessity which brings suffering after sin, quite apart from free forgiveness, which we see in common life? and may not this have been the early idea of a ransom paid to the powers of evil, which was the first doctrine of an atonement? These are fragmentary thoughts, which will indicate the direction which I should be inclined to take, if obliged to take any. . . .

To C. Dalrymple, Esq.

Harrow, *8th December* 1860.

. . . The stillness of Extra School was just now interrupted by most martial sounds. The band of the "Harrow Rifles" escorted the School companies on a grand march to Sudbury. I did not see the muster, but the movement is well kept up, and as the officers are to wear swords, they at least are quite enthusiastic. At Bill I seemed as if I ought to have called "Major Ridley" and "Captain Williams," the uniforms were so numerous, and the military element so predominant over the scholastic (hateful word!). . . .

To his Wife

Moseley, *20th December* 1860.

. . . I went into town yesterday and looked at the *Christian Observer*. There was nothing very terrible in the condemna-

tion of my heresy. My worst fault was that I "dismissed with scorn a system of interpretation which Newton and Mede and countless other critics, quite as competent to judge as Mr. B. F. Westcott, had accepted." I suppose that this was severe sarcasm, but I survive the wound.

Just now I have read *Framley Parsonage*. How marvellously good it is. The scenes are, of course, critical, but I think that the execution is masterly. My sympathies are wonderfully moved for poor Mr. Crawley. He is almost too truly and sadly drawn.

The following extracts from letters to Mr. Hort in September and October 1861 tell of the progress of his work for the Bible Dictionary:—

I have done no work except desultory work for Dr. Smith, which is so far pleasant as it is filling up spare time without any great strain, and keeps up the power of thinking. One article, "Philosophy" (!), cost me a great amount of trouble, but I was glad to get a bird's-eye view of the history, and to become aware of the fact that the history of pre-Christian philosophy in its religious bearings has not yet been written. Zeller's book seems to me immensely in advance of everything written on classical philosophy. Do you know it? And am I right in believing that the propædeutic office of Greek philosophy has never been fairly discussed? By the way, Mill's sentence about M. Aurelius, quoted by Stanley with approbation, provoked me amazingly. I should place the meditations at the exact opposite pole to Christianity.

. . . I am busy on my last article for Dr. Smith, "Vulgate." Can you tell me of any books later than van Ess? As far as I can make out there has been nothing done for the Old Testament (Vercellone has not reached me yet), and next to nothing for the New Testament, except the Gospels. I should be very glad of any references. Of course the article must be brief, but still there are many points which I should like to work out for myself if possible. My great difficulty lies in determining the substantial existence of any Hieronymian recension of Epp. Very many of the readings quoted as

"It" are by no means confined to the old version, and our texts are purely Graeco-Latin. Have you ever examined the curious blending of readings in "f" for instance? I wish I could have talked of this, though indeed it is matter rather of curiosity than of critical importance. . . .

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Harrow, 14*th October* 1861.

As for the Hulsean Chair, I had no special wish, and certainly no sanguine hope for it. Mr. Lightfoot has very great claims, and is resident. . . . It has been a great pain to me to hear our names mentioned as of possible rivals. Nothing could have been further from the thoughts of either. Pray, if you hear such a report, contradict it. Our only question was *which* ought to come forward, and with this view we were most anxious to collect any information which might guide us.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Moseley, 31*st December* 1861.

. . . We spent a very pleasant week with Cubitt, and when there I went over to Wellington College for a day. I found Benson full of hope and vigour. He had thoroughly maintained his ground in the dispute, thanks to the Prince. . . . Lightfoot was with us for two days. He seems very well and joyful in the prospect of his new work. Since the University has chosen him, and peremptorily rejected Lord Palmerston, I do not despair yet of our foster mother. I cannot describe my indignation at hearing that Lord Palmerston was to be Chancellor, on the ground that he was the one man whom all would support. I would have walked barefoot from the land's end to protest against such a miserable idolatry of success. . . .

CHAPTER V

HARROW (*continued*)

1862–1869

In the Easter holidays of 1862 my father visited Hereford and Tintern. Concerning the latter place he says in his diary:—

The Abbey was in shade as we first saw it, and so with veiled beauty. The dew was still fresh on the ivy, and the lights and shadows were absolutely perfect. Afterwards, in the broad sunlight, the contrast was less striking: all was toned to one rich mellowness. No view can excel that from the right on entering; next is that from the Hospice. The architecture of the Refectory is worthy of notice from its simple plate-tracery. Elsewhere the absence of arches or outlines to the foliations is very noticeable. Trefoils, etc., are used simply in the tracery. It seems evident that the architect was familiar with foreign designs and treated each element independently. The cloister doorway shows a remarkable instance of an attempt to surpass an earlier effort in the remarkable variation of the toothed ornament. The mouldings of the door with its foliated head are singularly exquisite. I felt it absolutely impossible to sketch. No skill could paint the colours, and no outline could be more than a dismal skeleton.

In the summer holidays of the same year he made

a tour with his wife in Cornwall and the Scilly Isles. His diary of this excursion is enriched with some exquisite architectural sketches; but his experiences were not of an extraordinary character, and though they are, as can be readily imagined, admirably chronicled, must pass unnoticed.

At this time my father was still engaged on some of his last articles for Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in connexion therewith spent his Easter holidays of 1863 in Paris in the Imperial Library. On his journey thither he had a very rough passage of seven hours from Newhaven to Dieppe. Every one seems to have succumbed to the terrors of the sea except a certain six-foot Archdeacon. Of this dignitary my father narrates:—

> I found him in the cabin sitting erect, placid, solemn, contemplating his hat, which was placed before him, as the central glory—shining and black—and the worship seemed to bring its reward.

In the summer holidays of 1863, spent with his family at Seaton, my father was busily engaged on *The Bible in the Church*. He undertook this work because he had been asked to give the substance of his *History of the New Testament Canon* in a form more convenient for popular use. He decided, however, in this more popular work to give some account of the collection of the Old Testament Scriptures also. In the preface to one of the later editions of this book, he says: "If at first it seemed strange to some that I spoke on several points with less confidence than was common twenty years ago, it is my happiness now to find nothing to retract or modify in the general view which I then gave of the history of the Christian Bible."

When, some years later, he was rather anxious to extend his larger New Testament work along the same lines, he was dissuaded by Dr. Lightfoot, who professed himself to be quite satisfied with the "Little Canon," as he affectionately called *The Bible in the Church*, which he said he considered to be the best of my father's earlier works. The following letter to Professor Lightfoot tells of the progress of the new book :—

SEATON, 25*th Aug.* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—Alas! I must confess that I have nothing to send Hort, except kindest remembrances and best wishes. Since I have been here I have been steadily working at *The Bible in the Church*, and have written more than half of it. Probably I may finish it before the end of the holidays if my zeal holds out. I hope the work will be clear. In many respects it is clearer, as far as I can judge, than the former one, and of course far more satisfactory as including the O.T. too. Yet I can easily suppose that it will please nobody. Shall I envy you your visit to Italy? . . . If you see any popular religious Catechisms will you get me copies? There are several in recommendation of special "cults," which I should be glad to see. Do not fear that I am going to turn controversialist, yet I am anxious to have a picture of Romanism at home. As for text, would you not place alternative readings as in Dr. Vaughan's *Romans?* This satisfies me completely, and Hort too (I think) was satisfied with the arrangement. I like it better than margin.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

Early in 1864 the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge became vacant. As the following letters show, my father seriously entertained the thought of being candidate for the office :—

To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot

Harrow, 26*th Jan.* 1864.

My dear Lightfoot—Your note came just as I was pondering over the announcement. It seems very hard to decide. For the first time in my life I find myself in a position which promises to leave fair room for providing for our family, and I suppose that to leave Harrow now would involve a very considerable sacrifice. At the same time I find an interest in my work, as I have all my boys with me, which I have never felt before, and can be quite contented to devote myself to them. Yet, on the other hand, the work is most exhausting. I doubt whether I could bear my present labour for very long, and it makes all other work nearly impossible. Personally I care nothing for money. If we can educate our children, that is enough. Thus the question seems to be, Where will one do the most useful work? And who can answer it? There is no doubt but that I should enjoy Cambridge extremely. Whether I could do anything there I doubt much more. I hardly know where to turn for advice on this point. As I said to you in the first instance, I will gladly do what my friends think I ought to do. I have not the slightest ambition to gratify. If any one else is likely to come forward who supports the same cause as we hold to be true, I should most willingly retire. But if no one will come forward of like views, then it seems to me that I ought to offer myself. You are more sanguine of my success than I am. If the electors are the Heads, I cannot see that I have much chance of success. But as to that I am really very indifferent. My only claim would be to represent what I hold most firmly to be truth in theology; and if the University thinks that I am wrong, or finds any one to fulfil the duty better, I shall gladly acquiesce.

Can you learn whether Cambridge is an expensive place to live in? But really I can live on anything.

The whole result seems to be that if on inquiry you think I *ought* to come forward, I will do so. If you are doubtful, I would rather stay where I am. This is to place on you a

great burden, but I know that you will not decline to bear it. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, 28*th Jan.* 1864.

My dear Hort—Your very kind note was most welcome. With it came another from Lightfoot. I could not, of course, take the same sanguine view of my work as you take, but still on the whole I have decided now without doubt to offer myself if no one of like views comes forward, and except yourself I hardly know any one who could come forward. In my note to you I concluded, I hope not too hastily, that you would not be likely to be a candidate; and at least I can feel in some degree what ought to be done at Cambridge, though I know far better where I should fail than my friends do. Yet now it would be faithless, I think, not to listen to an invitation which comes from different quarters; and I feel glad that it comes at a time when it would be painful to leave Harrow. Till lately I should have welcomed any post which would have taken me away; but now I can enter with my heart into the work. . . . I seem to have very much to say about other things, but I cannot write now. Everything seems dreamlike and unreal. To think steadily is quite impossible. I should almost tremble with fear if the old ambition of my life were fulfilled, yet it would not be my seeking—self again.—Ever yours affectionately, Brooke F. Westcott.

Eventually he was compelled to abandon the idea of the Norrisian Professorship, because a subsidy hitherto given to the professorship was withdrawn, and he felt that it would be wrong for him, with his family, to accept work on an income of barely £100.

Later in the same year Dr. Jeremie, the Regius Professor of Divinity, accepted the Deanery of Lincoln,

and it was at first supposed that he would consequently resign the Professorship. This, however, he did not do. Once more, therefore, my father and his faithful friend were disappointed. In preparation for the vacancy my father took his degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

In January 1865 my father was persuaded by Dr. Benson to pay a long-deferred visit to Bishop Lee of Manchester. The Bishop welcomed him very warmly, and being alone was able to talk to him freely and at length. He discoursed with much energy of Dr. Arnold, and was intensely angry with *Tom Brown*, which he declared utterly misrepresented Arnold's mode of dealing with boys. With Dr. Newman too he had little patience, and appears to have sympathetically quoted the opinion that Newman had "trifled with his reason till he had lost it." Of their last talk, when the Bishop's heart seems to have been full of tenderness for his loved pupil of old days, my father has jotted down various interesting notes; but the following letter, written to Dr. Benson on the day after he left Mauldeth (7th Jan.), is preferable as giving some connected impressions of the visit and the final interview. He writes:—

My dear Benson—You deserve my warmest thanks for encouraging me to go to Mauldeth, and I must send them to you, in however imperfect a shape, now I am returned and can look back on three pleasant days there which have given me a happier idea of the Bishop than I have ever had. He was in excellent spirits, rejoicing in the work already done in his diocese, and above all he had set aside that hasty love of paradox, which in some of our last conversations, years ago, grieved me very greatly. His tolerance of opinions which he did not share, and his willingness even to yield a little now and then—for instance, in speaking of the *Apologia*—gave me more than pleasure. He himself constantly went

back to old days at King Edward's School, and he evidently had not lost his old love.

Sometimes he spoke of Arnold, and vaguely of differences between himself and A., which seem to have been great. "The letters," he said, "which bore witness to them I burned a short time since."

Once the conversation turned to questions of personal hope. "People quote various words of the Lord," said the Bishop, "as containing the sum of the Gospel—the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and the like; to me the essence of the Gospel is in simpler and shorter terms: *μὴ φοβοῦ· μόνον πίστευε.*[1] Ah! Westcott, mark that *μόνον.*[2] *μὴ φοβοῦ· μόνον πίστευε.*" And his eyes were filled with tears as he spoke. $\overline{\text{KPE}}$ *πιστεύω· βοήθει μου τῇ ἀπιστίᾳ*[3] was the only answer.

In the same month, in a letter addressed to Professor Lightfoot, my father says:—

HARROW, 13*th January* 1865.

I have been shaping a strange essay in my mind and on paper, about which I should like very much to talk with you some time. It contains very old thoughts to which I feel almost bound to give expression in the present crisis; but I am in no hurry to speak.

The essay thus mentioned is his *Gospel of the Resurrection.* He says that it contains "very old thoughts"—the thoughts that had brought him comfort in his undergraduate days, when he suffered so much from a torturing scepticism. He had always bravely faced his difficulties, and had at length found sure ground. He now offers in this essay the general line of thought and argument which had proved satisfactory to him-

[1] Fear not: only believe. [2] Only.
[3] Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief.

self. The essay thus composed in the latter part of 1864 he sent to Mr. Macmillan in the following March.

HARROW, *17th March* 1865.

Dear Mr. Macmillan—As it is extremely uncertain when I may be in town, I send the MS. of which I spoke to you. At present I have not decided whether I shall publish it or not. If I do publish it, it will probably be anonymously. I wish it to stand or fall by its own merits.

Moreover, I should wish to have the opportunity of carefully revising it in type, and of gaining the help of some friends for the purpose.

I have never read the MS. since it was written, but at the time each thought was very carefully worked out.

Of course I should be glad for you (if you please) to read it, and even to gain the opinion of any one else upon the argument, without mentioning my name. If all be well I look forward to filling up the gap which remains at Easter, and I shall therefore be glad if you can let me have the MS. again in about a fortnight. The gap will cause no difficulty in following the argument, as you will find the skeleton in its proper place.

After the essay had been printed it was sent to a few friends for the benefit of their criticisms. The following letters are in acknowledgment of such criticisms :—

TO PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT

HARROW, *27th September* 1865.

. . . Your criticism is very encouraging. At Herne Bay I worked a little at revision, and hit upon some of the blots which you point out. The others also I will try to remove. I excuse the hardness of parts by the plea that the Essay is intended for those who will take pains to read it, and work out the processes for themselves. I made an analysis which

will help the reading a good deal, and this itself suggested a few clauses of connexion and the like.

The postulates must be *postulates*. I feel very strongly that "self," "world," "God" can rest on nothing but consciousness. Perhaps it is useful to put this plainly. But I must not attempt to enter on this now.

I have been trying to recall my impressions of La Salette. I wish I could see to what forgotten truth Mariolatry bears witness; and how we can practically set forth the teaching of miracles.

The two questions must be faced and ought to be solved. School is not the place to solve them.—Ever yours affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

HARROW, 15*th October* 1865.

. . . The essay is still being pulled to pieces. You were the most merciful and rapid of critics. It will have suffered sufficiently, I hope, by the end of the month. How eagerly I wish for the time now to work at St. John. But it seems more and more impossible to find it. . . .

TO THE REV. E. W. BENSON

HARROW, 17*th November* 1865.

My dear Benson—Many thanks for your criticisms. I wish that there had been more of them. My optimism is not unlimited, and the "unhappily" must, I fear, still express my judgment on the Byzantine Empire. . . . The other points to which you call attention I have tried to make less open to exception. As to the "free-will" of animals it seems remarkable that those which associate with man appear to develop a will and to be treated as responsible. There is nothing, I think, which is a more startling proof of the power of society than this, and the correlative degeneracy of man in isolation.

As far as I could judge, the "idea" of La Salette was that of God revealing Himself *now*, and not in one form but in

many. Does ἐν νίῳ exclude for ever πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως? I think not. To us, as to the Jews, I fancy that the ideal was first shown towards which we painfully struggle through long ages. Is not it clear that we live in a Hellenistic age? But I am becoming apocalyptic.—Ever yours affectionately, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT

HARROW, 18*th November* 1865.

My dear Lightfoot—As you are the judge of my orthodoxy—a perilous office, I fear, in these days—I must ask you whether you think the title of my essay may be "The Gospel of the Resurrection: Thoughts on its relation to Reason and History"? And next, whether it should be anonymous or with my name? The authorship could not well remain secret. But I think that you gave me a general "imprimatur."

Macmillan has promised me a few copies of *La Salette*. Did you notice that two pilgrims have just lost their lives in the mountain?

I am delighted to hear that the *Galatians* is being rapidly exhausted. I doubt whether a second edition will make me charitable towards *The Churchman*.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To THE REV. F. J. A. HORT

HARROW, 18*th November* 1865.

My dear Hort—I was very glad to have the slips this morning, especially as they reached me on my first free morning this term, and I was therefore able to give a quiet morning to your notes. This makes me more and more wish that you would write. On many things when I am in doubt you seem to have clear views, and you generally appear, I think, to have a more solid foundation than I can boast of in a kind of historic optimism. The sections on Sin were written while *Gravenhurst* was fresh in my mind, and many

of the phrases are perhaps to be interpreted by reference to that book. But I am quite prepared to maintain my general theory. Several statements needed a little explanation; but I hardly see how your definition or description will in the end differ from mine. The setting up self must be conscious and personal and against a person. I could *not* imagine a righteous rebellion of the finite against the infinite. This too will explain why I have kept "eternity" of matter. By eternity I understood *absolute* existence, and that makes the contradiction of which I spoke. Two absolute existences are to my mind wholly inconceivable. . . . To me the last chapter was really necessary. It is very inadequate, but it may set any one thinking; and the Resurrection seems to teach the transformation of our whole manifold nature as manifold, and so also of society as manifold too. This I think we forget almost always. Frequently I have been contented to hint at a connexion of thought, for I should greatly prefer that any one reading should think the true view suggested his rather than mine first. Moreover, the book is not written quite blindly or from within wholly. I have had very distinctly before me objections which I have heard dwelt upon.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

Writing to Mr. Macmillan in 1873, in connexion with one of the subsequent editions of this book, my father says:—

$4\frac{3}{4}$ A.M. 4/10/73.

I have revised my little book on the Resurrection as carefully as I could with the help of friends' criticism, and return you the copy which you sent me with the necessary changes. This, as you know, is the only one of my little books which I really care much about. If you have or could get any hints towards improving it I should be grateful. It may, I think, yet be allowed to do some good.

One of the most interesting of his holiday excursions during these later Harrow years was a tour undertaken

in the summer of 1865 in Dauphiné and Lombardy, with Lightfoot and Benson for his companions. On their journey to Paris the three friends seem to have fallen into the company of thieves; but were more fortunate than some of their fellow-travellers, one of whom lost £150, receiving instead thereof "deux sous Belges." The most interesting feature of this excursion was a visit to La Salette, near Grenoble. The miracles wrought here at the sacred spring made a great impression on my father. Several narratives of miraculous cures wrought by Our Lady of La Salette were recited in his hearing, and after relating one of the most striking of these, he says:—

A written narrative can convey no notion of the effect of such a recital. The eager energy of the father, the modest thankfulness of the daughter,[1] the quick glances of the spectators from one to the other, the calm satisfaction of the priest, the comments of look and nod, combined to form a scene which appeared hardly to belong to the nineteenth century. An age of faith was restored before our sight in its ancient guise. We talked about the cures to a young layman who had throughout showed us singular courtesy. When we remarked upon the peculiar circumstances by which they were attended, his own comment was: "Sans croire, comment l'expliquer?" And in this lay the real significance and power of the place.

After the visit to La Salette my father went on to Turin and Milan for literary purposes. At Milan he made a careful examination of the Muratorian Fragment on the Canon. The following letter to Mr. Dalrymple states briefly his impressions of this tour:—

[1] The girl belonged to a distinguished family of Marseilles, and having been reduced to the last stage of weakness by an attack of pleurisy, was pronounced to be "agonisante."

HERNE BAY, 11*th September* 1865.

My dear Dalrymple—Your note was waiting for me when I returned home last Saturday from a tour of marvellous interest. Had I not spoken to you of my hopes? They were more than fulfilled. Just a month since I started with Dr. Lightfoot and Mr. Benson for Dauphiné and Lombardy. Chambéry was our starting-point. Thence we went to the Grande Chartreuse, where we spent two delightful days in the thirteenth century. Our next halting-place, La Salette, offered a startling change, but to me one full of the most absorbing interest. There we stayed two days as pilgrims. Our pilgrimage in the technical sense ceased here, and we began our mountain expeditions. . . . After a visit to Mt. Dauphin, we crossed Mt. Genèvre to Turin, where I examined "k," and thence to Milan, where the Muratorian Canon was duly consulted, and not without fruit. The exterior of the Cathedral was as ugly as I thought it must be. The interior I thought overwhelmingly grand. I can see it now in the solemn majesty of its golden light. The ghost of Leonardo's "Last Supper" was hardly less affecting; hardly less the open graves of Sts. Gervasius and Protasius, so full of memories of Ambrose and Augustine. . . . But above all that was grand and lovely the memories of the Grande Chartreuse and La Salette are the most vivid. Of these we must talk when we meet, which will be soon, I hope.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

On his return to England he wrote a paper on the subject of La Salette, which I have quoted above. He had fully intended to publish this article, but refrained from doing so by Dr. Lightfoot's advice. The Professor feared that the publication of the paper might expose the author to a charge of Mariolatry, and even prejudice his chance of election to a Divinity Professorship at Cambridge. The announcement of the paper's condemnation is thus made to its publisher:—

HARROW, *15th November* 1865.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Dr. Lightfoot thinks, after reading *La Salette* that it might be misunderstood by some persons, and therefore it must be condemned. As it is in type, would it be possible to print off half a dozen copies in the form in which it is? Dr. Lightfoot and Mr. Benson have both asked for copies, and I should be glad to keep one for myself; for the visit taught me much which I would not willingly forget.

The printers are getting on quickly with the Essay, and it is time to fix upon its name. I had thought of "The Gospel of the Resurrection: Thoughts on its relation to Reason and History." A friend suggested that the word "Gospel" might repel many who might otherwise read it, by the suggestion of Sermons. He proposed "Message" instead. What do you think? Or can you suggest anything else? You can calculate far better than I can the possible effect of a title. You will see that I have dealt with nearly all the points which you marked in one way or other; and now I am ready for the remaining sheets if you have looked through them.—Ever yours sincerely, BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

My father's orthodoxy was again called in question two years later. In 1867 he wrote a tract entitled *The Resurrection as a Fact and a Revelation*, the substance of which was derived for the most part from his essay on *The Gospel of the Resurrection*. This tract was accepted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and was already in type, when one of the Society's episcopal referees detected heresy in it. The writer was unable to omit the suspected passage, as he held it to be essential to his argument, and consequently "his valuable pamphlet" was suppressed. In the correspondence connected with this curious suppression my father remarks:—

The objection is one which I could not have anticipated.

It seems to me to belong wholly to the modes of thought of the seventeenth century.

And again :—

The section in question was not written without considerable previous discussion, and it contains a very deliberate judgment which it would be wrong to abandon on a vague charge of liability to misrepresentation. . . . I need not say that I should not cling to what I have written so firmly, if every sentence had not been debated again and again, before the original essay was published, with scholars in whose judgment I could implicitly trust.

Immediately after his return from Lombardy my father settled down to steady holiday work at Herne Bay. Thence also he indited the following poem anent Dr. Benson's hat :—

REQUIESCAT

Ah me! had I the poet's pen
  Which traced the triumphs of the plaid![1]
A nobler theme demands my song,
  A crown and not a robe; but sad
The truth—my rhymes will dull its sheen,
For Herne Bay is not Hippocrene.

A wide-awake, a casque, a hat,
  How shall I name the changeful thing?
Now in this shape, and now in that,
  It bodies some imagining
Of grace or dignity to view,
Chameleon-like in varied hue.

The weight of years is on its brim,
  The light of suns is on its crest;
Its black has mellowed down to brown;
  The outline wavers; for the rest,
Each hue has some instinctive power
To suit the fashion of the hour.

[1] Dr. Benson wrote some verses on the plaid worn by my father on their recent tour. See *Life of Archbishop Benson*, i. 235-37.

Not Rubens had a grander sweep
Of beaver swelling broadly down:
Not Gessler's a more sovereign look
To bear the honours of a crown;
And cunning fingers could not vie
With nature's subtle broidery.

E'en as I write I see it still
Circling the thoughtful artist's brow
With softest forms of wavy shade
Worthy of Tintoret; and now
It stiffens out and seems to say,
"I lead: you follow and obey."

B. F. W.

HERNE BAY, *not* BELLAGIO,
September 1865.

My father's plaid, the original theme which called forth the above response, was indeed a worthy one. On his holiday rambles he invariably wore this plaid round his waist and over his shoulder, and in combination with his wide-awake squeezed in at the sides, and his black cloth gloves, one of which he could never wear, it served to distinguish its wearer on all occasions. In the following lines Dr. Benson most happily describes the wearing of the plaid, and its universal uses:—

Forgive me!—still entwine my waist,
My shoulder climb, descend my chest,
Still 'neath my elbow be embraced
Thy fringe, my plaid!

My Heater still and Freezer be!
My Cushion and my Canopy—
All comfort in Epitome,
My magic plaid!

But yet again we must not forget the schoolmaster, and must pause to pick up some further evidences of work for the school.

Half a century ago the study of Natural Science did not usually receive much attention in schools, but at Harrow boys were even then encouraged by means of periodical examinations to engage in such studies. In the fostering of such pursuits my father took a leading part. In December 1865, at the Headmaster's request, he drew up a scheme for examinations in Natural Science. In a letter explanatory of the scheme he says :—

The arrangement is designed to cover a period of three years, in the course of which time it is hoped that a boy may have an opportunity of bringing out successfully any special taste which he possesses for any branch of Natural Science. In order to give a definite reality to the scheme, the names of several masters are tentatively attached to subjects which, it is hoped, they may be willing to undertake. The success of the scheme must depend upon the co-operation of as large a number of our body as possible, and it is expected that the distinct assignment of subjects may give life and efficiency to the examination. Hitherto the difficulty which has been experienced in the selection of proper text-books has been a serious hindrance to the good working of the examinations. To meet this difficulty it is proposed that the announcement of each subject shall be accompanied by a full syllabus of the details of the subject to which the examination will be confined, with general references to the best sources from which information upon them may be gained. Each master who undertakes a subject will, it is hoped, hold himself responsible for the composition of the syllabus which relates to it, and also be willing to offer suggestions, and render help to candidates preparing for examination in his particular subject.

. . . . . .

The desultory system which has been followed up to the present time has, we must all feel, produced many good results, and it cannot be doubted that the object which the examinations are designed to gain is worthy of a combined and definite effort.

It should be added that the subject for which my father proposed to make himself responsible was the Classification and Distribution of Plants, including outlines of the Fossil Flora. Structural Botany was undertaken by Mr. F. W. Farrar.

Remembering how in his later years my father won some renown as a peacemaker, it is interesting to be reminded of his earlier efforts in the same direction. A friend [1] writes to say :—

> I well recollect how, on more than one occasion, after calling over (bill), he came down to the "milling ground" and tried to stop the fighting, and to make peace between the combatants. His efforts were not always attended with success, however, but I think in the end helped to bring about the discontinuance of fighting, which was afterwards forbidden by the school authorities.

It must not, however, be supposed that he was altogether opposed to all fighting: I believe that he would even advise boys, whose differences appeared not to admit of settlement, to "have it out."

In 1866 my father devoted his Easter holidays to an essay on the Myths of Plato, and his summer holidays to an essay on the Greek dramatist Æschylus. Both these essays were published in the *Contemporary Review* in the course of that year. In the following year he wrote a third essay on the Greek dramatist Euripides, which also appeared in the *Contemporary*. The two letters which follow are connected with the earlier essays [2] :—

[1] Mr. A. Garfit, West Hill House, Lincoln.

[2] These three essays were republished with others in *Religious Thought in the West*. Macmillan, 1891.

To Professor Lightfoot

Harrow, 8*th May* 1866.

. . . A proof of my holiday work on Myths has come, and I shall be very glad if you will glance your eye at the remarks, lest I should unconsciously have become a pagan or platonist, or anything else which I ought not to be. You see it is a very serious matter to take charge of any one's reputation for orthodoxy. I know no Platonic friend who could at a glance tell me if I have erred in my estimate of the Myths themselves. I feel very strongly that I am in the main right. . . .

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Llanfairfechan, 31*st August* 1866.

. . . My reading has been wholly confined to Æschylus and Browning. Of the latter I had read almost nothing before, and he is therefore harder than Æschylus, but more rewarding. Æschylus more and more stands out to me as "the law" for the pagan world. Plato was a prophet. I am sure that the popular notions about the Æschylean fate could never have gained currency, if we had not lost practically what he dwells on, a sense of sin as a moral force. I have been putting down my thoughts on paper, perhaps as a companion article to the Myths. People commonly do not know in the least what classical literature and theology are, and it is worth while trying, however feebly, to help them to know, even at a sacrifice. . . . Our botany has been meagre as yet, but Lightfoot and I propose to go over the botanic formation, which is, I see, on the geological map marked out clearly by a belt of "calcareo-arenaceous ashes." . . .

In connexion with these essays on the "prophetic masters of the West," which were but a fragment of a design "formed very early in life" by their writer, I am tempted to quote the following words of Canon A. S. Farrar[1]:—

[1] Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham.

I do not think that he (*sc.* Bishop Westcott) has been sufficiently estimated as the *literary man*. All allow that he had great gifts from nature, immense brain-power and originality of mind; and that he became the great scholar; but because he devoted these gifts mainly to the Church and theological learning, there is a danger of our forgetting that he showed such literary powers, as scholar and critic, that he might have shone as a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of literary writers. One of his books which proves this is his *Religious Thought in the West*, an early effort, which, it is true, he turns to a theological use, as he gives a comparative study of some of the poets and thinkers of the world; but in which I should select his sketches of Æschylus and Euripides as masterpieces of suggestive criticism and depth of literary insight. But he laid his great literary gifts at the foot of the Cross; and accordingly we have to watch this literary development under this more limited aspect.[1]

During 1867 my father was much occupied with Comte and Positivism. He wrote an article entitled "Aspects of Positivism in relation to Christianity," which originally appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, but has since been added as an appendix to his *Gospel of the Resurrection*. About the same time he was labouring to complete his *History of the English Bible*, which was published in 1868. In the preface to this work he says, "In the following Essay I have endeavoured to call attention to some points in the history of the English Bible which have been strangely neglected. . . . As far as I know, no systematic inquiry into the internal history of our Authorised Version has yet been made, and still no problem can offer greater scope for fruitful research." In the course of this book the author had occasion to expose "serious historical inaccuracies into which historians of repute

[1] Sermon preached in Durham Cathedral on 3rd November 1901.

have fallen." It is curious to note that at the time some reviewers were apt to scoff at the writer for "falling foul" of these distinguished persons. On the other hand, one of the historians in question frankly wrote: "I found that in five points out of six he was indisputably right, and in the last edition of my work I have made all necessary corrections." In consideration of this action my father withdrew an appendix which he had written dealing with the historical inaccuracies. I merely mention my father's courteous attitude on this occasion to illustrate the truth that, to quote another's words, "Dr. Westcott's love of truth and accuracy, which I know is pure and deep, has no venom about it." This *History of the English Bible* has for many years been out of print, although frequent endeavours have been made to prepare a new edition of it.[1]

In the later years of his Harrow residence my father was very full of the idea of a "Cœnobium."[2] Every form of luxury was to him abhorrent, and he viewed with alarm the increasing tendency amongst all classes of society to encourage extravagant display and wasteful self-indulgence. His own extreme simplicity of life is well known to all his friends. He could never to the end of his life reconcile himself to dining late. When circumstances compelled him so to do, he practically went without a meal. For spiritual and intellectual advancement he believed a life of earnest self-discipline to be essential. He looked to the family and not the individual for the exhibition of the simple life. His views upon this subject are accessible to all

[1] I am glad to be able to add that Mr. Aldis Wright is at the present time kindly preparing a revised edition of this book.

[2] Community life.

who care to study them. I only wish to put it on record that he was very much in earnest in this matter, and felt that he had not done all he might have for its furtherance.

The following extracts will give some idea of what the "Cœnobium" was intended to be:—

It would consist primarily of an association of families, bound together by common principles of living, of work, of devotion, subject during the time of voluntary co-operation to central control, and united by definite obligations. Such a corporate life would be best realised under the conditions of collegiate union with hall and schools and chapel, with a common income, though not common property, and an organised government; but the sense of fellowship and the power of sympathy, though they would be largely developed by these, would yet remain vigorous whenever and in whatever form combination in the furtherance of the general ends was possible. Indeed, complete isolation from the mass of society would defeat the very objects of the institution. These objects—the conquest of luxury, the disciplining of intellectual labour, the consecration of every fragment of life by religious exercises—would be expressed in a threefold obligation: an obligation to poverty, an obligation to study, an obligation to devotion.

. . . . .

An organisation of families might place openly before all a noble type of domestic life; not so costly as to be beyond the aspirations of the poor; not so sordid as to be destructive of simple refinement; strong by the confession of sympathy; expansive by the force of example.

My own recollections of the Cœnobium are very vivid. Whenever we children showed signs of greediness or other selfishness, we were assured that such things would be unheard of in the Cœnobium. There the greedy would have no second portions of desirable puddings. We should not there be allowed a choice

of meats, but should be constrained to take that which was judged to be best for us. We viewed the establishment of the Cœnobium with gloomy apprehension, not quite sure whether it was within the bounds of practical politics or not. I was myself inclined to believe that it really was coming, and that we, with the Bensons (maybe) and Horts and a few other families, would find ourselves living a community life. I remember confiding to a younger brother that I had overheard some conversation which convinced me that the Cœnobium was an event of the immediate future, and that a site had been selected for it in Northamptonshire. I even pointed out Peterborough on the map.

The following letters to Dr. Benson treat of this subject :—

HARROW, 24*th November* 1868.

My dear Benson—Alas! I feel most deeply that I ought not to speak one word about the Cœnobium. One seems to be entangled in the affairs of life. The work must be for those who have a fresh life to give. Yet sometimes I think that I have been faithless to a call which might have grown distinct if I had listened.

To-day we have the edifying spectacle of the formation of the British Parliament by omnibuses, ribbons, and placards. The voters are merely an appendage. It is a sight to make one weep bitter tears. How can we reach to the good below?—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

HARROW, 21*st March* 1870.

. . . The paper on the Cœnobium will appear, I think, in the next number of the *Contemporary*. It was a trial to me not to send it to you and Lightfoot and Wordsworth for criticism, but on the whole I thought it best to venture for myself, and speak simply what I feel. If anything is to come of the idea it will be handled variously, and something is gained even by incompleteness. On the true reconciliation

of classes I have said a few words which are, I hope, intelligible. In speaking at Zion College at the end of the discussion, I dwelt on this aspect of the work at more length. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

In October 1868 my father received a letter from Dr. Magee, Dean of Cork and Bishop-designate of Peterborough, asking him to accept the office of Examining Chaplain in the diocese of Peterborough. In this letter Dr. Magee says: "Although personally unknown to you, I have for some years enjoyed the pleasure and advantage of a knowledge of your theological writings." It is surely remarkable that my father's first offer of any sort of ecclesiastical preferment should have come at last from one who was a stranger to him, and not a member of either of the great English Universities. It is true that some years before he had been suggested by Dean Stanley to Bishop Tait as a suitable person for a similar appointment.[1] That suggestion, however, was made in 1856, and did not bear fruit; so it remained for Bishop Magee, twelve years later, to offer my father the first recognition of his eminent services to the Church. In December of the same year Bishop Magee offered him a Canonry in Peterborough Cathedral, vacant through the death of Canon James. The offer reached him on Christmas Day, and four days later he accepted it. The following letters indicate something of what he felt at the time:—

TO THE REV. E. W. BENSON

HARROW, 31*st December* 1868.

My dear Benson—It was on Christmas morning, and I too on that day, which most rarely happens, was celebrant at

[1] *Life of Archbishop Tait*, i. 207.

Holy Communion. If only I could do anything to make the truths so expressed more felt by myself and others!

You will not forget me in the Litany—"Illuminate." It seems a very grave matter to choose deliberately a life of study, if strength be given. The Cœnobium comes at least one step nearer.

Every New Year's greeting! Just now I am waiting to be summoned to Peterborough to be installed.

Kindest wishes to all your party, and truest thanks for your prayers and benediction.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

HARROW, 31*st December* 1868.

My dear Hort—The week which I had designed for quiet was occupied by most anxious cares. I believe that I have done right in accepting the Canonry, though I cannot yet clearly see my way to providing for our boys' education. At least, however, I do sincerely trust that I have simply desired to do what was right irrespective of consequences, and the last two years seem to have tried my health very severely. Perhaps I fear a collapse to idleness when the pressure is once removed. You will not forget me.

At present I have done literally nothing these holidays, and if I can I intend to get a few days' idleness, but in the meantime I expect to be summoned to Peterborough, and then must go to Cambridge. Excitement is even more trying than work, and the kindness of friends quite overwhelms me, for I shall only disappoint them. Yet by God's blessing we can help one another.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To his Wife

THE PALACE, PETERBOROUGH,
20*th February* 1869.

. . . I cannot write more than one line. A whole paper remains to be looked over, and the dinner bell will ring in a

minute or two. The day has been absorbingly busy and full of interest. I have examined, climbed among the rafters of the Cathedral roof like (a monkey or) a carpenter, to consider repairs, looked at the plans for our house, made calls, talked, talked, talked, and now hope to listen. I am no less hopeful than I was. There is a great work to be done, and it may be given to me to do a fragment of it. The Bishop is most kind, and I am sure that he will consider everything most favourably. But I must say no more. You will be with us in thought to-morrow. Perhaps that is the most real presence. Comtism, you see, will come out.—Ever, my dearest Mary, your most affectionate

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

When leaving Harrow my father expressed a wish that there should be no farewell presentation, or any sort of demonstration in his honour. He expressed this wish in a letter to his friend and colleague, the Rev. F. Rendall, who subsequently wrote to ask whether he would consent to publish a volume of his sermons preached in the school chapel. Mr. Rendall says :—

We should much prize them as a personal recollection of the past, and as a means of keeping alive here in days to come something of the spirit you have infused into so many here. . . . We did not adopt any formal resolution from our sympathy with your dislike of any such ostentatious exhibition of feeling. Will you accept this informal intimation of our wishes as a genuine and spontaneous expression of opinion on the part of the mass of your colleagues, that such a volume will be at once useful and welcome, not merely to dear friends who may recall in the written word some familiar accents of a much-loved voice, but to many more who may thus be quickened to an intenser interest in the Church's work?

My father, who had some years previously seriously entertained a similar request from Dr. Vaughan, appears

to have taken some steps towards compliance with his colleagues' desire ; for he wrote to Mr. Macmillan : "I think on leaving Harrow, if all be well, of putting together a few sermons harmonious in scope with the Commemoration Sermon, as 'Encouragements to Christian Thought,' or something of the kind. As soon as I have time to look over them and arrange them, I will send them to you." The requisite leisure, however, seems not to have been forthcoming.

The school monitors, however, were able to approach him with the following address, written on a simple sheet of notepaper :—

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott,
Canon of Peterborough Cathedral

We, the undersigned, monitors of Harrow School, beg you to accept this address as a token, however imperfect, and however inadequate, of our feelings towards you, now that you have at length left us, to perform other duties. Others might well express their gratitude for the earnest interest, the untiring zeal, and the fearless consistency with which, as a House Master, you have striven to promote the best interests of our school ; but we have another debt to acknowledge, which is more peculiarly our own, and cannot suffer you to depart without endeavouring thus to show our gratitude for the teaching and instruction that we have so long received from you. We feel heartily, even though we express imperfectly, and perhaps appreciate insufficiently, the greatness of this boon. But at least through your influence some new hopes have been aroused, some new desires kindled, and some new thoughts engendered, which will in the appointed time bear fruit.

It is, indeed, great matter of satisfaction that you have remained with us so long ; and on your now leaving Harrow we wish you most sincerely all happiness and all success in the new labours which you have undertaken ; and we can

only express a hope that you may always win the same respectful admiration, the same heartfelt esteem, and the same affectionate love which you have left behind in the hearts of all who knew you here.

GERALD H. RENDALL.
CHARLES W. WALKER.
HAROLD CARLISLE.
EDWARD S. PRIOR.
S. FRANKLAND HOOD.
CHARLES G. O. BRIDGEMAN.
A. J. EVANS.
CHARLES GORE.
CHARLES J. TYAS.
RALPH MILBANKE.
MARSHAM F. ARGLES.
WALTER W. STRICKLAND.
CHARLES HADDOCK.
FRANCIS M. BALFOUR.
CHARLES J. LONGMAN.

Some of his pupils, moreover, were determined that he should have with him in the years to come some tangible proof of their feelings towards him. They contrived, therefore, to circumvent his resolve in so far as to send him, without a word of warning, a valuable gift of books. I well remember their arrival at our Peterborough home, and my father's delighted consternation as we children came staggering in bearing massive folio volumes of Walton's *Polyglot*, Dugdale's *Monasticon*, *Sacrosancta Concilia*, and other precious works.

To the kind donors he replied :—

PETERBOROUGH, *29th December* 1870.

My dear Pelham [1]—You will, I think, understand in some degree how impossible it is for me to express what I feel at the sight of the magnificent library—for it is no less—with which my Harrow friends have equipped me for fresh labour. No one could receive a greater or more welcome encouragement in the prospect of a charge, which seems on a nearer approach almost overwhelming, than this which I owe to

[1] Now President of Trinity College, and Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford.

those to whom I owe much besides; not a greater one, for you have placed my new work in close and permanent connexion with the old, which, with all its anxieties and trials, was yet crowned with a fulness of joy; not a more welcome one, for I shall now enter on a fresh and harder duty of teaching with the clear assurance that I am supported by the sympathy of very many who know well what I need, and how only the task set before me can be accomplished.

Of all the lessons of my Harrow life no one has struck me more than that which, I believe, we all learnt together—I mean the marvellous power of effort directed to a definite end steadily and faithfully; and now nothing gives me greater delight than to see those who were once my pupils finding in various offices of life the great reward of work with an aim. This delight, too, is the more intense, because, as you know, I believe that England and our English Church are called at present to a service than which no nation and no church has ever had a greater to render to Right and Truth. We have seen faintly, it may be, and yet with absolute conviction, that freedom and obedience to Law, Truth, and Light are in the highest forms identical; and you and those who work with you will have to make these noble results practically clear in dealing with the political and religious problems of our time. May God give you strength and wisdom to do it! "We know what we have believed."

How far I seem to have wandered from the purpose of my note, and yet you will see how naturally such thoughts flow from the very titles of the books with which you have enriched me. The choice you have made shows that you feel that in Theology there are two great subjects at present of paramount importance—the critical study of the sacred text and the critical study of the records of ecclesiastical history. And this which is true of Theology is true in some sense of all higher work now. The idea of unity in manifold life is that to which the most independent results are tending, and so gradually we come nearer to the end which St. Paul has set before us, ὁ Θεὸς τὰ πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν.[1]

But how can I thank you, and those in whose behalf you

[1] God all in all.

write? Nay, I will not even attempt to do so. As you have opportunity, will you simply say with what joy and gratitude I shall henceforth see old friends ever, as it were, present with me in my work, and find in the silent books pledges of silent help by which they will support me, and—dare I add?—I them, in service offered to one great cause in one supreme hope.

With every wish of Christmas for you and all our common friends, believe me to be ever, my dear Pelham, yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

The present Master of Trinity, under whom, as Headmaster of the School, my father served for the last nine years of his Harrow work, has been able to add a Master's estimate to that of pupils of my father's services to the School. With this testimony we may appropriately conclude the record of this period of his life. Dr. Butler writes:—

You have kindly asked me to give you some impressions as to your father's work and influence at Harrow. This duty you will allow me to try to discharge by a letter to yourself rather than by any more formal paper. I cannot find it in my heart to attempt to criticise the life of so great a man and so dear a friend, even during that part of it when he was but little known to the world at large. The years to which my words will refer are, speaking roughly, from 1860 to 1870.

It was, as you know, in 1852 that, at Dr. Vaughan's invitation, he went to Harrow. You will doubtless have testimony as to the singular hold which he obtained almost from the first upon certain boys of exceptional intellect. Of this I heard at the time, and have heard since, but my own recollections begin with January 1860, when I succeeded Dr. Vaughan as Headmaster.

At that time Mr. Westcott, not yet thirty-five years of age, held a very peculiar position at Harrow. He was little known in the School at large. He was not a Form Master. He had no "Large House" to administer. His voice was not yet a

force in the chapel. It reached but a few, and it was understood by still fewer. But even then he had at least two spheres of influence—his own pupils on the one hand, and the Masters on the other. With a "Small House" of some seven boarders, several of them very able, and with a pupil-room of some thirty-three boys drawn from the Headmaster's House, the home boarders, and some other quarters, he had an opportunity of creating, as it were, a Tenth Legion of his own. He founded, and more or less organised, a succession of boys who loved him for his kindness and sympathy, believed in him for his vast and varied knowledge, and might hope some day to understand more fully this attractive and stimulating but rather mysterious friend.

As to the Masters, it would, of course, be impossible for me, or indeed for any one else, to speak for them as a body. Some, I think, regarded him rather as a dreamer and a recluse, whose element was books not boys, but there was a feeling among us all that we had with us a man of genius, a really great scholar, an original thinker, a rising and genuine theologian. With some of the Masters, especially the younger men, the feeling was far, very far, in advance of this. We saw in him a very dear friend, a wise counsellor, a man who, on almost every subject of intellectual interest, had fresh and awakening thoughts, and whose ideal of life, personal and professional, was noble, simple, and self-sacrificing. We were somewhat amused by what we heard from time to time as to his difficulties in maintaining discipline, in spite of his boundless personal courage; but we saw that if he lacked some of the lower gifts, which the most commonplace subaltern can exercise in the classroom or on the parade ground, he possessed in the highest degree the greater gifts which make a man first impressive and then a leader.

At the same time, we were not prophets. I doubt if, even among those who loved him best and most fully recognised his intellectual and spiritual greatness, there were any who foresaw his future eminence, I will not say as a writer and thinker, but as a speaker, a preacher, and a ruler. He scarcely ever preached at Harrow except about once a term in our school chapel, and scarcely ever spoke at any meeting,

literary or religious, though we had frequent meetings in aid of some of the great societies—the Church Missionary, the Propagation of the Gospel, the British and Foreign Bible—all of which in later years were proud to secure his advocacy and to acknowledge his quite unique services.

Even at our "Masters' Meetings," held once a week at about 10 P.M., he very rarely spoke. I see him now, as a few loving survivors may still see him, his hand over his brow—with a suggestion sometimes of shrinking and almost of pain, his whole figure bowed and subdued, as if he apprehended the utterance of some crude paradox or some blatant platitude. When he did speak upon any of the grave questions that came before us, religious, educational, disciplinary, sanitary, his opinion was given in the fewest words and the quietest of tones, recalling some principle which he thought had been neglected, and apart from which he grew impatient of details. His utterances, rare as they were, were received with marked respect. There was more of the oracle in him than in any other member of our exceptionally distinguished staff.

Once, when he had been quite silent on an important occasion, I ventured to write privately a few words of affectionate protest, assuring him of the very high value which I personally set on his opinions, and my belief that their expression would be profitable for us all. This drew from him a very beautiful and characteristic reply, which I cannot have destroyed, and yet unfortunately I cannot find it among the many letters from him, which I always carefully preserved. Its purport was that he knew how to obey, and that possibly he might some day know how to rule, but that, as a counsellor acting with a large body of colleagues, he preferred generally to offer no advice on matters for which he was not directly responsible. The hint, most modestly and gracefully expressed, that he might possibly some day be called to rule, startled and greatly pleased me at the time, and I often thought of it afterwards as he gradually rose to high posts in the University and the Church. I do not think that I have ever before mentioned this to any one.

The most critical period in his Harrow life, so far as I can

judge, was when, on the death of Mr. Oxenham, at the end of 1863, he succeeded to the charge of his "Large House," bringing with him the few but very distinguished members of his own existing "Small House," that is, some seven or eight boys.

From that time till he received his summons to Peterborough he became a real power in the School. His House was from the first pre-eminent for its intellectual and general vigour, and no small part of this result was due to the inspiration of the new Master.

You will doubtless have testimonies from some of those able pupils who were then fortunate enough to share his fullest confidence. They well know that no influence then brought to bear upon them, intellectual or spiritual, could compare with his. But they will also, I doubt not, bear witness to the lighter as well as the graver side of his rich character. No learned man was ever less of a pedant. No great student of books could be more genial and even playful. As an instance of this, I may be allowed to tell a little story.

One characteristic and novel feature of his life in his new house was the sympathy which he showed with Mr. John Farmer, who was then just venturing on that bold enterprise in "House Singing" which, with Mr. Bowen's all-powerful assistance and the generous help of others, was destined to lead to such delightful results. Your father was one of the very first to write for school use some Latin songs, of which "Io Triumphe" became the most famous. This kind service was highly appreciated by Mr. Farmer, by the House, and by the School at large. But one audacious and short-lived libel was linked with it. Rumour whispered that a leading boy in the House, devoted almost beyond others to his beloved master, when shown by the gleeful musician the first draft of "Io Triumphe," observed, with pain, "Surely there is a false quantity in that line." Mr. Farmer, in helpless amazement, carried it back to its learned author, and deferentially suggested the alleged slip. The suggestion was first received with indignant horror, till in a few moments the trick of the wicked pupil was seen through, and condoned in a burst of laughter.

To return from this little digression, which his gentle

shade would pardon, I may be allowed, and perhaps even expected, to say a few words on my own relations with your dear father. As to these, I can never speak or think too gratefully or too reverently. Coming as a very young man from Trinity in 1860, I knew the great name which he had left in our College, and also the hold which he had acquired on the affection of Dr. Vaughan and on some of my most intimate Cambridge friends, such as Hort and Lightfoot and Benson.

I was, therefore, prepared from the outset to recognise the rare quality of his genius, and to minimise his deficiencies in dealing with the rougher and more commonplace aspects of boy life at a great public school. The special professional bond between us was what I had inherited from Dr. Vaughan. He helped me in looking over the Composition of a large part of the highest Form. He also took one lesson with the Sixth Form on Saturdays, and it was understood that he would supply my place in Form if ever I was called away. But these occasions were rare. It was in connexion with the Composition, always most carefully and ably corrected, that I saw most of his work.

But, apart from this, he was in many directions the friend whom I consulted most where special knowledge or delicate taste and feeling were required. If a programme was to be drawn up of the subjects to be prepared for new prizes—say, for Scriptural Knowledge or for Knowledge of European History and English Literature; if I had to write some inscription in prose or verse for a Memorial Tablet, or for a medal, or for a series of books; or, again, if any question arose as to the origin or exact meaning of some passage in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, it was to him, in my first ten years of office, that I constantly referred for advice, knowing that his replies would give me the maximum both of fulness and of accuracy. He never spared himself trouble in framing these replies, whether in Term time or in the holidays.

No sketch of his later time at Harrow would be even approximately adequate which failed to mention the two noteworthy sermons which he preached in our chapel in

1866 and 1868. They were entitled *Crises in the History of the Church* and *Disciplined Life*. These he was induced to print, though not, at the time, to publish. They brought before us all, young and old, those larger issues of the Christian life, past and present, on which his own gaze was becoming more and more wistfully fixed. Their very unlikeness to the average sermon, "school" or otherwise, was refreshing. They were essentially a "study"—a study of life, a study of man as a God-taught being in many ages, a study of society, a study of the Lord Jesus Christ. Like all such "studies" by first-rate men, they had a voice for those who had ears to hear, whether many or few.

Among the most eager of his hearers, during at least his later months among us, were not the Masters only, or perhaps chiefly—though we were by this time all proud of him—but some of his own most attached pupils. His physical voice had not yet acquired the strength which it gained gradually, and in the most marked and even startling manner, at Peterborough, at Cambridge, and at Westminster; but it was already stronger than it had been at first, and less of a strained whisper. The fire, which had always lain in it, was more visible. The effort to listen had become with many an opportunity and a pleasure.

I can never forget the mingled feelings with which we heard, in December 1868, that he was shortly to leave us. The summons from Bishop Magee to become his Examining Chaplain at Peterborough was not yet accompanied even by a Canonry. To accept it was a true "venture of faith." But he never hesitated. He felt that a new life, and on a larger scale, had begun, and that he was henceforth a public servant of the Church and the country.

Judging from the letters which he then wrote to me respecting the time of his departure from Harrow and the necessary preparations for it, I cannot doubt that you will detect in all his correspondence at that critical time a new tone and a new manner—something of the explorer, and, if I may so say, the apostolic "adventurer" and the conscious prophet—something like the tone of J. H. Newman at Rome, at Palermo, and on the home journey from Sicily in 1833, of

which he wrote long after, "I began to think that I had a mission." "I have a work to do in England."[1]

Yes, your father seemed to know that he had a distinct call to a fresh life. The call was certain. The life was doubtful. But he had only to obey, and he did obey with unfaltering trust.

And here I must close these most imperfect records. His departure from Harrow was felt by all of us as leaving a void which none could fill. When, some sixteen years after, I rejoined him at Trinity, I found him, in spiritual things, the acknowledged leader of the University, the inspirer of societies, the chief speaker at every religious or educational gathering, the preacher to whose voice and thoughts no hearer listened unmoved. But of this, and of Durham, and of the glorious end, I have no right to speak. His farewell sermon on "Life" at our Trinity Commemoration, on 11th December 1901, is my latest recollection of him, and seems to link together all his noble life—youth and age; school and college; Harrow, Peterborough, Cambridge, Westminster, Durham. No man had ever a better right to use the words with which he then took leave of us: "The world is ruled by great ideals: the soul responds to them. If they are neglected or forgotten, they reassert themselves, and in this sense truth prevails at last. Without an ideal there can be no continuity in life: with it even failures become lessons."

The following are letters belonging to this period, 1862-1869:—

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Harrow, 12*th February* 1862.

I thank you most heartily for the very interesting autographs which have just reached me. That of Holman Hunt is one which I specially coveted, for he seems to me to be a man

[1] *Apologia pro Vita sua*, p. 99, end of Part iv.

who stands far, very far in advance of all our English artists as well in power as in moral character, if at least I read his pictures rightly.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden

Moseley, *2nd May* 1862.

My dear Frederic—Yesterday I returned from a six days' wandering with my father from Hereford to Gloucester down the Wye. The weather was delightful, and we enjoyed the little tour extremely. I have seen Tintern several times before, but it never appeared so beautiful as in its spring dress in the early morning. The dewy freshness of the lights and shadows completed a picture which is almost perfect in outline. For once I was fairly shamed into not sketching. Years ago I had no such feeling, but on Wednesday I shrank from attempting to carry away in brown any impression of a beauty which was really infinite. I was glad to hear your impressions of the Bishop of Manchester. My own have been derived from different sources, and I suppose that various occurrences have interrupted my old cordiality. Perhaps I may think that I have personally some cause for complaint, but I am not sure that it is so, and I only say this that you may not attach any weight to the adverse judgment which I am forced to form of the Bishop's conduct. His whole career as a bishop seems to me to have been one series of disasters. But his language about *Essays and Reviews* roused my indignation beyond expression. On this subject at least I can judge for myself how far he has any right to give expression to such an opinion in such a manner. But while I cannot agree with you, I can indeed rejoice that you see things very differently. It would be sad indeed if we are to believe that there is no good except the good which we ourselves see and prize, and I know that there is very, very much which I do not value rightly. Unfairness in others almost makes me blind to their excellences.

You will come up to the Exhibition, I suppose, and if so we shall hope to see you with us. There are yet nooks in

the house unoccupied, and we trust that Alder may come too.—With kindest remembrances, ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

DOVERCOURT, *3rd Aug.* 1861.

My dear Davies—It has not been forgetfulness or want of interest which has so long delayed my thanks for your welcome present of your essay on *The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven*. You would anticipate with how much pleasure I should read it, and with what hearty assent I should receive all your positive teaching. It struck me, however, that you did not (I do not know who does) fairly face the question of the Resurrection as a miracle. This fact, unless I am mistaken, is the very centre of the Apostolic teaching, and I am particularly anxious to get it placed in that light. The discussion of other miracles seems to be subordinate to that, and I do not see any objections to which the "lesser" miracles are liable which do not lie against it: while conversely the relation of the Resurrection to the whole economy of Christianity seems to me to furnish the true explanation of the meaning of the other miracles.

This subject has occupied a great deal of my thought—as far as I have been able to think lately—the more so as in all the miserable disputes about *Essays and Reviews* it seems to have been lost sight of, and I should be very glad to know if you agree with me both as to the importance of the question and as to the popular treatment of it.

We are staying at a singularly quiet little place, which seems, however, to be cheerful and bracing. Bright gleams of sunshine are coming over the sea as I write, and to watch the endless changes of colour is pleasure enough for a month's holiday. Meanwhile the Volunteers exercise themselves with artillery practice, and just opposite is a fort from which comes sounds of rifles from time to time, lest we should fancy that we have reached the reign of perpetual peace.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, *7th May* 1862.

. . . Generally, indeed, I feel very great repugnance to the whole work of revision. I do not see my way to a positive result nearly so clearly as I once did. Perhaps I think that the result of labour is wholly unequal to the cost, and indeed too often worthless. It is impossible to treat the Text mechanically, and equally impossible to enter as one could wish into the subtle points of interpretation which often arise. I cannot express to you the positive dislike—I want a stronger term—with which I look on all details of spelling and breathing and form. How you will despise me! but I make the frank confession nevertheless, and am quite prepared to abide by it.

Harrow, *8th December* 1862.

My dear Hort—The residuary difficulties must remain for the present. We have evidently come to fixed points, and for Lightfoot's purpose absolute agreement is unnecessary.

Very many thanks for your pencillings. Several points, as you would notice, will be modified by the new light which I seem to have gained since the article was printed—on the groups of MSS. in the Gospels at least. I can think of no good heading instead of "Mixed," but certainly shall not let this stand. Practically I believe that "Western" will prove right with the subdivisions Gallic and Irish, but I dare not yet state this. I intend to arrange such collations as I shall make in an interleaved Cod. Amiat. This will bring out, I am satisfied, most clearly the families of other MSS. It is obvious that Amiat. is only one of a large family agreeing almost literally together, and thus forming a complete Hieronymian standard. . . . On Wednesday and Thursday I hope to have two good days with Bentley at the British Museum, and on Friday a day at Cambridge. Having done this, I shall see my way more clearly. . . .

To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot

Harrow, 26*th May* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—I am quite prepared to yield to your advice, and in such a matter would far rather trust your judgment than my own. Yet it seems too late. It occurred to me that if I did not come forward you would, and that would be at least as good and more certain. However, I have written to Jeremie asking him to fix 9th June for the act. We have a holiday on that day, and I could come up without any very great difficulty. He has chosen the thesis which I like least, for it is worn thoroughly threadbare long ago: "Testamentum Vetus Novo non contrarium est." When I hear from him again I will ask you to publish the notice for me. No harm at least can be done by the exercise. At present I do not know who the Council are, so that I am in the dark as to my prospect. Dr. Vaughan comes here on Tuesday, and I shall talk the matter over with him.—Ever yours,

B. F. Westcott.

Harrow, 15*th June* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—What a strange activity there seems to be among the publishers! I had made no definite promise to Rivington, but said that my share in the work would depend in a great measure upon you; yet, as you would see from my note, I do feel anxious that we should undertake the task together, however arduous it may undoubtedly be. I have less faith in the "Episcopal" Commentary than in Dr. Pusey's, if indeed they are different. Of —— I know nothing, except what Ewald says of him in a review of the Dictionary. But at least I am satisfied that such a Commentary, to be useful, should be by men who are not officially committed; and my faith is in young men who have grown up with us. As for Rivington's plan, it is at present in a very unformed shape, as far as I can learn, and I can imagine that he would leave the arrangement of the whole to his editors. It is at least evident that you would have far more

freedom than with a Committee (even shadowy) in the background. Fancy —— on Biblical Criticism!

The appearance of rivalry is that which troubles me most, yet I do not see how it can be wholly avoided. Evidently the work will cost much to those who direct it. It is easy to foresee much reproach and very little credit; yet if we can write I am sufficiently sanguine to hope that we might do something not without use. On the other hand, I see comparatively little prospect of good service to the whole cause in doing a part only of a Commentary under guidance and general superintendence. Thus again I fall back upon my old arguments. If we see a fair hope of shaping an honest and reverent Commentary I think that we are really bound not to shrink from the labour. If men fail us when we make the effort, then we can retire. If we can find men for the work, then I would gladly venture all ἐπαγωνιζόμενος τῇ ἀληθείᾳ. If, however, you fail—*absit omen*—my heart too would fail me, I fear.

I like the appearance of *Galatians* very much, and am delighted to see it. Dare I pledge myself for Hort?—Ever yours affectionately. B. F. Westcott.

Harrow, *2nd July* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—It certainly does seem that we shall have no definite ground to stand upon, if Mr. Cook admits the principle, which would have been in some measure our starting-point. It really seems necessary in some way to explain to Rivington that the ground which we should wish to occupy is occupied. . . .

Harrow, *7th July* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—When I returned home I found a note from Mr. Cook giving a general account of his scheme, and asking me to take part in the O.T. Of course I declined to have anything to do with the O.T., but at the same time I threw out a hint that I might perhaps take an Apokryphal book if they were included; but on the whole I should rather not join. . . .

Rivington wishes for suggestions as to some other work or series of works on Theology which are needed. Do you

not think that a Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Antiquities is greatly wanted? Nothing special has been done since Suicer, and the work is both innocent and might do some good if done well, unless I am mistaken, by English scholars. Have you ever thought of it? But this is perhaps premature. The idea is worth turning over. . . .

28th October 1863.

My dear Lightfoot—I do not feel quite satisfied about Ephesians till I hear that you have taken the Pastoral Epistles. Tell me this, and I shall then feel that I do right in taking the Epistle. . . . However, I shall be very glad to talk this over in Cambridge. For my own part, I cannot begin work till after Christmas, when the "Little Canon" will be off my hands, which I have enjoyed more than anything except the Vulgate.—Ever yours affectionately,

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

HARROW, *2nd July* 1864.

My dear Lightfoot—Of course I don't like any of the title-pages. Would it not be better to place the monogram on the opposite page, where "C. J. Clay" stands? At least it would be well to try the experiment. At present the page looks heavy with the monogram at the bottom; and if it is placed in the middle it violates the sequence. Moreover, "BY" is too large. It ought not to be on the same scale with the name. Do try another title with these alterations. . . . As for my debt, I won't pay it till you come here, and I wish the sum (vain wish!) were larger, that I might have a surer hold upon you. Hort is very anxious to know how the Galatians is progressing. He proposes to advertise the whole Commentary, but I think that it will be better to announce only St. James for him and St. John's Epistles for me. . . .

TO THE REV. F. J. A. HORT

HARROW, *22nd September* [1864].

My dear Hort—It is hopeless: day after day I have been longing to write, but time will not come, and I cannot make

it. The old Cambridge receipt has vanished. . . . My summer was not as fruitful as I had wished; or rather, it was not fruitful in the way I had wished. Dr. Newman's *Apologia* "cut across" it, and opened thoughts which I thought had been sealed for ever. These haunted me like spectres, and left little rest. The Text consequently suffered terribly. It happened that Benson and his family were also at Swanage, so that we had many talks about the Greek Testament, but again and again the old Mediæval Church rose up. No theory which I know fully explains its relation to the Church. When shall we have the historic development of Christianity treated in relation to the Gospel? You will see how distracting such thoughts as these must have been. And now the weight of school seems heavier than ever.

In what position are you with regard to the Synoptists? I can see nothing better than our beginning a common revision as soon as possible. I do not think it is safe for either of us to trust to working alone. . . .

"Grammar" I simply hate. (Have I not often before been as violent?) Sometimes I am inclined to wish that we had treated spelling as Carlyle has treated it, or the editors of Milton. As it is, I should propose to give a general list of the variations in spelling, etc., once for all, with very short remarks, and to disregard all "grammatical" alternatives in the margin. What you say of the reduction of the notes to the smallest possible compass absolutely expresses my wish. Lightfoot has used the Lachmann type; how far, I do not know, and I do not know whether it exists in a small form. Nothing could be better for quotations.

The punctuation should be, of course, as simple as possible. . . .

To the Rev. E. W. Benson

Harrow, 30*th November* 1864.

My dear Benson—How ungrateful you must have thought me for your letter, so full of pleasant memories; and yet, perhaps, you had more charity than to pass an unjust

judgment. This term, in fact, has been full of distractions and business. Since I left Swanage I have ceased to think and read, and scarcely believe that such a time of refreshment was real. But now again the holidays are beginning to be seen through the thick darkness of Examination, which is coming over us. . . . I have done literally nothing (grumbling, I hope, is nothing) all the term. Even *The Guardian* letters on "Inspiration" have failed to move me. Once indeed, for about five minutes, I had serious thoughts of writing to Mr. Lake about Origen, to whom he certainly does not do justice, but the impulse was soon subdued by the pressure of thirty-six boys. But it would be a poor return for your cheerful letter to answer it by complaining. My hammer is buried under a pile of boxing-gloves, which I captured a few weeks ago, but we will trust that it will be disinterred some time. Meanwhile, if you have become a geologist, the summer will not have been badly spent. I long to work again at the Purbecks. . . .

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, *22nd December* 1864.

My dear Benson—We have been in a constant whirl since we left you, or I should have written before to thank you and say once again how heartily we enjoyed our visit to Wellington College. . . . Did I not leave the specimen pages of the Greek Testament on your table? If you see them, may I ask you to send them to me? I wrote to the Bishop of Manchester yesterday, and if I should visit him I should like to take them with me. . . .

MOSELEY, *7th January* 1865.

. . . What I meant to say as to the relation of the Resurrection and the Ascension was simply this, that for us the Ascension is the necessary complement of the Resurrection. We cannot think of the latter historic fact without such a completion. The Ascension belongs to a new order of existence, of which at present we have and can have no idea in itself. It is not, so to speak, in the same line of life with the Resurrection. It becomes real to us now only by the present gift of the Holy Spirit. The Resurrection was the

victory of death and potential entrance to life, but what that life was to which the Ascension was the immediate entrance, is as yet a mystery. However much I may wish to maintain that the Resurrection and the Ascension are both facts, yet I am forced to admit that they are facts wholly different in kind, and for us the historical life of the Lord closes with the last scene on Olivet, though I do not forget the revelations to St. Stephen and St. Paul.

To his Wife

Mauldeth Hall, Manchester
[*January* 1865].

My dearest Mary—I use the episcopal paper for a good omen (?) to make preparation for the preferment of Llan, etc. The dignity will compensate for the smallness. Really my portmanteau is bewitched. I believe a Nixie is in it. Yesterday I watched over it like a dragon, and twice I was on the very point of losing it. It *will* go wrong. If I say Birmingham, the porter insists on Banbury. If I say Stockport, the guard affirms that I say Stafford, and so my journey was one long anxiety. However, it came to an end, and I saw the Bishop on the platform, and soon after the portmanteau on his carriage, and so my troubles were over. Nothing could be kinder than his reception. Mrs. Lee is away, so that we were talking the whole evening of Birmingham, and then of Greek Testament. There was not the slightest loss of power, but every faculty was as fresh and vigorous as ever, and so I could go to school again. To-day the Bishop goes into Manchester, and I shall go with him, and perhaps we may not return till after post time, so that I write this note before breakfast. This morning there is bright sunshine, but I am afraid it will be treacherous. I do hope my little visit may do good. To be alone in this great house seems even to my solitary nature very sad. I must write this evening to the railway people. It is now raining heavily as usual. With love to all, ever your most affectionate Brooke F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, 13*th January* 1865.

My dear Hort—I hope to send to-morrow the last two chapters of St. Matthew. The work grows somewhat easier, I think, as it goes on, but it always brings its characteristic headache. I must have the new Tischendorf. The advertisement which I saw gave me the same idea of the book which you give. His changes show, what is abundantly evident elsewhere, that he really has no very clear ideas about the Text. I am more and more struck with the phenomena of distinct recensions, or whatever else they may be called. But indeed it is very long since D. made me give expression to the belief in the existence of co-existent types of Text at the earliest period to which we can descend. . . . For the rest, my visit to my old master was even more enjoyable than I had ventured to hope. For me he was far more the old master than the Bishop. We avoided modern polemics—at least I did; and on the two subjects on which I ventured to give a decided opinion, the Irish Church and the Court of Appeal, I found consideration, if not entire consent. In conversation I gathered some new traits of Bunsen and Arnold. You can scarcely fancy with what indignation *Tom Brown* was characterised. From what I heard I feel (as you hinted) that the true portrait of Arnold has yet to be drawn. The sterner and stronger features of his imperious nature have yet to be given their true proportions. . . .

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Harrow, 16*th January* 1865.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—On the whole, and after much thought, I have almost decided that it will be best to reprint the *Canon* and the *Introduction* (when it is required) as they are, and uniform. They have a certain coherence and completeness as they are. If a larger book were ever required, I should prefer to take the *Bible in the Church*, and fill it up with references and arguments in detail. But I

doubt very much whether such a book is wanted, and still more whether I should have patience to make it. Dr. Lightfoot strongly urges a simple reprint of the *Canon*, and I am much influenced by his judgment on such a point. . . .

To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot

Harrow, 21*st March* 1865.

My dear Lightfoot—The *Galatians* and your note came together. . . .

The Epistle was a most cheering sight—cheering as my own venture lies far off. The hastiest glance, which is all that I can yet give it, shows me that it will fulfil all our hopes, and need I add more? I do most heartily rejoice that Cambridge sends forth such a book at such a time. May it bring the Church at large rich blessing, and yourself fresh strength and hope.—Ever yours affectionately,

Brooke F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, 10*th January* 1866.

. . . *Ecce Homo* I saw on Lightfoot's table for a few minutes. You will imagine that I felt its defects far more than its merits. I cannot think that any estimate of our Lord's work and person which starts from its ethical aspect can be other than fatally deceptive. This was not that which the Apostles preached, and not this could have conquered the world. I feel more strongly than I dare express that it is this so-called Christian morality as "the sum of the Gospel," which makes Christianity so powerless now.

I am very glad that St. James advances. As for St. John, I have settled in a great measure what I shall try to do. . . .

Harrow, 26*th June* 1866.

My dear Hort—The tidings of your note were not unexpected after what I had heard a day or two since from Mrs. de Morgan. Hitherto we have been spared losses in our family so completely that I feel as if my sympathy

with you must fall short of what it would be if I were better trained in sorrow. In the presence of that great teacher I fancy that common thoughts grow dim, and what seemed clear before is then at last found to be other than we had judged. And yet our little lives do seem to me to be such fragments of the whole even of our life; conscience seems to acquiesce so completely in the sacrifice of them even in war, that it seems as if faith could follow those who leave us with a continuity of love into the unseen, not as into a strange place, but as into a place more truly our own than this. It is very hard to judge in any way rightly what is the worth of this earthly life of ours; and I am sure that we are tempted equally to prize it too highly and too little. The tone of our own Burial Service, or of that wonderful transcription of it in Handel's March, is that which I strive—when I can strive—to reach to. The strain ends with a voice of triumph. So may it be for us! To-morrow we shall think of you. . . .

To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot

Harrow, *24th October* 1866.

My dear Lightfoot—I intend to turn heresy-seeker. *The Churchman* (!) I see praises the book on the Canon as a necessary article in a clergyman's library. It is strange, but all the questionable doctrines which I have ever maintained are in it. Can it be that *The Churchman* has profited by the Æschylean truth? Πάθει μάθος. If there is anything more to be told about Selwyn, may I trust to your information?[1] Here I am quite out of the way of news.—Ever yours,

Brooke F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

8th December 1866.

. . . The account which you give of Mr. Maurice is very pleasant. I have seen no notice of his lecture. We are at

[1] There was a report that Professor Selwyn had accepted the Deanery of Norwich. Had this been the case my father would, by Professor Lightfoot's advice, have been a candidate for the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity.

the beginning of the end now. Ecce signum! "Methought she trod the ground with greater grace" = "Ut decore impressit terram cum plure putavi." Is not that a cheerful result in the Under Sixth? Examinations are not encouraging. . .

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Harrow, 12*th March* 1867.

My dear Davies—I was most glad to receive your Cambridge Sermons,[1] which came most opportunely as a preparation for our School Communion. Such a treatment of the subject is a real service to Truth, and it had the more direct interest for me as I have been spending all my leisure—how little!—for the last nine months on the Comtists. How marvellous that it should be left for them to rediscover some of the simplest teachings of Christianity; scarcely less marvellous than that Mr. Mill should be so profoundly and sincerely ignorant of what Christianity is, and of the religious significance of Comtism, as all he writes upon them both proves him to be. . . . You can hardly fancy how sometimes I long for leisure to speak or think on these things. Doubtless if it came the leisure would be a burden. I do feel that it ought to be impossible for men to misrepresent the fundamental ideas of Christianity, and yet they do on all sides without fear of contradiction or detection. But I must not attempt to write more.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot

(on his declining the Bishopric of Lichfield)

Harrow, 23*rd November* 1867.

My dear Lightfoot—I could have rejoiced at either decision, because I am sure that each would have had its

[1] Three sermons entitled "Morality according to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," afterwards incorporated in *The Gospel and Modern Life*.

blessing. But every hour's consideration convinces me that on the whole, as far as I can see, what has been chosen is likely to be most for the glory of God and the good of His Church. May the work thus doubly made your work be more and more abundantly blessed!—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, *7th December* 1867.

My dear Hort—Your note is an immense relief to me, and I must acknowedge it while I have a few minutes quiet. I had feared that I was quite alone in the advice which I gave Lightfoot, and though I knew that his own heart was his real counsellor, yet I feared that I might perhaps have given a bias in some way to his interpretation of its promptings. I never doubted when I could reflect, and your complete coincidence with the grounds of my conviction removes now all passing misgivings. More and more I am convinced that the work of the Church must be done at the Universities—nay, at Cambridge. It is too late to shape men afterwards, even if they could be reached. Everything forces me into the belief that the only possible organisation of a spiritual power—the paramount want of the time—is there, and that there it is possible. I do most heartily rejoice that you say almost as much. I hope that the Bishop of London knows that you think so. I am afraid that I may have seemed self-willed to him. How much I should have liked to talk of these things, but I must not think of going out this Christmas. My Cambridge engagement is an act of incredible (and irreparable) rashness committed, I suppose, once in a lifetime. Perhaps it is well that I shall have a week's hard work there. My late sorrow has been a strange experience.[1] . . . I will look over the revise in a few days.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

[1] The death of his father.

To Professor Lightfoot

Harrow, *22nd January* 1868.

My dear Lightfoot—Hort tells me to-day that at Joseph Mayor's suggestion he is meditating offering himself for Hulsean Lecturer. I have strongly urged him to do so. It would be an immense gain to him to produce something, and when the plunge is once made he will feel the good which comes from it in many ways. I cannot but hope that you will feel with me, though you are not equally free to speak.

Benson spent Sunday with us. He seemed remarkably well. I tried to make him see the true relative position of Cambridge and Lichfield. He had not realised that the former must be the seat of the spiritual power of the nineteenth century.—Ever yours, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. E. W. Benson

Harrow, *1st February* 1868.

My dear Benson—Very many thanks for your note,[1] which was a real comfort to us. What a noble transformation is figured in that word "sister" in the Burial Service. How easy too in such a case to present the simple type which we have known for a time in an abiding shape. . . .

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, *24th July* 1868.

. . . It is a great relief to me to find that you agree with what I have said about Comtism. Your former note rather alarmed me, and I should have been distressed if we had differed in fundamentals. More and more I wish that you would put on paper your thoughts on the great subject of which you spoke at the beginning of the year. More and more we seem to need to go to the beginnings of things. Those who

[1] Dr. Benson's note of sympathy in the matter of the death of his god-daughter Constance is published in his *Life*, i. 257.

hold the truth seem to hold it irrationally. I can dimly imagine a new way for establishing old beliefs. There is not surely any other complete definition of religion than "the co-ordination of God, man, the world."

On the Irish Church we agree in everything apparently but the conclusion. I could not have signed the petition, because it was used for a purpose with which I have no sympathy. For a State to divest itself of its religion seems to be as sad a spectacle as can be conceived. . . .

To Professor Lightfoot

Harrow, *1st August* 1868.

The *Philippians* came yesterday. I had time only to read the preface and the end, with both of which I agree most heartily. What a pleasure it is to read what one would gladly have written. We don't differ so much as you professed about the Stoics.

The Bibles have nearly crushed me. I am longing to think uninterruptedly about the "spiritual power" which is to be organised at Cambridge. You must come to Langland to be made pontiff.—Ever yours, B. F. Westcott.

To C. Dalrymple, Esq.

Moseley, *8th September* 1868.

. . . What you say of the Irish Church is, I think, most just. Three or four years ago I implored some Conservative friends to press the question upon the party. Nothing was done and now there is chaos. Of the two parts I dread disestablishment more than disendowment. A free Church may be the end towards which we have to work, but at present it would be disaster. The clergy are not educated for government. Disendowment would be an injury to the State (on Platonic principles), but, as I firmly believe, a gain to the Church. But what is "Establishment"? Is there not very strange confusion in the use of the term? To me it simply means legal recognition and legal obligation. It

may be difficult to fix the conditions of recognition; representation in Parliament is certainly *not* one of them—those of obligation are more obvious. I can imagine nothing more deplorable than for a State to *become* without a religion. I should strive, then, to the uttermost to retain a Christian body bound to administer, when called upon, every Christian rite to every subject. This the establishment in Ireland is bound to do, and I see no way of imposing the obligation on any other body. I feel sure that this is the *positive* fact to hold firmly. I wish that we could talk the matter over, for it is one on which I am anxious, and I am impatient of writing when words cannot be explained. If you do come to town before the election time, let me see you.

We have had a delightful holiday with Drs. Lightfoot, Benson, J. Wordsworth, etc., at Caswell Bay, near Swansea.

Kindest remembrances to Lord Bute. — Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE REV. E. W. BENSON

HARROW, *5th November* 1868.

My dear Benson—How heartily I wish that I could accept your kind invitation, but I am groaning this term with most ungrateful vehemence, and can scarcely get through necessary work; but I do look forward to seeing your Bibles, which I envy you with all (venial) envy.

Advertise *Cyprian* at once. I felt sure that some such good result would follow. Send the notice to Macmillan to-day, and let it first appear in my English Bible, which is just on the point of emerging.

When I can think, I think of little else than the "spiritual power" and the Cœnobium. The thoughts seem sent to me, and yet at present I feel too weak to give myself up to them. In a day or two I will send you a few words which I said in Chapel bearing remotely on the subject, which Dr. Butler thought might be useful if printed. Spanish convents I see with Mr. Browning's eyes. . . . Do send the title of *Cyprian* and let it decorate my fly-leaf. We must get some talk before very long.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Rev. J. F. A. Hort

Harrow, *24th November* 1868.

My dear Hort —Your note relieved me. As to publishing the Gospels by themselves, shall we let Macmillan decide? My impression is that we should be less misunderstood if we gave a short explanation first than if we gave a long one.

I fancy that the wear of school tells seriously upon one's power of work. I find that I can read, even in the holidays, very little; in term time I find myself (alas!) becoming impatient and irritable, as well as exhausted. There surely ought to be a law forbidding any one to be a schoolmaster more than fourteen years. Unhappily the saddest thing is that the exhaustion which the work brings takes away hope, and the very wish for hope. There, I have said my worst. Happily I have still strength enough to read at intervals a little Browning and a little Comte. The former might be a prophet, but I am afraid that he won't be one, or rather that he will tell us no more.

To-day we have the parody of an election inflicted upon us. Parti-coloured omnibuses express very fairly the character of the voters who fill them. How many thoughts go to a vote? How many convictions or principles to a representative? A general election seems to prove that the British Parliament must be divine or it could never survive it. Yet beneath this terrible surface there must be something better. But how can we get a sight of it?—*ἀνακεφαλαιώσασθαι τὰ πάντα ἐν Χριστῷ*.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To Chancellor Benson

Harrow, *2nd September* 1869.

My dear Benson—You are of the Old Foundation, I of the New, and I find it very hard to discover what my duties are, and with the idea of the Old Foundation I am quite unfamiliar. We, of course, have nothing really corresponding to your "prebendaries." The honorary canons are creatures of a later age, with no specific duties that I can discover except

according to the will of the dean and chapter for the time being, who have, as far as I can see, no power whatever of legally enforcing their decisions. The legal status of the New Foundations is indeed deplorable; that of the Old is, I fancy, in much legally illegal. However, I have been so much moved during my month's residence that I think I must find expression for my feelings in a little paper on Cathedral work. It may be wholly too late to attempt anything, but I am sure that Cathedrals can do what is nowhere done, and what is more than ever of critical importance to the Faith. How much I wish we could talk it over. However, I am not sure that I shall be able to get a holiday. Mrs. Westcott, you will be sorry to hear, has been very poorly, but the worst is over now I fully trust. My absence, therefore, has been full of anxiety, for I did not return till yesterday evening. We long to hear tidings of your delightful party.

But I must not write without asking if you and Mrs. Benson (pardon the order) can consent to restore outwardly our interrupted connexion, and receive Grace as your godchild in place of Connie. Mrs. Westcott and I have desired it very much, and I am commissioned to prefer the petition. With heartiest greetings to every one, ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Harrow, 21*st September* 1869.

My dear Hort—The ordination is now over, and I hope to-day to set to work upon the bundle which I found on my return from Peterborough yesterday. I heartily wish that your note had been all good news. Even I feel the depressing power of a valley; but the moors will bring, I trust, freshness again. For the last two months I have been living in such excitement that I cannot tell how I shall be able to use my new Harrow leisure. It happened when I went for two days to Brighton I saw immediately on my arrival the strange paragraph about Mr. Gladstone intending to offer me the rectory of Brightstone, so that most unwillingly I was forced to face a new problem, and consider how I should act if

such an offer were made. Last week's work made this, I think, quite clear. Already there are signs of encouragement in the candidates, and the Bishop is most ready to sanction and carry out any suggestions. The Dictionary alone arises like a wall, but after "A" our work will be easier. I could scarcely have imagined that Christian inscriptions could have been so devoid of interest. Certainly not one in a hundred offers the least point worthy of remark, and the contents of a country churchyard would have far more literary value than the whole body extant. You see I am groaning under an unindexed De Rossi, but that is more than half done. . . .

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Harrow, 13*th October* 1869.

My dear Davies—There has been a long pause in the Dictionary. For many reasons I have been glad, for it has given me time to read through the great mass of Christian Inscriptions, so that I have taken no pains to move the printers forward. At present the first sheets—Ambrose does not come in them—are being finally arranged in order to set free some type, for there is a great deal standing. After "A" I do hope things may go on more smoothly. The ground will be cleared, but at present we have to feel our way in every direction, and all the while wonder whether the little names are worth the trouble which they give.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To Chancellor Benson

Harrow, 23*rd October* 1869.

My dear Benson—I have much to thank you for—for the interest which you have expressed in Grace, for your note of yesterday when you found that you could not come to-day, for your criticisms, for your encouragements—but how can I do it?

As for Grace, we decided at once to defer her christening. Mrs. Benson holds out the hope that you may be able to

come later, and we could not give up the thought of your visit to us. So we will wait.

As for Cathedrals, I feel ashamed to have written anything, but at the time it seemed impossible to refrain. If only you will follow up the paper by a view of the Old Foundation, I shall lay aside all regret. I had not before realised the immense differences between the Old and the New, and though "in private duty bound" I attach myself to the latter, I trust that you will tell us something more of the original constitution of English Cathedrals. It is not, I am sure, too late to save them.

All this is personal, but I have to thank you too for the letter about ——. Though I regret the appointment—or rather ——'s acceptance of it—I did rejoice to read what you said of him. Some things you had said to me before, but the public testimony showed the possibility of the deep sympathy which binds Christians together becoming at some time visible. Before long we shall hope to meet. There *is* (?) a year's arrears of talk.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

Harrow, 10*th December* 1869.

My dear Benson—I have not thanked you for your letter. It was a great comfort to me. There is nothing new in the prospect before us, but, very wrongly and weakly, I often feel quite alone. Will anything short of the Cœnobium bring the confession of sympathy and purpose which seems to be required for all sustained effort? It will be an immense delight to see you in our Cathedral. We will try to call up some of its lessons. I cannot think what the monks did in it. Let me have one line to know when I may meet you, for our precincts are a labyrinth.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

Peterborough, 20*th April* 1870.

. . . For a day or two we have no home. I left Harrow on Monday; Mrs. Westcott and the youngest children come,

if all be well, to-morrow, and then the new life is faced. This much by way of preface.

I have carefully thought over your note, and feel no doubt. The same kind of problem had occurred to me, but I was then clear, for myself as I am for you, that pastoral work is the work of a lifetime, and that the work of teaching, as a rule, should be kept distinct from it. If you took a parish, and then in a short time (as I hope) passed to a cathedral, I think that the interval would be something worse than a "loop." There can be no doubt that your present work is one of definite and peculiar usefulness to which you have had a "call." It seems equally clear that if the opportunity arises you ought to take Cathedral work, which in some sense completes and carries it on. It does not seem to me that parochial work lies in the same line. . . .

"*Constes in Gratia*"[1] was at least fulfilled.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

[1] My father's departure from Harrow was saddened by the death of his little daughter Grace Constance. Dr. and Mrs. Benson were Grace's sponsors, and Dr. Benson had given her a little gold cross with the above inscription.

CHAPTER VI

PETERBOROUGH

1869–1883

My father was installed in his canonry at Peterborough on the festival of the Epiphany, 1869. In the following month he returned there for work in connexion with the Bishop's Lenten ordination. He then encountered Peterborough in a characteristic condition—under water. He describes his coming to the city in a letter to his wife :—

The Palace, Peterborough,
19*th February* 1869.

My first day's work is now, my dearest Mary, drawing to a close, though I have still my papers to look over. The day has been bright, and all has been most pleasant and reverent. Fate threw me yesterday into sporting company. Pray tell Mrs. de Morgan that, in spite of the clerical accuracy of my costume, and the breadth of brim to my hat, which she admired (justly), the first remark addressed to me in the train was, "Have you been to the races to-day?" I don't know whether it makes it better or worse that my querist explained that he, for his part, had been drinking champagne all day. This little conversation and two (successful) protests against smoking constituted the whole story of my journey. When we reached Peterborough we seemed to halt on an island. The reflection of lights in the water on every side, white,

green, and red, reminded me of the Venetian fête at Bruges. But still I reached the Palace in an omnibus and not a gondola, and to-day I have taken a walk and not a row. So you see that the place is not all under water. . . .

In August 1869 he entered on his first residence as Canon. His house was not yet ready, and so he went alone to enter on his new work. His first sermon was preached on the 8th. It had always been a great physical effort to him to preach, even in such a comparatively small building as the Harrow School Chapel, so that he was full of anxiety at the prospect of preaching from a Cathedral pulpit. He was, however, cheered by the sight of a large congregation, and wrote to his wife to tell her that he was not more than usually fatigued after the sermon, but had not dared to ask whether he was audible. His voice did, as he had anticipated, marvellously improve with practice, and he who in earlier life had not dared to preach in a large church was not afraid in his advanced years of preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral or York Minster, and made himself fairly audible even in the Albert Hall, by reason of the great pains he bestowed on distinct articulation.

His earliest impressions of his new work are set down in the following letters to his wife:—

PETERBOROUGH,
10th Sunday after Trinity, 1869.

It is a memorable day which is drawing to a close—the first of my new life. It has been intensely exciting, and so far fatiguing, yet not without hope. You have doubtless been often with me, and there is need of help to keep one's faith and hope alive and look beneath the surface. But faith is omnipotent even in a Cathedral town.

The Bishop goes thoroughly with the changes which I

had proposed, and as far as his counsel and countenance goes, sanctions them; but there is evident need of caution and patience, and we cannot move more than one step at a time.

In the afternoon the congregation was quite large. The only drawback was the music, which was certainly very bad, in execution and in feeling. Here I am not clear as to speedy success.

On Tuesday the whole weight of the Cathedral will rest on me. The Dean goes, and the Archdeacon, and Canon Argles. At present I find that I cannot muster up much dignity. Perhaps it is a plant which will grow on the sunny side of a Cathedral.

20th August.

I expect that I shall burst into print about Cathedrals. Frankly, I see nothing to be said for them as they are. They have no work, as far as I can see, to plead. Perhaps it is a hard judgment, and much may lie beneath the surface, but the life at least lies hidden.

The days sweep by and are certainly exhausting, but the exhaustion comes chiefly from misgiving. After all, it may be too late to do anything. The work wants a younger life and a free one. So I fancy, yet I was trying to show last Sunday among other things that it would be terrible to reap all one sows, though we are impatient to do so. Good is happily not an annual.

One of my father's earliest innovations was a quiet early morning service in one of the side Chapels of the Cathedral. He was fearful at first lest he should have no congregation at all to join with him. He wished the townspeople to take an interest in these 8 o'clock services, and met with some little response from them. On Wednesdays and Fridays he delivered lectures after the early Litany. His earliest expositions were of the Psalms, but in later years he took St. John's Gospel for his subject.

The fruits of his first residence were published in the shape of a small volume of sermons entitled, *The Christian Life, Manifold and One.* The little book is dedicated to his colleagues, Dean Saunders, Archdeacon Davys, and Canons Argles and Pratt. Touching their publication, he wrote to Mr. A. Macmillan:

By this post I send six sermons—my first labours at Peterborough—and shall be much obliged if you can kindly tell me how much they would cost to print in the simplest possible form with a limp cloth cover. I should like to be able to distribute them among some of the Cathedral congregation, and perhaps others might care to see them. However, I am not inclined nor able to spend much upon the luxury.

A sermon preached by my father on the Franco-German war in the summer of 1870 attracted some notice. Of this sermon he says in a letter to his publisher:—

My hope was that it might be useful as a tract, perhaps to boys. You see that I feel strongly and not quite popularly. Will you take the trouble to say how many may be printed, and whether it needs a cover—probably not. I think it may be worth 2d.

In June 1870 Bishop Magee offered my father the Archdeaconry of Northampton. I can well remember my father, in one of his playful moods, telling us what a temptation the gaiters were to him. He declined the preferment, however, because he was unwilling to accept an Ecclesiastical as distinct from an Educational office. In this judgment he was confirmed by Dr. Lightfoot. To accept the Archdeaconry would have been to abandon the hope of Cambridge work. When he received the offer he thus wrote to Professor Lightfoot:—

PETERBOROUGH, 16*th June* 1870.

The Bishop has just offered me the Archdeaconry of Northampton. It is not a very valuable piece of preferment as far as income is concerned, but it opens a distinct sphere of work. It entails an eight months' residence, and I could not hereafter resign it without resigning my canonry too. In the present case I should exchange canonries with Archdeacon Davys, a process which could not be repeated. On the other hand, the office might have life put into it, and be made really an archdiaconate, a means of training the younger clergy. I think you will see sufficiently well what the reasons for and against are. Help me then to decide.

His refusal was already penned when he received Dr. Lightfoot's reply, advising him to decline the offer. Thus assured that he had done right, he desired that no more might be said about the matter.

The move to Peterborough was a great venture of faith on my father's part. He had a large family to educate, and yet he exchanged the comparative opulence of a Harrow house master for the precarious income attached to a canonry in an impoverished Chapter. Our manner of life was already adapted to the idea of the Cœnobium in its strict simplicity, so the only luxury that could be abolished was meat for breakfast, which, however, was retained as a Sunday treat. No means being forthcoming for the customary summer outing, my father was induced to avail himself of a continental chaplaincy and take his holiday alone. He failed, however, to derive any pleasure or benefit from this solitary excursion, and returned much discouraged. On his way to his destination, Gersau, he traversed the fringe of the great war then raging, and wrote some long descriptive letters, from which these passages are taken :—

COLOGNE, 30*th August* 1870.

. . . The train by which we came showed us the first signs of the war. It brought a small detachment of men of different regiments—vigorous, manly-looking fellows. On leaving the station I saw a train crammed with soldiers coming from the north, and the whole city swarms with them. Nearly every man has a pipe in his mouth, and they step along with a will, not as if they had any misgiving. Most of those whom I have met here wear the bronze cross for the Austrian war.

While I had tea I looked at the numbers of *Kladderdatsch* —the German *Punch*. It is, of course, filled with the war. A rather spirited poem on Napoleon, "The Living Dead," struck me. He is supposed to go round his camp and find every one treat him as non-existent. Some of the drawings are good. One specially struck me. A French soldier—one of the keen wild type—is looking into a looking-glass, marked La Grande Nation, "on one fine August morning," and sees, instead of the reflection of his own face, a stout Prussian guardsman. Another was amusing, addressed to the Zouaves' friends, *i.e.* the German ladies, who are supposed to pet them. A gay lady is attending to a group of them, while a laurel-crowned, burly Prussian stands by and quietly remarks, "If you forget us completely, Mam'selle, we won't bring you any more of the wild beasts." . . .

DARMSTADT, 31*st August* 1870.

. . . We met train after train filled with soldiers—some grenadiers of the guard, a volunteer regiment of students, and regiments of the line. All were full of spirits; nearly all smoking; many singing. On the carriages was chalked over and over again "Eilgut nach Paris," and the inscription was the wittier since the carriages were, for the most part, those used for light merchandise, hastily fitted with light benches. At Bonn we saw the litters for the wounded for the first time. There were also enormous trains of stores, flour apparently, and cattle and the like. These came in quick succession till we reached the station where the line to Saarbrueck goes off.

Just now a great train of soldiers has come in singing. They have come from Mecklenberg, travelling day and night. The provision for sleeping is very simple . . . but the men are merry enough. After a few minutes of lively confusion the bugle sounds and they all mount, and the train passes on. Now another comes in; this time with cavalry—singularly fine men in a gay light blue uniform. They do not wait long, and another train comes. I went on to the platform to look at them, and joined with the people in cheering them off. Before they had cleared the station another train came in from the opposite direction: this time with the wounded. It was strange to see the two actually side by side, and to place cheers and sighs together. However, these men were only slightly wounded, with hands and arms lost and the like. As the poor fellows dismounted I did not like to stay long to look at them, but went back to think of the two sides of the war picture. . . .

The spire of Strasburg was clearly visible. From time to time we thought that we could see little puffs of white smoke, and a great column of black smoke marked some fire or other. But we could hear no firing. Even into Basle the tokens of war followed us. Just as I had reached my room a band was heard, and a regiment of Swiss soldiers marched by in full order, the remnant, I suppose, of the force which was collected to guard the frontiers. . . .

My father communicated some of his views on "Cathedral Work" to *Macmillan's Magazine*, in a paper which appeared in January and February 1870. At the outset he remarks:

Four great principles, as it seems, underlie the constitution which is outlined in all Cathedral statutes. Two contain the theory of Cathedral life; two contain the theory of Cathedral work. The life is framed on the basis of *systematic devotion* and *corporate action;* the work is regulated by the requirements of *theological study* and *religious education.*

The following letters to Canon Benson on matters

canonical make mention of the above-mentioned paper, and also of an article which he contributed to a collection of Cathedral papers edited by Dean Howson. The title of my father's paper was "Cathedral Foundations in Relation to Religious Thought." Those who have studied these essays and followed the Canon's work at Peterborough will recognise how earnestly he endeavoured to put his theories into practice.

To Canon Benson

Trinity College, *2nd May* 1871.

My dear Benson—I had some talk (for a second time) with Cubitt when I was at our last Revision meeting on the possibility of carrying out a scheme for reviving suspended canonries in some one diocese for an experiment. He was quite prepared to support the idea liberally, and the Bishop of Peterborough is also prepared to give his help towards realising it. As a preliminary step, Cubitt was most anxious to get some letters written on the subject, and thought that you might be willing to put parts of your article in such a form. Do so if you can. There is some hope of a private meeting on the subject towards the end of May. Could you be present? As yet all is uncertain, but I really think that there is good hope for the scheme.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

Trinity College, *3rd May* 1871.

I have only seen your first letter. But from that specimen I cannot doubt that the letters reprinted would do good service. I am sure you may trust Cubitt's judgment. Thus I say without hesitation, Reprint!

I gave in my paper in *Macmillan* my reasons for not including preaching in the characteristic work of Cathedrals. They should, I think, be places for study, training, and refreshment for the clergy. . . .

Will you let us have some outlines of work which can be done with such resources as we have. My thoughts are turning to a kind of clergy-house, for candidates for Holy Orders and for retirement. This, with some organisation for religious inspection and church finance, would represent the whole work fairly. But do tell me what you think.

PETERBOROUGH, *18th July* 1871.

My dear Benson—After much hesitation—chiefly persuaded by Hort—I have promised to write a short paper for the Dean of Chester. Roughly, I proposed to him to say something on the first topic suggested in the preliminary memorandum, calling my paper "Cathedrals and Religious Thought." Thought, that is, in relation to (1) study and teaching, (2) devotion, and (3) mode of life. Of course, anything which I say will be very fragmentary, but with a view to our scheme here it seems to be worth while to say it, and you may perhaps be willing to enforce and supplement what I can say, or to fill up a Cathedral theory. I am rather afraid of the pressure of immediate results, and shall aim at what is transcendental in many people's eyes.

But "the Speaker's"[1] made me bitterly sad. I suppose I am a communist by nature; but surely dress and jewels cannot be tolerated even in this world for ever. What a "Commentary on the Bible," could the people of Whitechapel have seen it, that would have seemed!

PETERBOROUGH, *24th July* 1871.

What I want you to treat of above all things is the relation of the Cathedral to the Bishop. To this you have given special attention, and no one else is very likely to dwell upon this subject. Round this centre other questions of large organisation would group themselves. You probably mean this by Redintegration, *i.e.* Bishop + Chapter + Clergy + Diocese—the social life once more complete.

[1] Some entertainment given by the Speaker in connexion with the Commentary.

PETERBOROUGH, *2nd September* 1871.

You must not despair, or even admit the least discouragement. It would, I think, have been wrong to admit the whole greater Chapter to a representative assembly. Certainly it would have been unwise at present. The Bishop, however, made a great mistake in not consulting (as on a great matter) with his larger Chapter on the general question of the Conference and of the Synod. The larger Chapter is really a Synod, and should be called together as such by the Bishop. Certainly we are here living in hope that the Bishop will summon the greater Chapter, though it exists only by courtesy. But you must not by any means allow yourself to think that your privileges or duties have been lessened. The greater Chapter elects the Bishop, to say nothing more. And as for the Conference, I was perfectly satisfied that the Dean and one Canon should represent the Chapter here. . . .

Do let me hear that you see your way clear again. I am beginning to be in despair about Nottingham, but still hope to make a beginning to-morrow.

In the matter of study and training my father attempted something by drawing to Peterborough year by year earnest theological students, whose work he rejoiced to direct. I remember a fairly constant succession of these, but their individuality escapes me. One, at any rate, was Marsham Argles, who surrendered his life in the cause of Christian work in India. Another was Canon Scott Holland, who thus describes his experiences[1]:—

My first sight of him [*sc.* Canon Westcott] had been in Peterborough Cathedral, all but thirty years ago. I had gone with a friend to read with him for Deacon's orders. He was giving lectures on St. John in a side Chapel; and all through the first lecture we could hardly believe our eyes. This tiny form, with the thin small voice, delivering itself, with passionate

[1] *The Commonwealth*, September 1901.

intensity, of the deepest teaching on the mystery of the Incarnation, to two timid ladies of the Close, under the haughty contempt of the solitary verger, who had been forced to lend the authority of his "poker" to those undignified and new-fangled efforts—was this really Dr. Westcott? We had to reassure ourselves of the fact, as we emerged, by repeated asseverations that it certainly must be.

Then, the first interview revealed where the secret of his power lay. We had never before seen such an identification of study with prayer. He read and worked in the very mind with which he prayed; and his prayer was of singular intensity. It might be only the elements of textual criticism with which he was dealing; but, still, it was all steeped in the atmosphere of awe, and devotion, and mystery, and consecration. He taught us as one who ministered at an Altar; and the details of the Sacred Text were to him as the Ritual of some Sacramental Action. His touching belief in our powers of scholarship used sometimes to shatter our self-control; and I well remember the shouts of laughter which we just succeeded in mastering until we found ourselves outside in the moonlit Close, when he confessed his disappointment at our not recalling the use of a certain verb in the *Clementine Homilies*—we who, at that moment, had but the dimmest conception what the *Clementine Homilies* might be. Sometimes he would crush us to the dust by his humility, as when, after we had gaily turned off, at a moment's notice, our interpretation of some crucial passage in St. John, he would confess, in an awe-struck whisper, that he had himself never yet dared to put down on paper his own conclusion of the matter.

Another important function of Cathedral Foundations, according to my father's expressed opinion, was the quickening of the intellectual and spiritual life of the diocese. His own efforts to do his part in this great service are continuously apparent in his Peterborough work. He promoted devotional gatherings of clergy and church workers in the Cathedral, and served the same end by means of Church Congress papers on

subjects of study and devotion. The following letter of thanks from the clergy of Peterborough shows how his labours to this end were appreciated :—

PETERBOROUGH, 31*st August* 1878.

Dear Canon Westcott—We are most desirous that you should not terminate your present residence without our expressing how fruitful for good we feel that residence has been to this city and neighbourhood. We have to thank you specially for the most valuable gathering of the clergy for a Day of Devotion, and for the Special Services for those engaged under us in Church work in our several parishes. These gatherings have indeed fulfilled your expressed wish in being a "spring of sympathy and strength." By such means as these our grand inheritance of the old Minster becomes a living thing, loved by those who gather within its walls. Looking forward to a renewal of our happy association with you, and with hearty and sincere thanks, we remain, yours most truly,

HENRY S. SYERS, *Vicar of St. John Baptist.*
W. R. THOMAS, *Vicar of St. Mary's.*
CHARLES R. BALL, *Vicar of St. Paul's.*
D. M. MELVILLE, *Curate.*
REGINALD TOMPSON, *Rector of Woodstone.*

His Church Congress papers include those delivered at Nottingham in 1871, at Leeds in 1872, at Brighton in 1874, and at Leicester in 1882. The last of these, on *The Communion of Saints*, seems peculiarly associated with Peterborough, and is published in a volume of Peterborough Sermons. The subject, too, is one so very dear to himself. He had an extraordinary power of realising this Communion. It was his delight to be alone at night in the great Cathedral, for there he could meditate and pray in full sympathy with all that was good and great in the past. I have been with

him there on a moonlight evening when the vast building was haunted with strange lights and shades, and the ticking of the great clock sounded like some giant's footsteps in the deep silence. Then he had always abundant company. Once a daughter in later years met him returning from one of his customary meditations in the solitary darkness of the chapel at Auckland Castle, and she said to him, "I expect you do not feel alone?" "Oh no," he said, "it is full"; and as he spoke his face shone with one of his beautiful smiles.

One of the immediate fruits of the Leicester Address was the institution of an annual Commemoration of Benefactors in the Minster.

Great services in the Cathedral Nave, where thousands could be gathered, were always his delight. He secured the establishment of Nave services on the Sunday evenings in Advent and Lent, and laboured successfully to form a large Voluntary Choir to help in the musical portion of these services. During his residence in the summer various full Nave services were held: at one time for volunteers, at another for railway men, at another for Oddfellows, at another for Sunday School teachers. He was always ready to preach to such gatherings.

The following letter to his wife indicates the success of some week-day evening services during Advent:—

PETERBOROUGH, 16*th December* 1880.

Yesterday evening the rendering of the selections from the *Last Judgment* was admirable; better than anything I have heard here before. There was a large congregation, and the manner of the choir was most reverent, and Dr. Keeton's accompaniment perfect. I saw Mr. Phillips and Dr. Keeton after,

and I must see the choir to-day. Mr. P. says that they have taken most kindly to the extra work, and shown the greatest interest in it. We shall really have a St. Peter's Festival after all. Last Sunday there was a grand nave service in the morning for the Agricultural Benevolent Society. Three or four corporations appeared in state, and over £100 was collected. The Bishop preached a very fine sermon. There were special trains. Altogether the Cathedral is looking up.

Some part of his regular Sunday morning sermons during each residence was generally a connected course. In 1874, for example, he preached a course of seven sermons on "Some Elementary Truths of the Christian Faith." The substance of his sermons during the residence of 1881 was published in the volume entitled *The Revelation of the Risen Lord*. In like manner *The Historic Faith* contains the sermons preached in 1880.

Of my father's work, as represented by *The Paragraph Psalter*, Precentor Phillips will speak. But I note that on the day on which he sent the first copy of this Psalter to the press he had been reading *Daniel Deronda*. This leads me to say a word about his novel reading. Once a year, that is to say in his holiday month, September, he was wont to indulge himself with a novel. His library of fiction was very limited. I believe that I could catalogue it from memory. Many a time have I searched it for a book to read, and these are all I can remember having seen: *The Scarlet Letter*, *Jane Eyre*, *Villette*, *Romola*, and *John Inglesant*. These books do not represent the sum of his novel reading, but they are an indication of what books he considered, after careful reading, to be worthy of a place in his library. He ventured on some criticisms of *John Inglesant*, which had been

brought to his notice on its first appearance from a Birmingham press. He afterwards had some correspondence and conversation with the author. My father considered *Romola* to be the best novel of our time. In this opinion Mr. Shorthouse, I gather, did not acquiesce; for the author of *John Inglesant* says, "It would be presumptuous in me to speak of the talent and research displayed in *Romola*, but . . ."

In 1875 my father was appointed an Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, and succeeded to a Chaplaincy-in-Ordinary in 1879. One of the sermons which he preached before Her Majesty at Windsor contained a touching reference to the recent death of the Prince Imperial in South Africa, and my father was requested to send the sermon to the Queen in order that Her Majesty might read it again. With that enthusiastic loyalty which was characteristic of him, he copied out the whole discourse in his best writing, and forwarded it for perusal. As touching my father's devotion to the Throne, he used to tell how in early days, at a time when the Prince Consort was not very popular, he had met him out driving and given him a hearty cheer, and then taken a short cut across the Park in order to give the Prince a second loyal reception.

In 1877 my father preached one of a series of King's College Lectures, his subject being Benjamin Whichcote, the "father of the Cambridge Platonists."[1]

In 1881 he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone a member of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. In the labours of this Royal Commission (1881-1883) he was very zealous, and took "a leading part in the work of research." Although no legislation followed

[1] Published with the others of the series in *Masters in English Theology*.

on the Report of the Commission, it did valuable service to the Church of England in that it asserted its continuity and "went behind the Reformation." In speaking of Archbishop Benson's work on this Commission, my father says:—"It was my happiness to sit by Benson's side, and to watch as he did with unflagging interest the gradual determination of the relations in which a national Church must stand to the nation, itself also a divine society, and to mark, now in one form, now in another, the essential continuity of our own ecclesiastical life under changing circumstances from age to age. The ruling ideas of the Lincoln Judgment were really defined by these inquiries."[1]

About this time some kind friend presented my father with a cat. But it seems that his gratitude for this treasure of the Peterborough home went astray, for a friend writes to him:—

I sent no cat; am ἀκαταπέμψας. If you have thanked all your friends for the cat (in order to be sure), what would you do should each send you a cat to cover his weak position? But I will suffer from your gratitude and spare you.

It may seem frivolous to introduce this cat, but it was no ordinary puss, for it won the esteem and affection of Bishop Lightfoot. The good Bishop, during a brief stay at Peterborough, lost no opportunity of fondling that cat. Moreover, "Miss Lightfoot," as we always called her, or her daughter, is, I believe, the heroine of the following letter:—

Really my table is bewitched. This morning I heard a faint "mew" again from its inmost centre. In spite of the sermon, I took off the top, and hunted in the papers, but could see or hear nothing. After a time the cat came into

[1] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, ii. 192.

the room and disappeared. Then it was discovered that there was a space between the ends of the drawers in which cat and kitten were. Evidently the old cat had revealed the secret. Now, don't cats talk?

The mention of this cat brings to mind my father's affection for a certain dog. He was not fond of dogs in general; but this particular dog had belonged to one of his sons, and when that son left England my father insisted on adopting the animal, though he had grave doubts as to his fitness for so responsible a charge. He honestly feared that he might through over-indulgence fail to bring out the best features of the dog's character. In one of his letters my father says that nature had not endowed him with the gift of tears; but as he stood on the quay-side seeing that son off to Canada, the tears were pouring down his cheeks. That was the only occasion on which I ever saw him weep. The little fox-terrier was called "Mep" (his full name being Mephistopheles), and he survived long, being for some years my father's companion at Auckland Castle. They used to walk together on the terrrace, and the Bishop always had in his pocket some fragments of biscuit wherewith to regale his friend. Mep justified my father's fears by developing a most uncertain temper, which was the cause of much anxiety to the Bishop, who was more than once warned in the matter of keeping "a ferocious dog." The Bishop in after years was wont to declare that these words should form part of his epitaph: "He cleaned the Gaunless and the Coundon Beck,[1] but was foolishly indulgent to his dog."

In January 1883 Canon Westcott delivered at

[1] Two streams that flow through Auckland Park.

Gloucester a lecture on "Monastic Life." This I take to be the last item of his Peterborough work. It was at Peterborough that he had been continually studying this subject, and every fragment of the old monastic buildings there was familiar to him in all its details. It was a treat to any one to be conducted round the Cathedral and the Close by him. He would gladly do such service for parties of interested visitors. Amongst those whom he so served were members of the Birmingham Archæological Society and of the British Medical Association; but he was quite as ready to help the humblest, and, if there was nothing else that they could appreciate, would take them to the top of the Cathedral Tower to admire the view.

His Gloucester paper opens thus:—

> Our Cathedral buildings at Peterborough are far from rich in works of sculpture, but among the works which we have there are two which have always seemed to me to be of the deepest interest. The one is a statue of a Benedictine monk, which occupies a niche in the gateway built by Godfrey of Croyland about 1308; the other is the effigy of an unknown abbot of considerably earlier date, carved upon the slab which once covered his grave, and which now lies in the south aisle of the choir. They are widely different in character and significance. The statue of the monk, which Flaxman took as an illustration of his lectures on sculpture, is one of the noblest of mediæval figures. The effigy of the abbot has no artistic merit whatever. But both alike are studies from life; and together they seem to me to bring very vividly before us the vital power of early monasticism in England.

Mention has already been made of some of my father's literary work at Peterborough in connexion with the published volumes containing sermons preached in the Cathedral. But his great work on the Gospel

South-West Spire of Peterborough Cathedral.
From a Sketch by Canon Westcott (p. 318).

of St. John was undertaken when he was as yet only a Peterborough Canon, and his earliest lectures on it were delivered in the little Chapel of St. John in the Minster.

In May 1869 he received two letters from the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Mansel), stating that the Archbishop of York was anxious that he should undertake the Gospel of St. John for the *Speaker's Commentary*. His acceptance of this proposal practically involved the surrender of his long-cherished hope of bringing out a commentary on the Greek text of the Fourth Gospel, as part of the contemplated "tripartite Commentary." In his diary under date 22nd May he notes: "St. John Commentary undertaken ἐν χριστῷ." In May of the following year he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge.

Besides his continuous work at the text of the Greek Testament, he was also occupied in Ecclesiastical biography.

In his Harrow days my father had pointed out to Mr. Rivington the great need that there was for a Dictionary of Christian Antiquities; so it was natural, when this project began to take shape under Dr. William Smith's general editorship, that he should take a leading part in its inception. In conjunction with Professor Lightfoot he undertook the editorship of the sections devoted to Literature and Biography, to Sects and Heresies, and to the History of Doctrine. This undertaking, however, was not of a binding character, and in 1873 the Cambridge professors were compelled to seek release from their editorial labours. My father's promised contributions, however, were completed, the most important being his articles on the Alexandrian divines, including Clement, Demetrius,

Dionysius, and, greatest of all, Origen. For many years the works of Origen were close to his hand, and he continually turned to them at every opportunity. In January 1877 he lectured on Origen at Edinburgh.

He thus describes his experiences at Edinburgh in letters to his wife:—

EDINBURGH, *16th January* 1877.

. . . I have been to see the place of lecture, a very formidable kind of theatre, which is certainly difficult to speak in. However, I intend to purchase some jujubes and trust to fate. The Secretary impresses upon me the necessity of not exceeding my hour; and I have marked passages to be left out which will, I hope, give me margin. . . .

EDINBURGH, *17th January* 1877.

My first lecture is over, my dearest Mary, and I at least obeyed (as I believe) my two conditions: I was heard, and I finished just at the hour. I held my watch in my hand and was resolute in keeping to time. There was a very good attendance. People seemed to be surprised that the subject proved attractive. The hearers, too, were quiet and attentive; but they had nothing specially to try them. One of the first persons who came into the Committee room was Mr. Robertson of Market Deeping. I have just been to lunch with him. At least I had one kindly-disposed hearer, and Dr. Donaldson was another. There was a very large gathering at Mrs. Murray's yesterday. Lady Dundas came in among others, and Gordon Duff's sister, as well as Graham Murray and his wife, so that I was quite among Harrow friends. . . .

His Dictionary article on Origen was not completed until 1886. Preaching in Trinity College Chapel,[1] the Master, making affectionate mention of my father as "this good man, this great scholar, this dear friend,

[1] On 13th October 1901.

this abiding glory of our College," pronounced Origen to have been "a man after his own heart," and said, "I have been reading again lately his fine essay on the great 'Origen and the Beginnings of Christian Philosophy.'[1] Not a word in it, nor yet a silence, that breathes suspicion against that gracious name. Nothing to decry, to cramp, to fetter thought. Throughout, spoken or unspoken, we hear the lofty prayer for light —light from the Father of lights, light through the Eternal Spirit, who 'in all ages, entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.'"

In a selection of my father's letters to his children attached to this chapter will be found mention of his tricycle and of the Precincts cricket eleven, and without some word about his interest in his boys' holiday recreations this chronicle of his Peterborough life would be indeed imperfect.

The tricycle merits prior consideration. It had long been known in the family circle that he was greatly desirous of possessing a tricycle, but the idea of buying one for himself would not enter into his mind, as he would surely have viewed such a proceeding as selfish extravagance. The family, therefore, subscribed and purchased for him a respectable second-hand machine. With this worthy engine he was immensely pleased, and soon worked himself up into the belief that his machine was at all points the most admirable tricycle on the road. Many a time on a summer evening, after the Cathedral afternoon service, he would go out on his tricycle escorted by sons on bicycles, to visit and sketch neighbouring churches. A favourite excursion was to Norman Cross, where on occasion he would be tempted to take tea.

The Precincts cricket eleven was, as my father had

[1] Now contained in his *Religious Thought in the West.*

expected, a comparatively good team at one time. It was composed of six of ourselves; three of Dean Perowne's sons; and two of Precentor Phillips's sons, including Mr. Stephen Phillips, renowned now as poet and dramatist. My brother Foss was in the Cheltenham eleven and Stephen Phillips was also a cricketer, so that we were able to render a fairly good account of ourselves in our games with the village clubs of the neighbourhood. My father used from time to time to encourage us with his criticisms. He himself occasionally joined us in a game of "stumps," and obtained some reputation as a cunning bowler. Sometimes he would come with us for a row on the river Nene, but always as a passenger, his injured hand making it impossible for him to wield an oar with any degree of comfort. The most astonishing, however, of all my father's athletic feats were those which he performed at Hunstanton. There, in the late summer, the sober tradespeople of Peterborough and Cambridge viewed with delighted astonishment the learned professor and canon, with a great jumping-pole in his hand, leaping from rock to rock with amazing audacity and skill.

My father's connexion with Peterborough was most abruptly severed. He resigned his canonry, at the request of Bishop Magee, on 9th May 1883. Upon this most unhappy occurrence, which was to my father himself a great surprise and shock, it would be futile to enlarge. The Bishop's contention was that my father neglected his duties as Examining Chaplain, and should, if he resigned that office, resign his canonry also. My father replied as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, *9th May* 1883.

My dear Lord—I very much regret that my engagements yesterday and the day before made it impossible for me to

answer your letter. Let me at once thank you heartily for the kindness with which you speak of some of my past work. I can at least so far accept your words as to feel that they represent what I have tried to do during the long period for which I have held the offices which you entrusted to me. I have given ungrudgingly from first to last, without the least variation, the best I have had to give. It is true that during fourteen years I have been absent from two examinations when the Trinity Ember week fell, as this year, in full term time, and in addition from two, it may be three, days of ordination for urgent personal reasons which you kindly approved; on the other hand, I have, as a matter of course, and gladly, sacrificed every Christmas vacation, a time which is at my own disposal, so as to leave myself only one month in the year for rest and travel.

Whatever may have been the effect to myself, I believe, and others have commonly expressed the same belief, that it has been, on the whole, an advantage to the diocese and to the Cathedral, that I have held my professorship; nor do I think, if my strength had continued to bear the strain, the advantage, whatever it may be, would have been less in the future. But your Lordship can judge on this point far better than I can, and I can well believe that you will be able to appoint some one to succeed me who may serve the Diocese and the Cathedral more continuously, though I am not conscious that there has been any change either in the measure or in the zeal of my own services. I must add that I have always considered the Chaplaincy and the Canonry as two perfectly distinct offices with distinct duties. I accepted the Chaplaincy without any idea that I should receive the offer of a Canonry, and I have always supposed that I might continue to hold the Canonry, even if I were relieved of part of the work of the Chaplaincy. Indeed, your Lordship some time since expressed (as I understood) the same opinion. You kindly proposed, when I spoke of the pressure of work, to appoint some younger man who might take some part of the examination. "I have been sometimes inclined to think that I ought to resign my Canonry" (these were, I think, the words that I used), because you have not, as you once

proposed, taken any steps to help me in the difficulties which come (for example) from an early Easter, not because I was conscious of failing in my duty, but because the change in your purpose might, I thought, perhaps show that it was your wish that I should resign my office. I am, therefore, very glad that I expressed my misgivings, because I learn from your letter, if I do not misinterpret it, that they were better founded than I had supposed.

While, therefore, I am, if I may be allowed to say so, unable to affect to be in accord with your Lordship in this matter, or to admit the justice of the reasons which you assign for your wish, I readily accede to the wish itself. I beg leave to resign my Chaplaincy, and to resign also my Canonry, which I regard as a perfectly distinct and separate office. Under the circumstances, it is desirable that the resignation should take effect with as little delay as possible. I had made arrangements for coming into residence on June 1st. This, of course, I cannot do now, but my successor will have no difficulty in providing for the services. My own appointment fell during the time of residence of my predecessor. I trust that I have not expressed myself with unbecoming plainness. Your Lordship, while speaking with undiminished kindness, has entirely, but not unnaturally, mistaken the meaning of what I said before, and I am most anxious that it should not be said or thought hereafter that I resigned my Chaplaincy or my Canonry because I felt that I had not fulfilled, or that I should not fulfil, the duties attached to the offices. However painful it may be to make such a statement, it is due to myself to say that I think that I have done so, and that I was prepared to do so in the future to the best of my power. Your Lordship has made me understand that you judge very differently, and for this reason, in obedience to your wish, I have resigned the charges which you committed to me.

Let me, in conclusion, express an earnest hope that, in whatever I have been to blame during these fourteen years, in whatever I have erred through ignorance or through weakness, I may be forgiven.—Believe me to be, my dear Lord, yours most faithfully,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

The sudden resignation in the month immediately preceding that in which the Canon would have come into residence caused no small stir in Peterborough. My father received many letters from bewildered persons.

The perplexity and consternation which reigned in the Cathedral body is very evident from the letters received from all its members at the time. The resignation was in truth a complete surprise, and its cause a mystery. But, curiously enough, the notices which appeared in the press were quite clear as to the reasons. The following paragraph from a widely circulated society weekly reflects the accepted view :—

> Dr. Westcott's resignation of his canonry at Peterborough has taken the diocese by surprise, and is generally regretted in the city ; but, although only recently disclosed to the public, it is understood that several months ago he intimated his intention to the Bishop, and we should have heard earlier of the step but for Dr. Magee's lengthened absence abroad. Dr. Westcott has recently found that his duties as Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge are quite sufficiently engrossing, and that the necessity for taking his three months of "close" residence at Peterborough is an inconvenient tax upon his time. The Bishop has appointed the Very Rev. Dean MacDonnell, who has for many years officiated as one of his chaplains, to the vacant canonry, and he was formally installed by the Dean last Monday. For the first time for many years the ancient custom was revived of ringing the bells of the parish church in honour of the installation of a prebend of the Cathedral.

The incorrectness of this suggestion was demonstrated by the twin facts that my father accepted an Examining Chaplaincy to the Archbishop of Canterbury within a week of his resignation of the like service to the Bishop of Peterborough,[1] and accepted a Westminster

[1] He would not accept this new appointment until Bishop Magee had been consulted.

Canonry within a few months of his removal from the Peterborough stall.

It is a great happiness to be able to add that the former friendship between my father and Bishop Magee was very soon renewed. The Bishop, who was so dangerously ill in the following July that it was feared that he would not live, sent (through his old friend Dean MacDonnell) a touching message to my father from his sick-bed. In his reply to this letter my father says :—

> I need not say that my thoughts have been with you day by day. We know not what to ask, but we can ask that the will of God, which is our truest will, may be welcomed and fulfilled by and in us. You will believe that from the moment when I heard of the Bishop's illness I put wholly out of mind the painful and wholly unintelligible circumstances of my removal from Peterborough. I have thought only of numberless acts of kindness and confidence, which I shall always gratefully remember. All that might have seemed different is now for ever forgotten, and I trust that I may be allowed to show the Bishop how gladly I will continue to serve him in work which he will do yet, as we pray, for the Church of Christ, according to my power. . . .

When, years after this, Bishop Magee was translated to the See of York, none welcomed him more warmly to the northern province than did my father, who was at the time Bishop of Durham.

The sermons which my father had proposed to preach during his residence at Peterborough in the summer of 1883 were published under the title of *The Revelation of the Father*. Copies of the book were sent by him to those friends who might have been looking forward, as so many did, to his message from the Cathedral pulpit. In the preface to the volume he says :—

It was my intention to deliver the substance of these lectures during my summer residence at Peterborough in the present year. Very shortly before the time of residence came my connexion with the Cathedral was most unexpectedly broken, and my purpose was consequently unfulfilled. I have reason, however, to think that some to whom I had been allowed to minister for fourteen summers would have followed with interest the examination of a subject which we had already approached eleven years ago, and it has been a pleasure to me to continue so far as I could the old relation by revising week after week what I had hoped to address to them. Such friends will, I trust, receive the result as a memorial of a connexion on which I shall always look back with affectionate gratitude.

On Easter Eve of the following year my father received as a gift from some of his Peterborough friends a handsome bookcase made from some of the old oak taken from the central tower of the Cathedral. Writing to Mr. W. Clarabut to acknowledge this gift, he says :—

The beautiful gift which your letter announced reached me on Easter Eve. No gift could have been more welcome or more precious. The design, the material, the workmanship all add to its value and interest, and it will be, I hope, in all years to come a treasure to those who shall follow me. Thoughts of Easter were those on which I delighted during my residence at Peterborough to dwell most constantly. They bring before us more than any other thoughts the transforming power of our faith. That my friends there should have connected their memorial with this season is a fresh proof of their sympathy.

I do not know whom I have to thank personally, but you will, I am sure, convey to my friends the expression of my deep sense of their kindness. I have given in the little volume of lectures which I had the pleasure of sending to those who would, I thought, be interested in them what is, as it were, a parting message. My main desire from first to last was to use the office which I held in the Cathedral as an

opportunity for learning and showing, as I could, something more of the wealth of Holy Scripture. So far as I was enabled to attain this end, and to encourage others to study on the same lines, the work will have been amply rewarded, and it will continue to be fruitful.

The loss of work at Peterborough was quickly followed, as you remind me, by the offer of similar work, though far heavier and more responsible, at Westminster. That offer I felt it my duty to accept; but no one can feel as keenly as I do how greatly I shall need the support of every friend that I may fulfil in any degree for the service of Christ and His Church this new charge. May I ask you and my other friends at Peterborough to think of me at Whitsuntide in that clause of the Litany where we ask for the illumination of the ministry? We can be strong only so far as we realise our union—in many parts and in many fashions—as one Body in Christ, as members of the Body of Christ, living by the energy of His life.

May all among whom I was allowed for so many years to labour know the fulness of that life!—Ever yours most faithfully, B. F. WESTCOTT.

In his text-book on St. Peter's Day 1883 my father enters the three words "Not at Peterborough." It had been his hope to assist at a worthy celebration of this festival in the city bearing the Apostle's name, and he thus simply notes his disappointment in his removal from the scene.

The following are some selected letters belonging to this period (1869-1883):—

To MRS. HORT

HARROW, 19*th October* 1869.

My dear Mrs. Hort—May I ask a favour of you? When I was at Peterborough I put on paper a few thoughts about

Cathedrals, which have troubled me. I should be very glad to know that Mr. Hort agrees with me in the main, and yet I dare not send the proof to him, for he would, I fear, allow it to distract him from other work. But if you thought that he might read through the pages at tea-time in half an hour, not more, and simply add a query or a cross to anything doubtful or wrong, it would be a satisfaction to me. If, however, you think that the temptation to elaborate criticism would be too strong, then I will only ask you to return the papers to me at once.

I trust that the week on the moors brought all the good to Mr. Hort which you expected. If I may judge from his letters, he seems to be very vigorous now, and I am sanguine that the Lectures will be a relief. It is an immense comfort to me that the diminution of my school work makes it possible for me to go on steadily with the terrible text.

Brookie has largely developed the schoolboy's wants and feelings: his notes speak commonly of want of money and the joys of football. My godson has not reached this stage yet, but I hope that he is moving towards it.—Believe me to be, yours most sincerely, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Lightfoot

PETERBOROUGH, *27th June* 1870.

My dear Lightfoot—Dr. Smith's letter is an immense relief. If he is willing to relieve us, I rejoice. However, he has never been without abundant supplies unused. As to the *Onomasticon*, I cannot quite agree with you, as I always shrank from it, and when that is removed all is in good train. There, you see, I am prepared to resign unconditionally if Dr. Smith wishes it. A conference would be impossible for me just now. I have been absent so much that I must not go away again till the next Revision meeting; but I will make you my plenipotentiary on the condition that you find me relief from the burden. I don't want to write any articles. Really now I don't think I can *afford* to contribute. The best thing for us to do will be to furnish Dr. Smith with lists of the men

whom we have engaged and leave him to proceed. I expect that he is more alarmed by the size than the slowness, and there is something to be said on this point from the commercial point of view. . . .

I hope that I am clear about Dr. Smith. All that I care for is to be set free, as he proposes, this course, and the sooner the better.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

PETERBOROUGH, *28th June* 1870.

My dear Davies—Your volume of Sermons [1] has been lying on my desk for many days reproaching me silently, and one petty duty after another has delayed my thanks. Constant preaching, to which I am not accustomed, made the sermons unusually welcome, for it is a great refreshment to hear some voice besides one's own, and to be hurried into new channels of thought. If I may pick out one sermon, shall it be that on Indulgences? In this it seems to me that your fairness has given you a power of exposing the substantial immorality of the theory which I never saw so clearly put. Protestants are generally both unjust and weak on this point. But I prefer to enjoy the sermons to criticising. — Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

(On the Franco-German War.)

PETERBOROUGH, *3rd August* 1870.

Your most kind note makes it necessary for me to say how far I do not agree with you. I cannot, on the evidence before me, find that France is much more to blame than Prussia, if at all. This war is but the second act of the Austrian war, and as far as I could judge that war was more unjustifiable than the Italian war. Probably Bismarck is much more adroit than Louis Napoleon. But I do not think that he is one bit more honest or more patriotic. Prussia was obviously no less unwilling to submit to arbitration than

[1] *The Gospel and Modern Life.*

France, and even if it were otherwise, we must remember that all Prussia wishes is to keep what she has unjustly seized. She has her share of the plunder already. We failed culpably to speak in the Danish war, in the war in South Italy, in the Austrian war. Now at length I hope that the people will make their voice clearly heard—the Government seem helpless—and profess that nations have faith and truth.

Probably the letter to which you refer spoke of another sermon which followed that which I sent you, in which I tried to base our duty of public prayer "for those afflicted by war" on the idea of the brotherhood of nations. How unnatural the destruction of small powers really is: how pagan in essence! In this too Comte has seen the Christian theory of states.

To the Rev. Dr. Moulton

Peterborough, *23rd August* 1870.

My dear Professor Moulton—The text which Dr. Vaughan has published remains unchanged from the first edition, and represents in the main my recension at that distant date without conference in details with Mr. Hort. We have now revised the text together, and the joint work will differ in many details from the text given by Dr. Vaughan. I have not, however, any copy of it which I can send you, but in a short time I could tell you our judgment on any special readings. You received, I hope, a little sermon which I ventured to send you, chiefly because the occasion made me think of the infinite strengthening which our joint Holy Communion brought us.—Yours very sincerely, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

The Deanery, Westminster,
13th December 1870.

. . . On getting to Westminster I had just time to dress myself. On coming down I found a short, stout gentleman alone in the drawing-room, with a bright, pleasant face, clear-

cut aquiline nose, nearly bald, and to my surprise the servant said, "Le Père Hyacinthe"! I should have been bewildered had not I heard that he had been some little time ago at the Deanery. He spoke no English, and for some time I was obliged to try my best to answer his questions and talk a little in French, in which effort he very kindly encouraged me by his understanding my desire to speak. As he spoke of the work of Revision, I had a little to say. Mr. Blakesley was the only one besides at dinner, and only French was spoken. Lady Augusta was far the best. The Dean was copious, but not very good. I preserved a discreet silence, but listened with satisfaction.

To his Wife

Cambridge, 16*th February* 1871.

. . . I feel very strongly about the "Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill." On that I have never wavered. Some few wealthy people have broken the law and they wish to escape the consequence of the offence. The agitation is utterly uncalled for. I don't see a single argument in favour of the Bill, and against it is the whole theory of family life.

Peterborough, 6*th August* 1872.

I have been looking for the hundredth time at Dr. Arnold's *Life*—looking with wonder and profit. How he did his work I cannot tell. He was forty-seven when he died. So strong and tender!

To the Rev. Dr. Moulton

Peterborough, 28*th January* 1873.

My dear Professor Moulton—You have fairly defeated me, and I surrender at discretion. May I say that, pondering over your known kindness, and fearing lest one incautious word or act on my part might lead you to do what you have indeed done, I took counsel with myself, and thought that if I kept absolute silence till our next meeting I might borrow your

notes on the spot.[1] But your most generous and unsparing labour has anticipated me. I can only hope that I may learn from your patience and self-denial. This fragment of the work, I can say honestly, is that which I shall always value most, and I am glad that it has its own external character.

All being well, I trust to return to Cambridge on Friday evening, and, as far as I can see, I shall not again be prevented from attending our meetings by official work till July at least. I cannot offer you such thanks as I would: accept such as I can give.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

HUNSTANTON, *24th June* 1873.

If you load me with these irredeemable debts, I shall find my only safety in retiring from the Company. I do not see how I can dare to be absent again. No injunction can restrain your labour. You must, however, let me say that if unhappily I should again be kept away from a meeting, I will only receive the loan of your notes, if you will allow me this favour. I shall value your little books as the most precious of my records, but now they have filled their vacant place.

TO HIS WIFE

PETERBOROUGH,
10th Sunday after Trinity, 1873.

It is impossible not to feel some satisfaction at having preached my last sermon of this residence. Sermons certainly don't become less anxious, nor more pleasant. However, one ought to be glad to say what one has to say; but that is *so* hard, and then one has not faith, as one should have, that words, however spoken, if true, will do their work. I wish I could have courage just to throw down the paper and ask whether I make myself clear, and whether any one believes me; whether I believe myself in any practical way. Truth is so wonderfully large that I wonder when any one says, "This is *all* false": *all* false and it *is?* You see that there

[1] Notes taken at a N.T. Revision meeting, which my father was unable to attend.

is something of a sermon still left in me; but for the rest I must be a Quaker preacher.

To Chancellor Benson

Peterborough, *13th September* [1873?].

My dear Benson—Τὰ ἀρχαῖα παρῆλθεν—ἰδοὺ γέγονε καινά. Can any words be fuller of promise and teaching than these, which I just read in the Cathedral? May you find them more and more true day by day. And then what will be wanting? I rejoice that you are able at once to make a good beginning of work. As to the questions, I seem to see my way very clearly.

Tell everything to the Dean and Chapter. They will at least see that with such offers you could but make the experiment. This experiment seems to me to be free from all risk, while it is a great absolute good. The Chapter, as such, clearly has no voice in the matter, yet it must be right to lay the whole plan before them and win their sympathy, as, I feel sure, you will do more or less speedily.

To his Wife

Peterborough,
2nd Sunday after Trinity, 1874.

When I came in just now a full moon made the Cathedral "ebon and ivory." I shall try now to put some thoughts in order for next Sunday. It is very hard to recall one's own thoughts at Ordination. My two seasons were very unhappy in many ways, and I cannot now bring back any word then spoken. Yet it ought not to be so. I suppose that no text was impressed upon us. How strange men's fancies are! I find that the attendance of the clergy in surplices at Mr. Perceval's funeral is regarded as part of "a vast conspiracy to subvert the principles of the Reformation." . . . Really things are puzzling. Why cannot we trust one another a little more?

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Peterborough, 21*st July* 1875.

My dear Hort—Twice, as you know, our circle has been broken. Connie, who was called away first, seemed to me the brightest of our children, and I can see her still as clearly as any of them; but I cannot—I could not even at the time—feel altogether without thankfulness if the battle has been short. A brother or a sister who is always a child is a precious joy to a family. I hope that Mrs. Hort may not be over-wearied with the long anxiety. We have often thought of you, and Fossie has been delighted to send, as he thought, good tidings.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

21*st December* 1875.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Very many thanks for the Bishop's sake, and many for myself. I shall be very glad to have "George Eliot." *Romola* is, I think, the greatest novel of the time. Darwin I have already. If you happen to come across Mill's letter, I shall be very glad to have it.—With every good wish, yours very sincerely,

B. F. Westcott.

A sad fear has just crossed my mind that no copy of the last edition of the *Canon* was sent to Dr. Ceriani. Please send one, suitably bound, with the writer's most grateful acknowledgments.

To the Rev. Dr. Farrar

Cambridge, 24*th April* 1876.

My dear Farrar—I have only just heard that you have really accepted the Canonry at Westminster. May you find all the happiness and blessing in this new work which you have found at Marlborough! There is no place in England,

I have always thought, which has the same interest as Westminster, not even Canterbury. The Confessor's Chapel is unique in the world, and must inspire those whose office encourages them to take its lessons to themselves.—Wishing you again most heartily all strength and joy, ever yours most sincerely, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Chancellor Benson

TRINITY COLLEGE, *Ascension Day*, 1876.

My dear Benson—Lightfoot told me of the offer.[1] We had indeed spoken of the matter as soon as the vacancy was known. I could only say as I felt, that it seemed to me that in the present crisis Calcutta requires a man who is not divided. We must accept the fact that much is impossible for us which might be possible if we were free: on the other hand, perhaps there is compensating power. As the question appeared to me from without, I could not then plead against your judgment, however much I should have rejoiced if you had found a distinct call. The work in itself is, I think, the greatest in opportunity which the whole Church can offer.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Chancellor Benson

(Bishop Designate of Truro)

CAMBRIDGE, *7th March* 1877.

My dear Benson—Wickenden's criticism to me is a little more flattering. I venture to think that a Bishop's shield should have an episcopal sign upon it, and that early heraldry is not always simple. . . .

12th March 1877.

Do you not want the cross of St. Patrick (if any)? At any rate, I deprecate green as the colour of modern Ireland. I share Wickenden's fear of excessive complications. Could

[1] Of the Bishopric of Calcutta.

you (another alteration) take the fifteen bezants in a chief sable? It is the border, of course, which complicates:

(A drawing of the shield.)

My last suggestion! and perhaps monstrous, but I cannot even look to see possible horrors. (Another drawing).—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

You might on this last device represent nature by the leaf. But? ? ?

TO HIS WIFE

WESTMINSTER, 17*th May* 1877.

My Wagner zeal was effective and I went in due course to the Albert Hall. The concert was not too long—not more than two hours—and the music was quite a new sensation. It is, of course, a very long time since I heard any orchestral music, but still I cannot think that I ever heard any like this. Even at a first hearing the combinations and successions of different groups of instruments carried one away, and as two pieces were repeated, it was easy to see how much their effect would be increased by knowledge. One piece was intended to create an impression answering to the contemplative repose of an old German Sunday. I felt as if I could have thought out a sermon while the sound bore one along. The overture was a holiday, and its parts brought out in the liveliest manner the different groups of holiday-makers. I wish that you could have been with me. Even alone I clapped vigorously.

TO CANON FARRAR

CAMBRIDGE, 14*th December* 1877.

My dear Farrar—It was a great pleasure to me to see you in your home and in your work this morning. I must thank you too for letting me speak on a subject which is, if possible, more near to my work than yours, as I have still to deal with the young. I am sure that, as charged with the office of teachers, our duty is to speak with simplicity as we see the

truth—a very little of the truth—and to refuse to enter into controversy. Let Scripture slowly speak its full message. It was, I see, the last chapter of *Difficulties of Belief*, by Mr. Birks, to which I referred.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Peterborough, 26*th August* 1878.

My dear Hort—We have been thinking of you in Wales very often, and I have been imagining an Introduction taking shape in a modest form. It will, I feel sure, be impossible for you to find satisfaction without a second volume, but that will necessitate a short preliminary statement for the text. It would not be difficult to make such a provisional notice, and I do not feel absolutely pledged to Macmillan to have the text ready for printing this year. I do not in the least fear the effect of partial criticisms, if a clear statement be given of what we have done, and generally why.

Though I have had no one reading with me this summer, I have done very little. I hope to finish the rough copy of the notes on St. John for the press: only a part of a chapter now remains—but Sermons are terrible, and a Dean will be a great relief. The appointment did not much surprise me. I knew that Perowne was anxious to leave Cambridge, and Lightfoot told me that he wished this place. He comes to a Chapter burdened with debt, to a very large house and a small income. He was here last week, and most pleasant and hopeful. His leaving Cambridge just now is most perplexing. The practical vacancy of the Hebrew chair complicates everything. I have not heard from Lightfoot since the appointment was made. We hope to meet the Bensons on Monday on our way to Etretat (Hotel Hauville, I believe).

As for politics, I rejoice at least that some one has had courage to incur responsibility. Appeals to the mob had taken all heart out of me. I really intend to vote at the next elections (as far as I can see) in gratitude.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.

E.C.C., London, *22nd July* 1881.

My dear Cubitt—As our work goes on, I am beginning to feel very anxious from the difficulty of getting representative, and especially statesmanlike, evidence. We have heard many witnesses, chiefly clergy and ecclesiastical lawyers, but they regard the problems of Church action from one point of view; and, if I may venture to say so much, they do not give very much help towards the practical solution of the questions before us. Few things can be more unpleasant than to appear as a witness, but there are occasions when stronger influences overcome even this displeasure, and several of us hope that you will be willing to say how you regard the matter of Church jurisdiction. I would not express my own earnest wish if I did not feel that the need is urgent. Perhaps I exaggerate the importance of the crisis, but it seems to me that the future of our Church may be very greatly affected by the work that is being attempted now; and I am inclined to think that those who speak most often and most readily may not represent the sum of English feelings. At any rate, no effort must be spared to gain as clear an expression as possible of the different views of Churchmen. Sir R. Cross tells me that he hopes to see you on Sunday. He will, I am sure, support my request and press it with more weighty arguments. There is indeed cause for doing what we can; this thought only justifies me in being here.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Bishop of Durham

Peterborough, *3rd August* 1881.

My dear Bishop—Very many thanks for the Magazine, which is full of interest. I dare to make one criticism on the readers on Church Courts. . . . His evidence was most unsatisfactory, and even flippant. I wish that you could have had some one of more sympathetic views to balance him. . . . But what a work it is! It is a perpetual night-

mare. That thought brings a main question. Where are you going in September? It must be (say) 500 miles from Durham.

How vivid Dr. Vaughan's picture of the young Arthur Stanley was, and how new! But what a blank there is which cannot be filled up! Still, the work was done, and done with great joy. But fix the place where we can meet and breathe in September.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

PETERBOROUGH, 15*th August* 1881.

My dear Hort—Your note reflects, I think, the passing wave of cold and rain, or I should feel more unhappy about it, for it does not breathe the vigour of the mountains. But I can sympathise with you, though just now two young Eton masters are here reading a little in preparation for Holy Orders, and they rouse one with fresh thoughts.

I enclose a note which came from Godet. I replied, as on other grounds I wanted to write to him, that I did not see how to tell what the Apostles meant without first determining what they wrote—a truism which seems to have become a parodox.

You missed Dr. Thayer. He called here for half an hour—a most bright, vigorous man. He thought that the text was beautifully printed. . . .

PETERBOROUGH, 17*th July* 1882.

The next (and last) E.C.C. meetings will be very anxious. It seems doubtful whether anything can really be done. I have written a little memorandum, as oil upon the waters, but I am not very sanguine.

To the Rev. Dr. Moulton

PETERBOROUGH, 24*th July* 1882.

I never see periodicals except by some rare chance, and I have not noticed anything about the English Bible except the

certain determination of the printer of the G. H. Tyndale (Tindale), which followed from my happily stumbling on a tract in our Chapter Library. Mr. Bradshaw has written a paper on the point. He had most ingeniously conjectured what our little tract proved to be fact.

To the Bishop of Durham

CAMBRIDGE, *17th May* 1883.

My dear Bishop—Very many people, I find, are greatly distressed at words put into the Archbishop's mouth by the *Standard*. He tells me that he did not speak of "the throne of the martyred Laud." Hort thinks that some one should contradict the alleged quotation. Should not you do this? If you don't correct, perhaps some one else will. Hort thinks that the phrase will be much worked. Alas! alas! —Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

CAMBRIDGE, *23rd July* 1883.

. . . You will be very glad to hear that I had this morning a very touching message from the Bishop of Peterborough. All (in which I thought him wrong) will, I hope, be for ever forgotten. It was a very great relief to me to hear.

The following are selected letters to his children, written during this period :—

To his second Daughter

ST. IPPOLYT'S, *Thursday*.

My dear Katie—You have been such an excellent secretary that I must send you one line—it will not be much more—to thank you for doing your work so well. I can understand perfectly the meaning of the different notes about which you tell me, and so I have been able to do all that they require.

We were not able to leave Peterborough till nearly four to-day. All the morning after service I was listening to little boys from Arthur's to Brookie's age singing for places in the choir. There were only two places, and we had twenty-one candidates. Was it not strange for me to be a music judge? Of course, there were others who could judge far better, and we were able to agree on the first, and two seemed equal for the second place, and they will have to try again.

We are very glad to hear that you are all well and happy. Tell Brookie that I am looking forward to the good effect of his teaching Arthur.

With love to all, your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

PETERBOROUGH, *24th January* 1873.

My dear Brooke—We were very glad to hear of your promotion and Arthur's placing. Both advances have, I hope, been well deserved, and will be well maintained. I should like to know what your subjects are for the term. I may have some books which will help you. If you are doing any verse subjects you will find it an excellent plan to keep notes of characteristic Greek or Latin turns of thought or language. Nothing is more useful for style than this. I have my old note-books still.

Keep fresh all your good resolves; and while you work, work with all your heart. At other times, if home thoughts can happily mix with all you do, you will be happy and do what we all wish.—Ever your affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *15th May* 1873.

My dear Brooke—We should all have been very glad if you had been successful in the Scholarship Examination, but, as I have often said, it is of more consequence to do one's best than to get scholarships or prizes, and if failure helps us

to find out our faults and moves us to mend them, then when the first disappointment is over we may even be thankful for them. It is a very long time since I read in Plato that the worst thing for a man is to get a reward without deserving it. Your uncle has very kindly written to me, and what he says of the Examination is, on the whole, quite encouraging. Your Greek Translation seems to have been your best paper, and I think that I should prefer your doing well in that to your doing well in any other. . . . Take as much pains as you can with the repetitions, and try to keep them up after they are said. Nothing is so valuable for composition. I told mamma that, hard as the Epistle to the Hebrews is, I thought it best for you to use only your marginal references, and to take down carefully the notes given to you. In this way you will really learn most. Paley's notes on Æschylus are full of interest, but you won't enjoy the *Agamemnon* fully till you have read it ten times. The Chapel bell has nearly done, and I have a lecture this evening. Love to Arthur.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To a Son

BOURNEMOUTH, *8th April* 1874.

You would probably be as much distressed as we were by the last term's report. Only one thing in it gave a little hope, that there was some improvement towards the end. I trust, then, that when you looked over what you had done and could do in the prospect of Confirmation, you felt your faults and resolved by God's help to mend them. I know by my own experience how very hard it is to keep attention resolutely fixed, and to strive always to do one's best. But we can be satisfied with nothing less; and whatever our weakness may be we can be made strong to fulfil our duty. You will need, I am sure, to fix very stern laws for your own guidance, to mark out hours with an inflexible law, and keep to them. It will be a great help also to pause from time to time in the midst of work and to quietly ask yourself whether it is your best, and if not—as often it will not be—to send

one winged thought upwards and get strength in answer to it. Every day which sees duty done with lack of zeal will make you weaker; every effort, of course, will make you firmer. I wish that I were at home that we might read something together, but Daisy will encourage you to throw your heart into what you do. If you fail in your new endeavours do not be troubled: you will not fail in the end. May God bless you and help you to do all that we would have you do!—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO HIS SONS

PETERBOROUGH, 31*st August* 1875.

My dear Brooke—Arthur—Harry—George—Foss—Bernie—Basil—On the evening before we start, as we hope, I will write to send you all good wishes and hopes for a happy week at Peterborough before you are scattered to work again. (Does Basil work yet?) From all I can learn, these have been happy holidays, and I have been very glad to have the scraps of work which have reached me. I am quite sure that work heartily done does not make play less pleasant.

If we carry out our plans, I expect that we shall bring home many amusing recollections of Brittany. It is a place which I have longed to see since first I knew that there was another Carnac besides that in Egypt. Perhaps the stone army will not seem so imposing in reality as it is in fancy. But in any case the gathering of those strange, rude monuments must be impressive, even if we cannot believe that Druids had anything to do with them. Shall I give each of you a riddle of advice?

Br. Look at everything all round, behind and before, and then at last decide what you will do with it.

A. Build solidly and don't stuff up holes with putty.

H. They can conquer who believe they can. First thoughts are best.

G. They win who think they may lose. Second thoughts are best.

F. When you have done a thing, do it again and again.

Be. If you are happy enough to be right, be thankful. If you are wrong, blame yourself.

Ba. Be very merry, and get strong while you can.

Love to all.—Ever your affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *Quinquag. Sunday*, 1876.

My dear Arthur—I am glad to hear that you have sent in your name as a candidate for Confirmation. We shall all often think of you during the time of your preparation. In many ways, no doubt, it will seem as if school were a bad place for the quiet thought which you will wish for, and yet all my Harrow experience confirmed me in the belief that school is the best place for a boy who wishes to do his duty to prepare himself solemnly for his work in years to come. He is face to face with the kind of difficulties which he will have to meet afterwards in other shapes, and I feel sure that he can get the help which he needs to support him. Confirmation is a very great opportunity, and we believe, of course, that that laying on of hands is much more. It is a kind of Christian ordination, with its consecration and its blessing. If there are any other boys in your house, whom you know well, who are preparing too, you might find it a help to join with them in reading. This will give you more courage and steadfastness. Try to make the great facts of Faith real to yourself. Pause, for instance, when you read slowly the Apostles' Creed, and think what each clause means, as if the history recorded were present to you. May God teach and strengthen you!

Give my love to Brooke.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *26th March* 1877.

My dear Harry—Till this morning I quite fancied that your Confirmation would be put off. Georgie had said that

the Bishop was unwell, and as you come home this week, I fancied that it would be too much of a hurry. However, by this time you are confirmed, I hope, and full of confidence for the future. It is a great turning-point in life. I can remember my Confirmation very well, but it was not so happy in its circumstances as yours has been; yet I was very thankful for it, and found it a great help. You will do so, too, I do not doubt. As we look for much we find much. That is a very great word which tells us that "all things are possible," yet, as we try to live in the spirit of it. I do not think that it will disappoint us.

May God bless you and guide you in the years to come, and teach you to see your duty and to do it in His strength! —Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Westcott.

To his second Son

Church Stretton, *11th September* 1877.

My dear Arthur—I must wish you a happy term at the beginning of your first work by yourself. It will be pleasant to have Gould for a few weeks to help you in shaping new duties, for I gather that he feels clearly the need of authority in managing a large house. I am very anxious, as you know, that the prefect system should be made to prosper. It requires care and thoughtfulness, but it is good alike for all. You will be able to look after Foss a little, and see that he keeps with a good set. I think that he is anxious to work, and knows how much depends upon it, and I hope that he will have fair opportunity for working. To-day has been very wet, and the artillery were unable to practise. We hope to get out to Ludlow or Shrewsbury to-morrow if it is fine. You would be interested in the Certificate list. Eton seems to have done far the best of the great schools. Their mathematics seem to be good. We are living quite without newspapers here. The *Daily News* is quite unknown.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. Westcott.

To his fifth Son

Church Stretton, 11*th September* 1877.

My dear Foss—You will now be fairly entered on your new life, on which, as far as we can tell, all the future will depend. I hope that you will have a very happy time, and you know well how to make it so. Don't be hasty to make friends. For the first time you can look quietly about and see what boys are really like. Arthur will be able to give you some hints, though I daresay that you will not see much of him. A boy's language is a sure sign of his character, and I should say quite certainly that you should have nothing to do with a boy who uses words which you would not wish your mother to hear. This is a very simple rule and a very good one.

We hear that you had a very cheerful time at home, and the weather was beautiful last week.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Westcott.

To his Children

FILIIS SEPTEM
SEPTEM SAPIENTES
UT NUMERO
ITA STUDIIS UTI SPERAT
MOX REPRAESENTATURIS
NECNON FILIARUM PARI
AEQUAE PIETATIS
DISSIMILI AFFECTU
CONJUNCTISSIMO
GRATIAS
HABET AGITQUE
PATER
PRAETERITI MEMOR
FUTURI PROVIDUS

Londini, id. Jan. mdcccLxxx.

To his fourth Son

EASTBOURNE, 18*th April* 1882.

My dear George—My good wishes come a little late, but at any rate they are in time as they are expressed, and yesterday was a very full day, though indeed I might have added a postscript to K.'s letter.

Good wishes this year have a very definite point, because, all being well, you will begin what is, I always think, the most decisive stage in life. My experience has been that men are for the most part all through life what their college course makes them. Habits, tempers, views, friendships formed then remain with a wonderful persistency. You know what we wish for you, what you wish for yourself. Work and life are hard enough, but if they were not hard they would be worth little. As a motto sufficient for all effort and full of support in the necessary disappointments and falls through which we learn and rise, I will give you—We are not our own till we have won ourselves. Love to all. Encourage Bernard a little whenever there is occasion.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To his eldest Son

(Thanks for his tricycle. An interview with "General" Booth.)

PETERBOROUGH, 10*th June* 1882.

My dear Brooke—I have not yet recovered from the shock of the arrival of the chariot this morning. I am most deeply touched by the thought of you all. At the same time, many great misgivings rise in my mind, but I cannot speak of them now.

The Bishop of Truro and I had two hours' conversation with General Booth yesterday. What he said and looked was of the deepest interest. Much he had evidently not thought out. I tried to make it clear that an army cannot be the final form of a kingdom: that conquest and the consolidation of the State must go on together. Love to all.

Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To his seventh Son

PETERBOROUGH, 13*th June* 1882.

My dear Basil—You will be surprised to have a letter from me, but I am very anxious that you should take more pains with the letters which you write home. You do not, I am sure, know how very full of mistakes they are. I have put down on a piece of paper the words which were badly spelt in the last note, and I want you to put the right spelling by the side of them and send the paper back to me. I dare say you have had as much rain as we have had. The rain will spoil the boat procession to-night. You will have heard that Foss is doing well at Cricket as in other things. I expect the Precincts Eleven will be quite strong this year.

Do you know that Brooke and Mr. C. P. and the others have sent me a tricycle? I have been out two rides, but I shall not be able to go out to-day, for it is too wet.

Do all things you have to do as well as you can—play and work.—Your affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

CHAPTER VII

DR. WESTCOTT AT PETERBOROUGH—A MINSTER MEMORY

HAVING treated of the events of my father's life at Peterborough in somewhat severe chronological sequence, I have reserved for a separate chapter a general view of his work and influence there, kindly contributed by Precentor Phillips. Dr. Phillips has resisted the temptation to say anything about my father's home life, indicating in veiled language that he leaves that topic to me. I have already endeavoured to show how active an interest he would take in our boyish games, but the mention of that "long dark study in the old home down the lane" bids me say that, though on occasion my father proved himself a most delightful playfellow, in the ordinary way he occurred to us as a monument of industry and, in all sincerity I say it, a pattern of holiness. It was his goodness and his marvellous power of work that most impressed us. When we came down to Prayers in the morning, we would find him writing away with a pile of finished letters before him, and when we went to bed he was working still. He would invite "volunteers" for an hour's work with him in his study in the morning, and during that hour we had the benefit of his tuition, though we did not always

appreciate the attention, and would on no account be detained beyond the promised hour. Only on one occasion have I seen him angry, and I mention the circumstance now, because I feel convinced that his lack of disciplinary power, which has been noted in the matter of his Harrow work, was due to excess rather than to defect of moral force. Conscious of his power, he was, I believe, afraid to let himself go, and so habitually exercised a severe self-restraint. It was in the early Peterborough days, as he and I were starting out for a walk, that, in passing through the passage, which was then being tiled, he remarked to the man at work that he was not laying the tiles straight. The man contradicted him, and then my father said something which seemed to annihilate the culprit. I was astonished at my father losing his temper, but more astonished still at the effect of his wrath: the man trembled and turned pale, and I thought he would be falling down dead.[1]

The tricycle incident[2] illustrates his extreme disinclination to spend any money on himself, but I must confess that in these days, in the matter of clothing, he carried this principle too far. He would insist on pronouncing threadbare and green coats, condemned by the universal voice of the family, as "excellent."

Dr. Phillips writes:—

Dr. Westcott's residence in Peterborough began and ended always in the Cambridge long vacation, when he was released from his duties in the Divinity School. At this time of year

[1] About this time my brother Brooke, who was reading for a history prize at Cheltenham, imparted to me, amongst other fruits of his research, that Edward I. once killed a man by looking at him. Of course, as in fraternal duty bound, I scoffed at the idea, and suggested that the king brandished his sword in the poor man's face; but I believe it now.

[2] See p. 321.

those who might best have appreciated his stay in the Minster precincts were usually seeking an atmosphere more exhilarating than the calm of an old cathedral close which borders on the fen. And yet the Minster precincts have a charm of their own—a charm which Hawthorne, in his *English Note-Book*, has so pleasantly pictured that it may here be quoted:—

> Of all the lovely closes that I have beheld, that of Peterborough Cathedral is to me the most delightful; so quiet it is, so solemnly and nobly cheerful, so verdant, so sweetly shadowed, and so presided over by the stately Minster, and surrounded by ancient and comely habitations of Christian men.
>
> The most enchanting place, the most enviable as a residence in all the world, seemed to me that of the Bishop's secretary, standing in the rear of the Cathedral, and bordering on the churchyard; so that you pass through hallowed precincts in order to come at it, and find it a paradise the holier and sweeter for the dead who lie so near.
>
> We looked through the gateway into the lawn, which hardly seemed to belong to this world, so bright and soft the sunshine was, so fresh the grass, so lovely the trees, so trained and refined and mellowed down was the whole nature of the spot, and so shut in and guarded from all intrusion. It is vain to write more about it; nowhere but in England can there be such a spot, nor anywhere but in the close of Peterborough Cathedral.

Those who knew Dr. Westcott could hardly wonder if, while others were wandering far and wide in search of new scenery, he should be content to return each year to Peterborough and spend the long vacation in a paradise such as Hawthorne has pictured.

The fens around, too, even apart from their historical associations as the battle-ground of England, have, as Kingsley says, "a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom"—a beauty which Dr. Westcott was no less ready to appreciate, for his was indeed the seeing eye, discerning always

> The beauty and the wonder and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
> Changes, surprises.

Above all, there was the grand old Minster itself, of which he could never tire. Here might he "shake hands across the centuries" with spiritual ancestors. For, as he writes:—

It is by their buildings and by their sculpture that the men of the middle ages hold converse with us now. They wrote on parchment in a foreign language, but they wrote in a universal language on stone, as men cannot write now. When men built out of the fulness of their hearts, they put their deepest thoughts into their buildings. Sometimes they expressed things just and lovely, sometimes things false and hateful. But with whatever message, they do still speak to us for encouragement and for warning. The great churches are the sermons of the middle ages, and we shall do well to study them.

"Sermons in stones and good in everything" indeed Dr. Westcott always looked for, nor ever lived there one more convinced of the truth which our great poet teaches. Besides his unfailing attendance at the Cathedral services, he would invariably spend some portion of each day within the walls of the old Minster, in quiet thought. His son, Canon Westcott, thus alludes to his father's custom:—

Ofttimes (I well remember) he would go in the quiet of evening, when all was dark and still, and taking his great key with him, make his way into the Church and sit there all alone. Then the window in the retroquire, which troubled him so greatly in the brightness of the daytime, was quite invisible and troubled him no more.

And he pondered who knows what? and gained what access of strength no man can tell, in those moments of solemn silence, alone with the great All-Father.

At another time, though the spare moments he allowed himself were few, it was a delight to him to sketch with his reed pen bits of the monastic buildings; or to drink in the beauty of the world-famed West Front in the rich light of a fen sunset.

In the three grand arches he saw always, as he says, "a type of the wide welcome with which the Church embraces all who come to her"; and indeed every feature of the old

Norman pile, in one way or another, to him expressed some noble thought.

He was greatly interested even in less picturesque relics of the old monastic life.

In the parvise, built a century later than the arches of the West Front, and now used as a library, is preserved the old chronicle *Swapham*, of no small value in the eyes of an antiquarian, but containing little perhaps that people generally would care to read. And yet Dr. Westcott would take great pleasure in looking through its dry details of monastic life. He thus speaks of it :—

> Like other monastic annals, it forms a chequered, fragmentary chronicle, sometimes vivid, in the details of little jealousies and strifes ; sometimes pathetic, in the portraiture of a chief truly loved and lost. Every page tells the same story. A life of sympathy, of tenderness, of discipline, of justice is there seen to take shape slowly. Within the monastery the noble and the bondsman were equal. No one was allowed to call anything his own but his sins.
>
> For him who ruled and for him who served there was an absolute law to prefer his brother's good to his own. Disciplined on these principles, each Benedictine society became, as it were, a little garrison, holding a citadel of peace in the midst of a turbulent people.

He then, in his sermon, goes on to remind us all of the vast debt we owe to the monks of old, of whom men are apt to speak disparagingly in these later days :—

> We owe to them nearly all that remains of the literature of Rome. We owe to them our English Christianity. We owe to them our greatest churches and cathedrals. We owe to them no small share of our national liberties.

Nor would he have us forget the true cause of the decline of the monasteries :—

> They may have fallen from their high place, when the end was gained towards which they were called to toil. The conditions of a new world may have offered no scope for their healthy action. But their corruption came not because they clung to

their principle, but because they abandoned it; and no later failure can obliterate the debt which is due to their early heroism and love.

Thus would he recall to us, living on the spot, the noble efforts of our spiritual ancestors, leaving us "a precious inheritance to be guarded and improved." Again and again did he urge us to think on "our unknown benefactors—on that innumerable host of toilers through the ages who have enriched the lives of all of us with the materials and the instruments of effective action; who have fashioned through sad and weary conflicts the happy conditions under which we fulfil our parts; who have enshrined in definite forms what they saw of the true and the beautiful for our guidance and solace."

And then he would pause to ask us how far we, in our turn, are preparing for our unknown heirs such blessings as we have reaped from the toil and struggle of our fathers.

Here, for instance, in an unpublished sermon, is a noble appeal to us to make a grateful use of the blessings we have received, by leaving behind us something that may help those who come after us:—

> We, too, are ancestors; and we are constrained to ask what is the inheritance which we are preparing for future generations? For what will our descendants bless us? Will they be able to say, when they look at the work which we have wrought in our brief time of toil, at the words which we have coined or brought into currency, at the spirit which we have cherished: "They gave us of their best—their best in execution and their best in thought; they embodied splendid truths in simple forms and made them accessible to all; they kept down the hasty and tumultuous passions which an age of change is too apt to engender: thus they have made sacrifice easier for us; they have made wisdom more prevailing; they have made holiness more supreme; and for all this, and for the innumerable pains of which we know not, we bless their memory."

And finally, in answer to the question, he sets before us a terrible possibility for our warning:—

> Or will the voice of blessing be silent? Will they say, as they look on what we have done: "That crumbling heap, that

desolate iron furnace, tells of work performed only for the moment, which has cumbered the earth with ruins; those coarse and mean phrases which have corrupted our language, tell of men who had no reverence and no dignity; that class antagonism which torments us, tells of the selfishness of our fathers, who, when there was yet time, failed to bind man to man as fellow-labourers in the cause of God."

For we must remember, there is a harvest of sorrow and desolation, a harvest of the whirlwind and the storm, such as has been once and again sown and reaped in the world's history—children helplessly gathering the fruits of their parents' sins. And they have not read the prophets well who persuade themselves that they can do their work for God without looking to the future which they are preparing for the earth.

Enough has been quoted to show how earnest and untiring was Dr. Westcott in urging those around him to appreciate the labours of their spiritual ancestors. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose, although towards our forefathers he was indeed "chivalry incarnate," that he intended to encourage the revival of a form of spiritual life which belongs to the past. On the contrary, he says:—

We must use our examples, not as copies but as stimulants to exertion. . . . We want the spirit, but not the form of the past.

The teacher of to-day must be ready to bring out of his treasury things new as well as old: he must never be weary of translating into the current idiom the thought which his ancestors have mastered, and never backward to welcome the first voices of later wisdom.

And he goes on to say:—

There may be times when hermit isolation becomes a duty, as it may be a duty to cut off the right hand or to pluck out the right eye, but it exhibits a mutilation, not an ideal of life. . . . The work of the study must seldom, if ever, be sundered from the work of the world.

Dr. Westcott's estimate of family life was very high. It was a favourite thought with him that the first converts in Europe were families. "Lydia and her household," "the

jailor and all his." He constantly dwelt on the gain to all from coming in contact with the fresh minds of children. Those who visited him in his study at the Divinity School at Cambridge will recall how, among pictures of divines famed for learning and piety, there hung the baby face and baby figure of Millais' "Cherry Ripe."

It would be pleasant indeed to follow him into that "long dark study in the old home down the lane," and note his ways with his own children, but this will be dwelt upon by another with more right and ability to speak upon the subject.

It will be more suitable here perhaps to say a few words on Dr. Westcott as Canon in Residence at the Cathedral. In summer time Peterborough is rather like the land where 'tis always afternoon, and not a few of its inhabitants are inclined then to ask, "Why should life all labour be?"

So far the coming of Dr. Westcott might seem ill-timed; and yet he was welcomed always as a source of fresh life by the Cathedral staff. The precentor was stimulated in choosing music for the services. The organist knew that every improvement in rendering it would at once be noted. The lay clerks and choristers felt certain of his lively interest in the singing; while each and all were assured that every effort would be appreciated, and every gift, great or small, gladly recognised, by one who had always a keen eye for the merits of those around him. There would be, perhaps, a little murmuring here and there among the older members of the Choir at improvements suggested; as, for instance, in the chanting of the Psalms. Indeed, when the now famous Paragraph Psalter was first introduced, a highly conservative lay clerk was somewhat indignant at the interference of a Canon in the Cathedral music.

Once only could the veteran remember, and that in a far-off past, a member of the Chapter venturing to propose any alteration in the rendering of the Psalms, and that was a suggestion to shorten the service by "substituting single for double chants."

Moreover, in the good old times, when conviviality invariably accompanied the practice of the music, the attendance

of a Canon was a thing not to be thought of; and when Dr. Westcott was present, and suggested the use of a triple chant in the Psalm, the senior member of the Choir complained of the introduction of "a kind of three-cornered thing" into the Cathedral music.

In a short time, however, all became reconciled to the change, and it was fully recognised as a manifest improvement. Thus the Paragraph Psalter came to be appreciated not only in Peterborough itself, but also by visitors to the Cathedral. To explain the object of this change in the chanting it may be well to quote from the preface:—

> It is evident, upon the least reflection, that no one uniform method of chanting can be applicable to the whole Psalter. Sometimes the verses are separately complete; sometimes they are arranged in couplets, sometimes in triplets; sometimes they are grouped in unequal but corresponding masses. In most cases the verses consist of two members, but not unfrequently they consist of three or four. If, therefore, the Psalms are sung antiphonally on one method in single verses, or in pairs of verses, the sense must constantly be sacrificed; and the music, instead of illuminating the thought, will fatally obscure it.
>
> Thus, for example, the second Psalm consists of four triplets, which offer remarkable internal correspondence. The teaching of the Psalm is wholly destroyed if the separate unity of these four stanzas is not clearly marked in chanting.
>
> . . . . .
>
> I have, therefore, striven, after long and repeated study, to mark the main divisions of the Psalms, and by very brief marginal notes to characterise them.
>
> . . . . .
>
> In our Cathedrals and great Churches the Psalms are the centre of the service. They furnish splendid opportunities for the consecration of the highest gifts of musical genius and musical skill; and no nobler task can be given to the religious artist than to interpret them in a universal language.

Another monument of Dr. Westcott's tenure of the office of Canon Residentiary at Peterborough is the Cathedral Voluntary Choir, which was formed to supplement, and occasionally combine with, the regular Cathedral Choir. To

this innovation there was at first some opposition, opponents pleading that the Cathedral's influence would suffer from the introduction of an incongruous element. The Canon, however, was not deterred from carrying out what he was persuaded would make the Cathedral more in touch with the city.

The ideal leader of the day has been defined as "a mystic who can be practical," and surely Dr. Westcott most completely represented this ideal, for, while careful to preserve all that was worth preserving, and eager to restore what the old Minster may have suffered from the ravages of time, or to clear away the disfigurements of our more immediate forefathers, in whose days the history of Cathedrals has been truly described as "a satirical record of neglect and decay," he was by no means content with merely preserving or restoring what our ancestors have bequeathed to us, for, as he writes, "that which is stationary is dead."

Thus, while "guarding tenderly the old," he was keen to discover means for developing any latent capacity for usefulness in Cathedral life, although in such a sphere it is difficult indeed for one official to move without interfering with the rights of others.

Nothing daunted by impediments, Dr. Westcott set to work, and by his energy and tact accomplished very successfully the task he had undertaken. The Secretary of the Voluntary Choir writes: "He visited the shops in the city and invited men to join. The Choir used to meet for practice in the hall of his house, and soon numbered fifty members, besides the boys that joined." This beginning was made some thirty years ago, and since that time the special evening service has continued to be highly appreciated by a large congregation every Sunday evening.

Dr. Westcott's efforts were by no means confined to improving and developing all that he found possible in the Cathedral itself. He was ever ready and anxious to help forward every form of good work attempted in the city. In the Choral Society, which sprung indirectly from the Voluntary Cathedral Choir, he took great interest, especially as the conductor was the precentor of the Cathedral. In

addressing the society, he takes pain to assure them that in having a clergyman as their leader they are adopting what is, to his mind, a principle of the first importance, for they are thus recognising that "the guidance and study of art, and especially of music, may fairly be committed to those to whom the highest spiritual education is entrusted."

This indeed is but one illustration of a view which he was always endeavouring to set forth as to the office of a clergyman, who, as he says, "should cherish the widest sympathies, the most varied interests. . . . Our greatest privilege is not to suppress what belongs to sense, but to see all transfigured; not to regard time as a tedious parenthesis, but as the veil of eternity, half-hiding, half-revealing what is for ever; not to divert the interest of men from that which they have to do, but to invest every fragment of work with a potential divinity. . . . The meaning of the phrase 'spiritual power' has been unduly narrowed in these later times."

It must not, however, be imagined that Dr. Westcott, in dealing with candidates for Holy Orders, allowed them to think that he assigned more than a secondary place to any other interest. Some words of his in a letter on this subject are too important to be omitted. He writes to a friend interested in one who was contemplating being ordained, thus:—

I had a conversation with Mr. —— yesterday evening. I could not make out that he had any distinct personal inclination towards Holy Orders apart from filial duty. On the other hand, he showed passionate devotion to music. A new expression came over his countenance when he spoke of it.

I endeavoured to put two lines of thought before him. I tried to show, what I feel deeply, that the gift of music can be consecrated to the service of Holy Orders if it is most definitely secondary and subservient, just as a gift of teaching or of literature. And, again, I said what I think is no less true, that now, when music makes and indicates the highest claims, there is scope for it as a profession for noble Christian service. I asked him, therefore, to think over the matter and speak to me again.

Nor did Dr. Westcott's love of music prevent his warning young people that what he so highly valued as emphatically

"the social art" had power to enervate as well as to soothe.

In speaking of the Drama he is more reticent. Thus he writes in a letter to a friend:—

> Of the stage I have never been able to make a clear theory. No problem seems to me more beset with difficulties. These ought to stir some teacher to effort. But from early youth I always felt that to me this question would be one to be quickly set aside.

His friend and predecessor in the see of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, in a celebrated sermon on the Drama, laments its having fallen from its high estate, causing the clergy to hold aloof from its representations; and he urges his hearers not only to reprove what is evil, but to promote whatever is high and pure and lovely, "remembering that the emotions acted on by the Drama are from God and of God."

So far Dr. Westcott's wish was fulfilled in the subject's being taken up by one well qualified to judge. No one can doubt, however, that had the question been brought before him he would himself, as indeed he had said, have felt bound to go thoroughly into it. But the occasion never occurred, and so we are, alas! poorer for the lack of his opinion.

Such reticence, indeed, was characteristic of Dr. Westcott. This question of the Drama is only one of many instances that might be referred to, where he is silent simply because there seemed to be no call upon him to speak.

And his silence is the more significant, because he strongly insisted always upon the duty of imparting to others what has been helpful to ourselves, as a few sentences from his sermons will at once prove:—

> It is treason to keep to ourselves the least truth with which we have been entrusted.
>
> There may be a joy of private possession in other things, but the value of spiritual truth—the value of truth to the possessor—is increased by diffusion. It grows by scattering. To hold it back from others is to cast doubt on its reality.

In a sermon preached at the University of Cambridge he says:—

He who has ascertained some fact in history, some little detail which may affect remotely men's health or wellbeing, cannot rest till he has made others share his discovery. Nowhere, I think, does the voice of humanity speak more plainly or more nobly than in that generous and unwritten law by which the physician who has been allowed to find some remedy for disease is held to have found it not as a means for aggrandisement, but as a free blessing for all.

So it is in regard to the health of the body; and shall it be otherwise in regard to the soul? Faith indeed to be real must declare itself. Its power to stay corruption must be exercised whenever it finds entrance. Its power to illuminate must vindicate itself by scattering darkness.

Dr. Westcott finds a noble example of this readiness to impart a conviction of hope, with all the power and vividness which a poet can command, in the writings of Robert Browning, who cannot be accused of "an idle optimism." In a paper read before the Browning Society at Cambridge he says:—

Browning has dared to look on the darkest and meanest forms of action and passion, from which we commonly and rightly turn our eyes, and he has brought back for us from this universal survey a conviction of hope.

He has laid bare what there is in man of sordid, selfish, impure, corrupt, brutish, and he proclaims, in spite of every disappointment and every wound, that he still finds a spiritual power without him, which restores assurance as to the destiny of creation.

In Browning he finds, indeed, a kindred spirit. The poet and the Regius Professor are one in their conviction that "Humanity is not a splendid ruin deserted by the great king who once dwelt within its shrine, but a living body, racked, maimed, diseased, it may be, but stirred by noble thoughts which cannot for ever be in vain."

Another great teacher of our time has taught us that "despair is the only utter perdition." And so, even more fully perhaps, to some minds, has Dr. Westcott identified himself with "hope for the individual, hope for the race."

He loved to call the Bible "the charter of hope," and was

sure that in time to come, if not now, there would be seen in the teaching of Holy Scripture "truths which when fully shown are able to bind class to class and nation to nation, and to present all created things in one supreme unity."

With this hope, triumphing over all obstacles, making indeed "each stumbling-block a stepping-stone," Dr. Westcott threw himself heartily into every effort which demanded self-sacrifice for the common good. Every gift of fortune and place and character he held to be a trust for the general welfare. Teachers he was ever urging "not to fit their scholars to be faultless fragments in a perfect machine, but thoughtful, struggling citizens in a present kingdom of God." He told schoolmasters that with them, more than with the clergy, rests the shaping of that generation which will decide, in a large degree, what the England of the future will be. "They must teach their pupils that toil is not, as it used to be to Greek ears, synonymous with wretchedness or vice"; and he adds, "There can be, as far as I can see, no stable peace till it can be openly shown on a large scale that the toiler with slender means may be rich in all that makes life worth living, filled with the joy of devotion to the good, and the true, and the beautiful, and the holy."

In attempting to recall impressions of Dr. Westcott when at Peterborough, although his own disposition was to follow out consistently what he preached to his brother clergy as to making a love of art secondary and subservient, it is hardly possible not to speak of his artistic gifts. His reed-pen sketches of the monastic ruins have been seen probably only by a few even of his friends, and not many perhaps realised his fine appreciation of works of art. Yet those who knew him best would soon discover the value he set on the study of art, as a few sentences from an address to art students will be sufficient to show:—

> The art which enlarges our powers, likewise invigorates and refines. I do not know of anything more instructive than to go with an artist to see a sunset. You see very brilliant colours, but the artist will point out to you that there is a subtle harmony here, the shadow of a cloud there, that shadows are not black, but composed of variable hues, and so on, until the sunset becomes

a thing of life. This power of refined observation comes from the study of his art. In this way we get breadth, vigour, and delicacy by the study of art.

The time came when Dr. Westcott was invited to fill a place in another sphere. A canonry at Westminster became vacant, and Mr. Gladstone offered the stall to him. Not without a pang did he leave Peterborough, and not without genuine sorrow did clergy and friends in general bid him farewell.

In reply to a touching address[1] from the members of the Cathedral Voluntary Choir, he writes:—

Dear Friends—Let me beg you to receive my heartfelt thanks for your address, which is now hanging before me in my study under a drawing of the Cathedral. No testimonial could have given me more pleasure. It is the witness that one part of the Cathedral life which I had the happiness to see in its beginning is full of vigorous energy and promise.

The Voluntary Choir was necessarily an object of my liveliest interest as long as I was permitted to work at Peterborough.

During my connexion with the Cathedral from first to last, I strove, as you know, to make it a centre of popular religious energy and feeling, an institution to which every one in the diocese might naturally bring his offering of service, and in which he might be sure to find a welcome, made deeper and fuller through the varied teaching of more than twelve hundred years, which is the inheritance of its representatives. There are, indeed, few days in my life which I recall with greater pleasure than those in which I was allowed from time to time to meet in the Cathedral great gatherings of volunteers, of railway officials, of friendly societies, of Sunday School teachers, of church workers, and the like; and no words or acts of sympathy have ever been a greater encouragement to me than those of my fellow-labourers on these occasions.

For such sympathy is not so much personal as corporate. It is the expression of that unselfish devotion to a common end by which societies live and grow.

I can then, to judge from my own experience, in acknowledging your kindness, wish nothing better for you than that you

[1] The Peterborough Voluntary Choir, I would add, presented my father with another address, followed by two pages of signatures, on his appointment to Durham.—A. W.

may feel with ever-increasing power the joy of willing and united service on behalf of a great Foundation.

This I do wish with all my heart; and what may not fifty men do who have already known what it is to minister to God?

Of Dr. Westcott's new sphere as Canon of Westminster another will speak. With his farewell to Peterborough this record must end. In a letter received from him at the time of his departure he says:—

Westminster seems like a dream to me, yet the conversation with Mr. Gladstone was most real and impressive, and I suppose, if all be well, the work will come. If I had ever dared to form a wish, I think that it would have been that I might have such a place. The Abbey is the epitome of all that is greatest in the fulness of English life.

When, at the request of his University, Dr. Westcott sat for his portrait, the artist found less difficulty in painting his features than in shaping his peculiarly sensitive fingers. And thus, too, for the writer it is easier, by quotation from his works, to convey an idea of his spiritual and intellectual power than to give an impression of the fine tact which was equally characteristic of Dr. Westcott.

Let it suffice, then, to add only that we who knew and valued the late Bishop of Durham, when Canon of Peterborough, still love to trace, in what have since grown into standard theological works, the first thoughts to which with reverence we listened in the Morning Chapel of the old Minster; and that, above all other recollections of Cathedral life, there must ever stand out luminously clear in our remembrance the form and features of one whose very presence seemed proof of immortality. Nor is it possible for us ever to read the words of the evangelist St. John, on which he would comment with almost breathless veneration, without once more picturing Dr. Westcott at the lectern in the old Norman pile,—

> He stood as one transfigured in a gleam
> Of light divine, interpreting that Dream
> Where eyes of love see Love o'er all supreme.

CHAPTER VIII

CAMBRIDGE

1870–1890

In 1870 the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge became vacant through the resignation of Professor Jeremie, Dean of Lincoln. Dr. Lightfoot, who had already devised a scheme of his own for bringing my father to Cambridge, strongly urged him now to be a candidate for the office. In vain my father protested that his friend should allow himself to be elected to "a place which was his own by right," and leave him the chance of succeeding to the Hulsean Professorship. Dr. Lightfoot was obdurate, and sent orders which my father with some misgivings obeyed. And so it came to pass that one of his dreams was realised. He received a telegram from Cambridge on All Saint's Day telling him that he had been elected by a large majority. To this he replied :—

My dear Lightfoot—Your telegram is, I suppose, correct, but it all seems to me like a strange dream, and I can hardly realise what I have ventured to do. However, in such a case, with the prospect of such work, self must be forgotten. I do sincerely trust that I had no selfish aim in coming forward. I only wish that my other hopes were as strong as

my hope for Cambridge. This last confidence is indeed that which encourages me to believe that by your side I may be enabled to do something for the cause of our common Faith. Those who offer congratulations, as many kind friends already do, hardly feel what the work to come is. I feel to want sympathy, prayers, not congratulations. Lately I have had to pick out two words, they are:

ἐπεκτεινόμενος—συναθλοῦντες

If to these we add—

ἐν χριστῷ

it seems as if the spring of strength were open.

The position which I must try to occupy I owe to you, and you will thus help me to fill it. May God give us wisdom and courage and patience to do His work.—Ever yours gratefully and affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

A few days later he wrote to Chancellor Benson from Cambridge:

TRINITY COLLEGE, *7th November* 1870.

My dear Benson—To read your letter in Lightfoot's rooms made its words doubly moving. It is a great joy to me that my dearest friends all feel the solemnity of the charge given to me as I feel it. At present the sense of depression is almost overwhelming. It is so hard not to think of self. However, the charge is given and only in one way can it be fulfilled. Lightfoot thinks that I should be able to help him, and my faith in Cambridge remains unshaken. All else seems dark, but that is light enough for the next step. Surely the battle is for us, if only we believe it:—πῶς οὐκ ἔχετε πίστιν. In a few minutes I go with Lightfoot to Westminster. More will come of these meetings, I think, than simply a revised version.—Ever yours gratefully and affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor F. D. Maurice he wrote:—

It is quite impossible for me to thank you in words for your letter. By humbling me, in the Christian sense of the

word, it gives me new strength. If an unbounded faith in the reality of the spiritual work which Cambridge can do and an intense love for Cambridge can give any power, that power I think I can claim. For the rest I know my weakness too well—and the extreme kindness of many friends makes me know it even better than before—to look within for anything. It has often seemed to me that there is a want of concert in noblest effort at Cambridge. If the men who wish to work together would have the courage to appear as *συναθλοῦντες*, I think that great blessings would follow. Your prayers for my work at its beginning will, I am sure, follow it, if I am allowed to carry it on. No one can know as I do how much I need them.

To Mr. Dalrymple he wrote :—

PETERBOROUGH, *17th December* 1870.

I hardly know when I shall be able to tell all my friends how deeply I feel their kindness and sympathy. My new work is too grave and solemn to admit of congratulations, but those who wish me well and know what the charge is will give me something far better. Next term I hope to reside in College. This seems to be the only possible arrangement, and at the beginning it may be well to be free from society. I do certainly feel that I can give my whole heart to the work: that is something to encourage me. . . .

The following letter to his wife tells of the commencement of his Cambridge work :—

CAMBRIDGE, *7th February* 1871.

Well- the first lecture is over, and now that a beginning is made the way will be clearer. I had a very pleasant audience and an attentive one. Prof. Selwyn came over from Ely to be present. It was very kind of him. I hope that I was intelligible, and henceforth I shall not try the powers of my hearers so much. It is a great thing to have

been allowed to begin the work. May some good come from it. The time seems to be very short, and it is hard to keep one's own faith really alive.

One of the new Professor's first endeavours was to secure a harmony of Divinity lectures; he even hoped that Professor Maurice might see his way to visibly co-operate with the Divinity Professors, but in this he was disappointed. He wrote:—

PETERBOROUGH, 30*th September* 1871.

My dear Professor Maurice—The Theological Professors propose to issue a joint programme of their lectures at the beginning of the term, with a view to giving men a general idea of the public help which they may expect to receive in this part of their work. We are anxious to make our list as complete as possible, and the thought has occurred to us that you may have selected for your subject some topic of Christian Ethics which would fall within the scope of the plan. If it be so we trust that you will allow us to include this course of yours in our list. Without some such application of theology to life, our scheme will be very imperfect, and it will be an inestimable gain to the students preparing for Holy Orders if they can from the first be taught to feel that Social Morality is one side of the doctrine of the Church. It may, of course, happen that the subjects which you propose to teach in the next year are special and technical and that you cannot render us the service for which I venture to ask; but I am sure that you will sympathise so far with the wish to give breadth to our Divinity course as to pardon me for preferring the request which may perhaps find fulfilment at some later time if not now.—Believe me to be, my dear Professor Maurice, yours very sincerely and gratefully,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

From the very first, too, he laboured to secure a real value for the University's divinity degrees. He was not afraid to disappoint entirely some who sought the

D.D. degree, and submitted to some reproach on this account. The following letter to Archdeacon Farrar, a very old friend and sufficiently renowned theologian, shows how scrupulous he was in this matter :—

WESTMINSTER, *2nd February* 1871.

My dear Farrar—Your note has followed me to the Revision sitting. The LXX is, I fear, quite an unworked field so far as the books of the Hebrew Canon are concerned. It can, I think, only be used profitably with the Hebrew text, and the problems then opened are intensely interesting, but nearly all new. . . . The Apokrypha forms an excellent subject, and the *Kurz. Exeg. Handb.* by Grimm and Fritzsche is excellent. You could not take anything better than 1 Macc. and Wisdom.

I do not know whether you can take a D.D. at once without going through the preliminary stage. Luard is the great authority on this matter. However, the exercises are the same for B.D. and D.D., a public sermon, which I am allowed to consider already preached in the Hulsean lectures, and a Latin thesis. The latter I wish to raise to real worth. If you can suggest some subject which you wish to treat, I shall be delighted to assign it to you ; and I am most anxious that the work should be of permanent value. We have lost incredibly by treating these exercises as a matter of form.

I write in haste in a moment of leisure. May you have every blessing in your coming work.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

Professor V. H. Stanton, who knew my father throughout his twenty years' tenure of the Regius Professorship, has kindly sent the following recollections :—

"It seems natural to speak of him first as he appeared to myself and to contemporaries of my own, from the point of view which we occupied when he entered upon his work here. Several of my friends were looking forward, as I was, to becoming candidates

for Holy Orders, while others besides these took a genuine interest in Theological studies. We had some general notion before he came of his attainments, and knew that he had written important books, though I do not remember that we had any of us read even one of them, unless it were *The Gospel of the Resurrection*. We soon began to realise to some extent what additional strength he had brought to the teaching body in Cambridge, and he became an object of the same kind of affectionate reverence which we ourselves and other generations of young men before us had for some time felt for Dr. Lightfoot. Their mental characteristics were in some respects very different; but the friendship between them was known to be of such long standing and so close, and their main principles and aims were so plainly identical, that the influence of each was only strengthened by that of the other. We liked to watch them together, and this we had many opportunities of doing, especially if we were Trinity men. Dr. Lightfoot's home was in the College; your father, also, though he had his house in Scrope Terrace, had rooms in Neville's Court (I. 3, second floor, middle of the north side), where he did much of his work, from the Lent term of 1871 to the summer of 1879, after which he made the private room of the Regius Professor at the Divinity School his workshop. Thus during those early years he passed a large portion of his days in our very midst; and the two friends, who had planned their life's work together, and who were now reunited as colleagues in the professoriate, might constantly be seen walking side by side in our courts as they left chapel or hall, and at other times. They were of the small and faithful remnant who still dined at the fellows' table at 4.30 P.M. In passing it

may be said that I think it is to be regretted that they did not dine at the later hour, when they would have met the greater number of the fellows. In the case of Dr. Lightfoot it did not matter much, owing to his long residence in College and past participation in College work; but in Dr. Westcott's case it would have been a gain if he and the society generally could have become more fully acquainted through ordinary social intercourse.

"For the first few years the subjects of his longer courses—delivered in the Arts' School, where the professor occupied the cumbrous pulpit which had been the throne of the moderator at the keeping of Acts—were taken from the earlier centuries of the History of the Church. It should be remembered that there was then no Dixie professor, and that far less instruction in Divinity subjects was provided in the Colleges than at present. He led us back to the original documents, and dwelt with evident enthusiasm upon signal manifestations of Christian life, and showed, too, how the Church's Creed had been shaped in true harmony with the Scriptural Revelation, in spite of all the human passions which had been displayed in the conflicts through which the result had been won. The numbers attending his lectures were in those days not large, and he occasionally set questions, which he required those at least who desired certificates of attendance to answer, so as in some degree to satisfy him. Later he demanded, only as a proof of diligence, that men should show him their notes. It has now, I may observe, for some years been the practice of all the Cambridge Divinity professors to set a paper on the subject of their lectures at the conclusion of each course, which must be passed in order that a certificate may be obtained.

"Many, however, will look back with most gratitude to his Monday evening lectures on the Gospel of St. John, and afterwards on St. John's Epistles, which were for a long time given in his own rooms, though eventually he had to remove to a lecture-room. Here those students came who were most anxious to learn, including some who were not making Theology a principal subject of study, and they acquired a new sense of the depths of truth contained in 'the spiritual Gospel.'

"In looking over old lists of the subjects of Professors' lectures, I had noticed that from 1874 to 1879, in place of a portion of Church History, 'the Study of Christian Doctrine,' or some similar title commonly appears opposite the Regius Professor's name; while in and after the latter year he usually took a book, or selected passages, of the New Testament as the subject of his course for certificates, and Christian Doctrine in his weekly class. The reason for the last change is probably to be found in the removal to Durham of Dr. Lightfoot, who had almost invariably lectured on the New Testament."

My father's earliest lectures, it has been remarked, were on Church History, being read from a fully written manuscript, which still survives. It had been one of his dreams to accomplish a work on Christian Doctrine, to which the external history of the Church would have been contributory. For years his study was adorned with a long row of Stone's boxes, each of which was labelled C, D, and contained part of what we children understood was to be the great work of his life. Some of his Monday evening lectures in the library of the Divinity School were on this subject, and parts of them have been published in *The Gospel*

of Life. In a note to the preface of that book he says :—

> It was my intention to have added notes on the Modes and Epochs of Revelation, on the characteristics of Judaism, on the Sacred books of prae-Christian religions, and on the Historical Development of Christian Doctrine, for which I collected materials; but it is hardly likely now that I shall be able to bring the materials into a proper shape.

That is all he says when compelled to abandon hope of completing his *magnum opus.*

The attendance at his lectures grew steadily for years, receiving a great accession when Professor Lightfoot was taken to Durham, until it averaged about three hundred. Before commencing his lectures the Professor would repeat a collect, and few will be able to forget the earnestness of his prayer on those occasions. Then before entering upon his exposition of a verse or two of St. John, or of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he would say a few words on passages selected for re-translation into Greek, and so convey, even to the most careless, some idea of the power of the original.

To earnest students his less largely attended lectures were, I think, more enjoyable. I can remember how, sometimes trusting to a friend who excelled at taking notes, I could not resist the temptation to cease writing and give myself over to the delight of simple listening. The effect of the words as one can read them now is incomparably less than their effect as uttered. What that effect on some occasions was, another[1] has described :—

> As in closing words of almost whispering earnestness, tense with spiritual emotion and vibrating with prophetic hope, he tried to sum up the collective message of all the

[1] The Rev. G. H. Rendall.

fragmentary efforts, by which πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως "in many parts and many modes" men had groped their way towards self-realisation and truth, I remember how every pen dropped, and breath was hushed, and a pin-fall would have sounded, as we listened spell-bound to a peroration that passed into a Confession and a prayer.

Professor Stanton resumes :—

"I must now turn to Dr. Westcott's attitude towards, and part in, matters of University policy, legislation, and administration. He commenced his work as professor at one of the chief epochs in the history of the relations of the University to the Church of England. In the Parliamentary session of 1871, a bill was passed into law whereby religious tests, already abolished in regard to all degrees except those in Divinity, ceased to be imposed as a condition of admission to a fellowship. Colleges were at the same time required to make provision for the religious instruction of members of the Established Church, and for the maintenance of worship in their chapels as before, in accordance with its principles and forms; but there ceased to be any guarantee that the governing bodies, or the teaching staff in general, would consist of Churchmen. I do not know how Dr. Westcott regarded this measure before it was passed, though I imagine that he acknowledged its necessity. Certainly, however, he faced the new state of things with courage and hopefulness. Of this there could not be better evidence than that afforded by the little volume entitled *The Religious Office of the Universities*,[1] containing three sermons preached before

[1] To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Peterborough, 21*st December* 1872.

I have been told that I must publish two sermons which I preached before the University at the beginning of this month. They were on some

the University in the Advent of 1872, two papers read at Church Congresses, and one at an Ely Diocesan Conference. But this was also a time of much activity in the University itself, and not least so in regard to the introduction of new regulations affecting Theological studies. In 1869 the Theological Board reported that, in consequence of the recent institution of a Pass Examination in Theology for the B.A. degree, the position of the Theological Examination, commonly called the Voluntary, which Cambridge candidates for Holy Orders were required by the Bishops to pass, had been materially affected; and a Syndicate was appointed to consider the whole question of the Theological examinations of the University, and the regulations affecting them. I find that Dr. Westcott was a member of the former body, probably as an examiner, when it made the above-mentioned report; and that, although not a member of the Syndicate at its commencement, he was added to it after he was elected Regius Professor, some little time before it made its first report. It first dealt with Divinity degrees, and framed the regulations which are still in force. Dr. Westcott, as Regius Professor, had the principal share in carrying them into effect, and in gradually raising the standard of attainment insisted on. The same Syndicate prepared the scheme for the Theological Tripos Examination, the chief features of which still remain unaltered. The first was held in 1874."

The circumstances, as described above by Professor

points of the relation of the University to religious life at home and abroad. To publish single sermons is a luxury which I can hardly indulge in; but perhaps these two sermons, with the three papers at Nottingham, Cambridge, and Leeds, which all converge on the same points, might make a tiny volume which would pay its cost. What do you think? I will send you the sermons if you like. The papers are in the Reports of the Congresses, and you may have seen them.

Stanton, combined, to quote my father's own words, "to suggest the present time as especially opportune for the establishment of a general Theological Examination, which shall be conducted by the Divinity Professors and members of the Theological Faculty in co-operation with the Bishops."

The establishment of the Preliminary Examination of candidates for Holy Orders thus foreshadowed was a matter which cost the Regius Professor much labour and anxiety. His anxious endeavour was to raise the level of Theological attainments, and to secure, as far as could be, a uniform standard in the various dioceses. At the same time it was hoped that the more solid part of the examination of candidates for ordination would thus be removed from the few days immediately preceding ordination, so that a more devotional character might be given to the Ember seasons.

As early as 1871 the scheme supported by his Cambridge colleagues was already taking shape; but it was a harder task to win the countenance of the Bishops. The following letters to Professor Lightfoot show what efforts were being made to that end:—

To Professor Lightfoot

Peterborough, 13*th September* 1871.

I send you a rough draft of a letter to the Bishops. There are evidently great difficulties before us, but it seems to be the last chance of keeping the University in living contact with the clergy.

My Cathedral paper was finished at Hunstanton, where I stayed for a week, but a solitary holiday is a little dreary, and so I came home again. There is the Nottingham paper still

hanging over me, and it is very hard to keep in good heart at Peterborough. The shades of the Four Councils already darken most things.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

PETERBOROUGH, *18th September* 1871.

. . I have corrected the letter according to your suggestions, and when I get a proof will send it to you again, as well as to Selwyn and Swainson, for further suggestions. There are difficulties in the way of the Bishops, I foresee, but unless they will promise something I do not see that we can undertake the Examination. Yet with care the Examination might be made a very valuable instrument of training.

Last week the history of the Council of Constantinople fairly crushed me. I had never gone into it before. Bad as the worst debate in Convocation is, there has been something worse.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

In the same year he wrote to Hort, urging him to accept an Examining Chaplaincy to the Bishop of Ely, hoping thus to secure his active assistance in forwarding the scheme :—

TRINITY COLLEGE, *7th November* 1871.

I fear that I cannot be quite unbiassed in giving my opinion. The importance of the office in the present crisis of things seems to be so great, and the possibility of salutary influence at Cambridge so hopeful, that I cannot admit your arguments for doubting. It seems to me to be quite evident that some great change must be made before long in the Examination for Holy Orders. Thus there is the greater need of getting a firm nucleus for a central body which may be ready to take part of the charge. If our supplementary Cambridge Examination should be established, we shall require the active sympathy of as many bishops as possible, and it is, I think, through this work of preparation for Holy Orders that we may look first for the quickening of our Faculty. The Bishop's letter is a true reflection of him. What could

be more winning? There is no bishop under whom I could work with more joy and trust, and if I, then you not less.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 21*st November* 1871.

One line only to wish you every blessing in what really is a very important work. At present there is undoubtedly much to correct and develop, but at least there is the vantage ground for effort, and Ely probably offers more advantages than any diocese. You will enjoy intensely your intercourse with the Bishop. There are few men whose presence is more beneficent.

. . . By incredible efforts I saved my train by about a minute. It is a comfort to find that one can still run a mile.

In the following year he made great progress, and was gladdened by the receipt of a document which practically started the new Examination on its successful course. The document runs thus:—

We, the undersigned, having considered carefully the amended form of "Proposals for the Establishment of a New Theological Examination," [1] as submitted to us by the Regius

[1] PROPOSALS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT

OF A

NEW THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION

Various circumstances combine to suggest the present time as especially opportune for the establishment of a general Theological Examination, which shall be conducted by the Divinity Professors and members of the Theological Faculty in co-operation with the Bishops.

I. Recent changes in the *University* point to this step.

On the one hand, the abolition of the so-called Voluntary Theological Examination has cleared the way for a more efficient scheme, while at the same time it has rendered some substitute desirable. After the close of the year 1873, when the "Voluntary" Theological Examination will cease to be held, the University will offer no means of testing the Theological knowledge of those students who have proceeded to their degrees by any

Professor of Divinity of Cambridge, express our approval of the same, and our willingness to take part in the scheme.

W. Ebor.
C. J. Gloucester and Bristol.
E. H. Ely.
J. Hereford.
W. C. Peterborough.
Arthur Bath and Wells.
Hervey Carlisle.

3rd June 1872.

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other line than by the Theological Honours Tripos or the Special Theological Examination. Yet it may be presumed that a large number of these will still continue to present themselves as candidates for Holy Orders.

On the other hand, the fact that the Act for the abolition of Tests has severed many of the formal bonds connecting the University with the Church of England, renders it the more necessary that this connexion should be maintained as far as possible practically. Through the Theological Faculty, which remains untouched by recent legislation, its maintenance is still possible; and to this body therefore we should naturally look to take its part in the general control of the proposed Examination.

II. At the same time, dissatisfaction has been expressed by many of the *Bishops* with the present working of the Examinations for Holy Orders; and it is thought that in this direction an improvement might be effected by the proposed scheme.

In the first place, it has been felt as a serious consequence of the existing practice, that the thoughts of Candidates are engrossed up to the last moment with the anxieties of their Examination, so that they have little opportunity for quiet thought at this critical time. An important point would be gained if the Bishops' Examinations could be relieved of some of those subjects which test the intellectual qualifications of Candidates and a more devotional tone given to the period immediately preceding Ordination.

Moreover, the establishment of a general Examination, comprising Candidates for Ordination in different dioceses, would tend to raise the level of Theological attainments among the English Clergy generally, and to correct these inequalities of standard which arise from the absence of common action.

III. Lastly, the scheme may be expected to act beneficially on *Theological Colleges*. Representations have been made from time to time by those interested in their working, in the hope of inducing the University to establish an Examination for their members. They have felt the importance of reference to some external standard, such as the proposed Examination would afford, to stimulate and direct the studies, as well as to test the proficiency, of their students.

By opening the Examination, under certain conditions, to students of Theological Colleges, this end might be attained.

The Regulations for the Examination follow hereupon.

Encouraged by these promises, my father sought the aid of the Church press to make the scheme known, but seems to have met with scant success. He wrote to Hort :—

PETERBOROUGH, *24th July* 1873.

I sent the papers with notes to *The Guardian* and to the *John Bull*, but, as far as I know, neither paper has taken the least notice of the proposed Examination. I am not in the secrets of journalism, and can only suppose that Cambridge is in bad odour with ecclesiastical journals. I do not see, however, that the neglect will do harm. It will be best to get the scheme inserted in the *Reporter* early in October, and then the Cambridge "correspondent" of the papers may think it worth while to notice it. (Did you see that the Cambridge correspondent of *The Guardian* said that Mr. Farrar was *presented for his degree by the Public Orator in a laudatory Latin speech?*) . . . My idea as to Creeds and Prayer Book was that we should deal in the general Examination with contents and history, but not with dogmatical developments. For the common Examination of all candidates I should propose :—1. General Scripture. 2. Doctrine. 3. Evidences. 4. Pastoral care. . . . Of course what we shall work for is the separation of the Examination, as a pass Examination, from the Ember week.

The success of the scheme was, however, fully assured by the support of the seven Bishops. The Oxford Divinity Professors joined heartily in the work, and year by year other bishops consented to accept the Examination, until at last it won practically universal recognition.

During the early years of the life of this Examination, my father conducted all the correspondence, and served as one of the Examiners on every occasion. When the new work was fairly started, the Rev. E. G. King was appointed Secretary, and the extreme pressure

removed from the long-suffering shoulders of the Professor.

As soon as the Preliminary Examination had been successfully launched upon its career of usefulness, the Regius Professor devoted his energies to yet another scheme for enabling the University to supply men duly qualified to serve God in the Church. In 1881 he had gathered together a committee of which he was President, formed for the purpose of assisting graduates, who were looking forward to ordination, to prepare for their life's work, without sacrificing the peculiar advantages of residence in the University. The preparation provided, fell under three heads: Devotional, Doctrinal, and Practical. One feature of the Devotional preparation was an additional service held, latterly at any rate, in a side Chapel (Brassey) of King's College Chapel, at which Devotional Addresses were given. From time to time my father delivered these addresses. In the matter of the Doctrinal preparation, various courses of lectures were provided, the President himself lecturing on Heads of Christian Doctrine. All members of the Clergy Training School, as it was called, were required to engage in practical work, in connexion with existing agencies or otherwise, and generally in concert with the vicars of parishes in Cambridge or the neighbourhood. After working quietly and successfully for seven years, the Committee felt justified in 1887 in putting forth a public appeal for funds to provide stipends, bursaries, and a house to be a centre for the work of the School. About the same time the School adopted a Constitution which provided that the Divinity Professors, the Principal and Vice-Principal of the School, and the Lecturers should form the Council. Thus equipped with funds and a local habitation, and

adopted by the Professors, the School was established on a secure basis for the permanent benefit of the Church at large.[1]

Professor Stanton continues :—"Dr. Westcott threw himself most cordially into the work of various religious societies and institutions in Cambridge, especially those which were mainly carried on by undergraduates and young graduates, and the position accorded to him in connexion with them was a means of influence hardly less important than the manner in which he discharged his strictly professorial duties. The first time that I was in the same room with him was at a meeting of Jesus Lane Sunday School teachers, at the end of which he gave a short address, when he cannot have been settled in Cambridge for more than a few weeks. Less than a year afterwards, the University Church Society was formed, with the object of promoting a better understanding of one another, and fuller co-operation among young Churchmen of various shades of opinion. He was consulted in regard to the scheme at an early stage, and delivered an opening address at the first regular meeting, on the motto which he gave us Συναθλοῦντες, while Dr. Lightfoot preached at the Society's first terminal service on the words Πάντα ὑμῶν. For years Dr. Westcott was frequently present at its meetings, where he sat listening patiently to our crude remarks.

"Then came the formation of the Missionary Brotherhood at Delhi. He had himself had the principal share in giving this direction to the missionary zeal of members of the University, and his own large views of

[1] These buildings have since received the name of "Westcott House," in order "to commemorate the close connexion between Bishop Westcott and the Clergy Training School, and to record the honour and affection felt for him by all associated with him in his work in it."

missionary work, and of the responsibilities of the University in regard to it, were to no small extent impressed upon this mission, and have determined its aims and spirit. In other ways, too, he helped the cause of foreign missions, as (for instance) by his speeches at meetings of the S.P.G. and C.M.S. Various associations of greater or less permanency, having religious or philanthropic aims, might also be mentioned, which he encouraged by his sympathy and aid. When, as was frequently the case, he was in the chair at meetings either of a public or a comparatively private character, one could observe him making brief notes during the speeches. At the conclusion he summed up, showing how skilfully he had analysed them and preserved what was of most value in each, while he lifted us into a higher level of thought and feeling. In all his utterances he recurred continually to those great truths which were 'the master-light of all his seeing.'"

My father delivered a course of lectures, on *Some Traits in the Christian Character*, at the Devotional Services of the Church Society in 1876. These addresses were subsequently published, under the title *Steps in the Christian Life*. One of the most memorable of his many missionary addresses was that delivered in 1882, in the College Hall at Westminster, on *The Cambridge Mission and Higher Education in the Punjab*.

I cannot altogether forego mention of the "Eranus" Club, although it has been fully described elsewhere by one of its original members,[1] because it originated with my father. The following letter indicates its general intention as sketched by its founder:—

[1] Professor Henry Sidgwick, in *Life and Letters of Dr. Hort*, ii. 184, 185.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *6th May* 1872.

Dear Sir—It has appeared to several resident members of the University, who are actively engaged in different departments of academic work, that it would be a great advantage to have opportunities of meeting to consider questions of common interest in the light of their special studies. It is proposed, therefore, to form a small society for the purpose of hearing and discussing essays prepared by the members. If you are inclined to take part in it, may I ask the favour of your attendance at a preliminary meeting to be held in my rooms on Friday, 17th May, at 8.30 P.M.—Yours faithfully,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

The "Eranus" included among its members: F. J. A. Hort, Henry Jackson, J. B. Lightfoot, Alfred Marshall, J. Clerk Maxwell, J. R. Seeley, Henry Sidgwick, V. H. Stanton, G. G. Stokes, and Coutts Trotter. Any one familiar with Cambridge, or the world of learning, will recognise what a galaxy of talent here shines. Though the number of members varied, it never exceeded twelve. One of the earliest papers read by my father before this club was on Knowledge. He valued extremely these opportunities of open converse with other leaders of thought on topics of supremest interest, and, when he says in his preface to *The Gospel of Life*, "the thoughts which they (*sc.* the chapters) contain have been constantly tested in private discussion," I understand him to refer, in some degree, to the discussions of this club.

Professor Stanton has furnished the following amusing little incident which occurred at a meeting of the "Eranus" held in Professor Robertson Smith's rooms, and presents an interesting view of my father as an educationalist. He says, "We were discussing our

Cambridge courses of study, when Dr. Westcott with the utmost gravity remarked: 'I would give a man a degree for asking twelve good questions.' Of course he did not seriously regard this as practicable. Yet the mock proposal meant a great deal. While he often shrank from formulas, because truth seemed to him too great to be contained in them, he was always ready to map out a subject with care and precision, so as to indicate clearly what there was to be investigated and thought about, and he looked for a similar temper in other genuine students."

When Dr. Lightfoot, in 1875, succeeded to the Lady Margaret Professorship, an anxious discussion ensued in the matter of the Hulsean chair thus vacated. At first it was hoped that the problem which presented itself to the three Cambridge friends might be happily solved by Chancellor Benson's consenting to stand. When, however, Dr. Benson finally decided that he should devote himself wholly to his work at Lincoln, Dr. Hort was, after full consideration of the attendant difficulties, urged by the other two to offer himself as a candidate. His somewhat unwilling candidature on this occasion proved unsuccessful; but three years later he was elected, when the same chair again fell vacant, owing to Professor J. J. S. Perowne's acceptance of the Deanery of Peterborough.

The following fragments are selected from the letters written at this crisis by my father to his intimate friends:—

To Professor Lightfoot

24th May 1875.

Hort is naturally very anxious to know what it is right to do about the Hulsean. Now that the Lady Margaret is

practically decided (Do you become a Johnian?), we must try to face the question. I hope that you may see your way. All being well, I come up on Thursday to a Harrow meeting, and if you are free I will come on to St. Paul's, or meet you elsewhere to talk over the matter. I feel in the greatest perplexity, and could of course say nothing, except that I would take counsel with you. The question so far is simply whether we think (our own minds not being further made up) that it would be better for Hort to come forward or not. He fully feels the gravity of the O.T. argument.

To Chancellor Benson

8th June 1875.

Lightfoot tells me that he has written to you. The whole idea seems like a delightful dream. Yet I cannot but be glad to have spoken, even if I was selfishly inclined to forget Lincoln in Cambridge. So far you will forgive me.

To Dr. Hort

12th June 1875.

I am very glad that you have written to Benson, but I hardly think that he will stand, and it is, I fear, selfish in me to wish him to imperil Lincoln. Yet when once I was encouraged I could not but feel what a help he would be to us.

In the building of the new Divinity School, towards which Professor Selwyn had munificently contributed over £10,000, my father took the keenest interest. The School was opened in 1879, and from that time the Regius Professor occupied a room within its walls. Here, as formerly in his rooms at Trinity, he was ready to advise those who sought his guidance, and many are they who look back with grateful affection to quiet interviews in that little corner room which have left

abiding impressions on their lives. The following note addressed to his brother Professors shows how carefully the Regius Professor entered into the details of the architectural work :—

DIVINITY SCHOOL, *4th November.*

A question has arisen as to the six shields on the entrance door of the Divinity School, which is also the entrance to the Literary Schools. It was proposed that the four Divinity Professorships should be represented by four shields, and that two should be kept blank for the future. Mr. Champneys is anxious to fill all the shields, and wishes that the two remaining shields should represent Literary Professorships. Generally, this seems open to serious objection; but the two Professorships of Hebrew and Greek were distinctly theological in conception, and perhaps it might be well to indicate this idea by placing their bearings on our entrance.

When Professor Lightfoot was, in 1879, appointed to the See of Durham, the general loss of Cambridge was a very special loss to my father. From the time when Dr. Lightfoot generously prepared the way for his return to Cambridge, he had cordially supported him throughout in every effort to fulfil his office. To lose the loyal co-operation of such a worker was hard indeed; but my father was not one of those who "thought their own circle greater than the world," and felt that his friend did right to accept the new burden. He wrote :—

My dear Lightfoot—The advice from Truro does not surprise me. On the whole, I think that it is right, though no one can feel as I do what the decision means to us here. But England is more than Cambridge. You may find new ways for helping us, and I will try to regain the hope which has almost gone. We must have faith. It is just that that we are always wanting. We wish to carry out our own plans.

For your work I have no fear. You give all your past, yourself, to it; and giving is the secret of true success.

I must be very thankful for the work which we have been allowed to do together. It seems to have borne fruit beyond one's utmost expectation—*ἐὰν μὴ ὁ κόκκος τοῦ σίτου πεσὼν εἰς τὴν γῆν ἀποθάνῃ αὐτὸς μόνος μένει, ἐὰν δὲ ἀποθάνῃ πολὺν καρπὸν φέρει. . . .*[1]

There are many deaths and risings again. Is it not written over all "from strength to strength"?—Ever yours,

B. F. W.

These last words, it will be remembered, were the text of my father's sermon at Bishop Lightfoot's consecration. In the course of that sermon he says: "I do not fear that I shall be misunderstood if I say that our ancient Universities supply with singular fulness the discipline which may train the spiritual counsellor. Nowhere else, I believe, is a generous sympathy with every form of thought and study more natural or more effective; nowhere else is it equally easy to gauge the rising tide of opinion and feeling which will prevail after us; nowhere else is there in equal measure that loyal enthusiasm which brings the highest triumphs of faith within the reach of labour. He who has striven there towards the ideal of student and teacher will have gained powers fitted for a larger use. He who lived in communion with the greatest minds of all ages will not be hasty to make his own thoughts the measure of truth."

In May 1870 my father was invited to take part in the Revision of the New Testament as a member of the Company appointed by Convocation. His own view at the time was that the text of the New Testa-

[1] Except the grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.—St. John xii. 24.

ment needed to be more accurately determined before an improved translation could be profitably undertaken. After consulting, however, with his friends, Drs. Lightfoot and Hort, who had also been asked to assist in the work, he felt that he ought to accept the duty, and hoped that it might come to a successful issue. The following two letters to the other two members of the Cambridge "trio" show part of what he felt:—

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Peterborough, 29*th May* 1870.

My dear Hort—Your note came with one from Ellicott this morning, and you have doubtless heard by the same post. On the face of the scheme there is as much fairness as one could hope, far more than one could have expected: and though I think that Convocation is not competent to initiate such a measure, yet I feel that as "we three" are together it would be wrong not to "make the best of it" as Lightfoot says. Indeed, there is a very fair prospect of good work, though neither with this body nor with any body likely to be formed now could a complete textual revision be possible. There is some hope that alternative readings might find a place in the margin. But this is one of the details on which it will be necessary for us to confer before the first meeting.

I am obliged to write hastily, but, though I dislike the scheme, I seem to be quite clear that we should embrace the opportunity and do our best. Even if we fail greatly we shall not fail from unwillingness to co-operate with others: and an invitation to share in such a work ought not to be lightly cast aside. Will you write at once to me one line. The answer ought not to be delayed beyond Tuesday.

How rapidly things move now. This scheme seems like a dream.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To Professor Lightfoot

Peterborough, *4th June* 1870.

My dear Lightfoot—Ought we not to have a conference before the first meeting for Revision? There are many points on which it is important that we should be agreed. The rules though liberal are vague, and the interpretation of them will depend upon decided action at first. I am a fixture, having been absent too much already, but Hort is ready to come here on any day, and the trains are convenient. Can you then fix some time when you also could spare a few hours—we shall hardly want more—for a conference? . . . .

There really seems hope for the N.T. at least.—Ever yours, B. F. Westcott.

My father suggested to the Dean of Westminster that there should be a celebration of the Holy Communion before the first meeting of the New Testament Revision Company. Dean Stanley gladly accepted the suggestion. The following extracts from letters written by my father to Professor Lightfoot clearly indicate his share in this much-controverted proceeding:—

Peterborough, *10th June* 1870.

. . . I want some celebration of Holy Communion before our first Revision meeting. I have ventured to write to the Dean of Westminster. Could you not support me? We who are members of the Church of England could rightly show and confirm our fellowship.

Peterborough, *17th June* 1870.

. . . Stanley heartily accepts the proposal of Holy Communion if the *notice* is sent to all. To this I see no objection. He will celebrate, and with him all the responsibility rests. We at least (and, I think, *Scotch* Presbyterians) can have no scruple in availing ourselves of the offered service. You think so, I hope.—Ever yours, B. F. Westcott.

I do not suppose that my father had contemplated that one who could not join in the Nicene Creed would desire to communicate. A Unitarian member of the Company did however communicate, and the Church newspapers began to enlarge upon the "scandal," the "blasphemy," and the "horrible sacrilege." The storm that ensued was so violent that the Revision was almost wrecked at the very outset. This unhappy controversy is fortunately by this time ancient history and may well be forgotten, but for the proper understanding of the following letters it is necessary to remark that the Upper House of Convocation, having originally accepted the explanations of the Bishops present at the service, later, moved apparently by popular feeling, resolved :—

That it is the judgment of this House that no person who denies the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ ought to be invited to join either Company to which is committed the revision of the Authorised Version of Holy Scripture, and that any such person now on either Company should cease to act therewith.

On the other hand, the Lower House of Convocation, after a very stormy debate, resolved by a bare majority of three to express its "deep regret" and close the incident.[1] What my father thought of these proceedings generally, and of the vacillating conduct of the Bishops in particular, will be abundantly clear from the following letters :—

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Peterborough, 1*st July* 1870.

. . . The Revision on the whole surprised me by prospects of hope. I suggested to Ellicott a plan of tabulating and

[1] See *Life of Archbishop Tait*, ii. 63-74.

circulating emendations before our meeting, which may in the end prove valuable. Though the time spent last meeting was, I think, thoroughly well spent, we cannot afford an equal expenditure in future; and the points which were most discussed were in several cases obviously out of the field.

I hardly feel with you on the question of discussing anything doctrinally or on doctrine. This seems to me to be wholly out of our province. We have only to determine what is written and how it can be rendered. Theologians may deal with the text and version afterwards. The rendering of πνεῦμα ἅγιον by "the Holy Ghost" is not satisfactory, but no other rendering seems to me to be more satisfactory; and to propose to reject it on "historical," *i.e.* "theological," grounds (as explained) seems to me to be a desertion of our ground. I cannot see how the theological and critico-grammatical functions can be confused without serious injury. Perhaps we agree in spirit but express ourselves differently. At least we agree in hope. I am called away. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

PETERBOROUGH, *7th July* 1870.

My dear Hort—Practically I think that we are quite agreed. It is only when a principle is represented in an abstract form that our differences of point of view must appear. In the application to the special detail we were quite agreed. . . . The next meeting, like a schoolboy's second term, will probably be more important than the last. The Bishop of Gloucester seems to me to be quite capable of accepting heartily and adopting personally a thorough scheme. Evidently he is anxious for success, and his vigorous defence of the Communion shows how fully he is prepared to justify an accomplished fact. On the other hand, the Bishop of —— will, or may be, formidable. He has no instincts of scholarship to keep alive his better self. However, I am sanguine, as I am of the English Church. I don't think that that wonderful Communion will be lost.

TRINITY COLLEGE, 16*th February* 1871.

My dear Hort—Do you really do justice to the gravity of the situation? The Bishops have shamelessly broken a contract, and asserted a right to recall and retract their pledged word in the matter of revision. It amazes me that this very simple view of the case was not present to their minds. It is ridiculous now to discuss the terms of an agreement which has been made. The time for that has gone by. There was very much in the original scheme which I disliked, but I accepted the charge offered to me as a whole, and I cannot now submit to see the conditions altered on an essential point. Nothing remains but to assert our complete independence of Convocation. I wrote to this effect to the Prolocutor and to Stanley yesterday. Lightfoot is of exactly the same mind, and will see Stanley, if he can, to-day. I do not think that I ever was more grieved and amazed. I had thought over every kind of treacherous manœuvre, but repudiation had not occurred to me. Can it really be that principles of honour die out in Churchmen? It is a terrible spectacle for our enemies. However, we must assert our freedom. I do not see how it will be possible to continue our work with the incubus of Convocation over us, and the consciousness of a violated compact. . . . The Bishop threw away a golden opportunity. Lightfoot has written to him very strongly. I have written to Dr. Vaughan and my own Bishop[1] (too late; but yet I have freed my soul).

I never felt more clear as to my own duty. If the Company accept the dictation of Convocation, my work must end. I see no escape from the conclusion. It is grievous—most grievous. τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.[2] Sooner or later it must be so.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, 16*th February* 1871.

. . . Just now I am aghast at the Upper House of Convocation. As far as I can see they have broken their pledged

[1] *I.e.* Bishop Magee, for whom my father always cherished a great affection.

[2] Let right prevail.

word to the Revision Companies, and by so doing have broken up the Companies. The question now is simply this, Shall we go on in defiance of Convocation, casting it utterly aside or not? At any rate the trial must be made. How bishops can forget honour I cannot understand. Surely we have heard enough lately of one side repudiating a treaty, and here our spiritual fathers do exactly this in the face of the world. However, I have freed my own soul and Lightfoot his. Still it is a sad case. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, 18*th February* 1871.

. . . The disastrous mistake of the Bishops has caused me such deep anxiety that I have been unusually vigorous and active. However, it is an immense relief that the evil is stopped at least. I think that the indignant protests of the Cambridge group against the breach of faith may have contributed to the good result. I am sure that we did right, and never felt clearer as to the course to be pursued. . . .

TRINITY COLLEGE, 20*th February* 1871.

. . . Lightfoot and I had a long talk this morning with the Bishop of Lincoln about the Convocation disaster. He seems to have agreed with our Bishop. . . . But now, I trust, all is over, though, if need be, I have a resolution to propose, which would, I fancy, be carried to affirm our complete independence till our work is done. . . .

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

TRINITY COLLEGE, 22*nd February* 1871.

I can only send one line after carefully talking over the whole question and consulting the Prolocutor, who has behaved most courageously throughout. I have no doubt that our duty is to say nothing more now. Lightfoot quite agrees with me, and the O.T. Company has acted on this principle.

To his Wife

17 Prince's Gate, W., *1st March* 1871.

Our meeting yesterday was a very successful one. . . . The work went forward as harmoniously and vigorously as before. . . . Dalrymple dined here last night, and I am to dine with him this evening, and then go to the Temple Church. . . .

St. Paul's Chapter House, *24th May* 1871.

. . . We have had hard fighting during these last two days, and a battle-royal is announced for to-morrow. Poor —— wishes to have the MSS. reckoned at a certain value, so that we may add up in each case, and save ourselves all the trouble of discussion. It was suggested to him to draw up his proposition on paper, and he is to be engaged in that labour this evening. I should sooner dine twice than have the same task. Probably he may find it hard to tabulate his ideas.

The Temple, *19th October* 1871.

. . . We shall certainly not finish St. Mark this session. At present we are negotiating how to treat the last verses, in order to avoid an immense discussion. Yesterday —— got hopelessly confused, and Professor Milligan amused me by quoting a Scotch minister's reply to a neighbour, who came into the kirk while another (young man?) was preaching. "What's his grund?" was the question of the perplexed hearer who could not follow. "He's nae grund, he's sooming (swimming)." I am afraid we often "swim" in sermons and elsewhere. . . . Dr. Vaughan was full of fun, and Cambridge (how fresh Cambridge is) last night,—of his degree and his undergraduateship. . . .

The two following letters are of a somewhat later date; but are added to the above to indicate that there were times when my father's heart almost failed him, and he was tempted to despair of the ultimate success of the work of Revision to which he had sacrificed so

much. He was very rarely absent from the meetings, and took careful notes of all the discussions and divisions. If he was unable to be present he would ask some friend to take notes for him. These notes are carefully preserved in twenty-one quarto volumes. His habit of taking notes was very confirmed. He has left behind him notes of the proceedings of most meetings that he attended, including those of the University Senate, and of the Bishops' Meetings at Lambeth.

To his Wife

Jerusalem Chamber, *27th January* 1875.

. . . Our work yesterday was positively distressing. Another day like it will make me bitterly regret the months which have been wasted. Whatever good had been done in St. John 1 was undone, and I fear that that will be the sum for the week. . . . However, I shall try to keep heart to-day, and if we fail again I think that I shall fly, utterly despairing of the work.

St. Paul's Chapter House,
27th January 1875.

. . . To-day our work has been a little better—only a little, but just enough to be endurable, and perhaps enough to encourage hope. But I am not sanguine of this work which takes so much of one's life, and the process is very trying. . . .

It will be remembered that when the work of the New Testament Revision was drawing to a close, that Company was divided into three Companies, called the London, Westminster, and Cambridge Committees, for the purpose of beginning the Revision of the Apokrypha. For various reasons, other members of the Cambridge Committee were obliged to withdraw from the work, so that Drs. Hort and Moulton, and my father, from 1881 until his removal to Durham in 1890, met once a week

in term time for the Revision of 2 Maccabees and the Book of Wisdom. After his removal to Durham until the completion of the work in 1894, my father continued to take part by correspondence.

In 1881 the Greek Testament, which had been so long expected, at last appeared, and was widely welcomed as an epoch-making book, and "probably the most important contribution to Biblical learning in our generation." The twenty-eight years of patient labour represented by this work were begun and ended at Cambridge. This great work should loom very large in any record of my father's life, but its character is such that it really merits separate treatment, which it is hoped a careful digestion of the mass of correspondence on the subject may enable some one to bestow. For the present let it suffice to quote a fair expression of the general feeling about the book.[1]

"To the world at large Westcott's tenure of the Regius Professorship will always be associated with the so-called 'Cambridge Text' of the New Testament, little as his professorship really had to do with it. Probably in the whole history of the New Testament since the time of Origen there has been nothing more remarkable than the quiet persistence with which these two Fellows of Trinity—Westcott, aged twenty-eight, and Hort, some three years younger—started 'in the spring of 1853' to systematise New Testament criticism. They found themselves 'aware of the unsatisfactoriness of' the *textus receptus*, and conscious that neither Lachmann nor Tischendorf gave 'such an approximation to the Apostolic words as we could accept with reasonable satisfaction.' So they 'agreed to commence at once the formation of a manual text for

[1] From *The Times*, 29th July 1901.

(their) own use, hoping at the same time that it might be of service to others.' It says something at once for their determination and their care that the two famous volumes were not published till 1881, twenty-eight years from their inception. True, the lion's share of the accomplishment was due to Hort, who wrote the masterly statement of their principles of criticism in the second volume; but the importance of Westcott's co-operation appears from the declaration of the two authors that their 'combination of completely independent operations' enabled them 'to place far more confidence in the results than either could have presumed to cherish had they rested on his own sole responsibility.' To Westcott also must be given the merit of having by his earnest cheerfulness kept up the courage of his shy and nervous colleague. Into the controversies of the rival critics this is not the place to enter. The Revised Version, as the English representative of the Cambridge Text, is making its way slowly, but the 'Westcott-Hort' theories hold the field. It may be that there will yet arise a reactionary champion, as learned as and less slovenly than Scrivener, better equipped and less abusive than Burgon, but he has not arisen yet, and if he takes the field he must do so after a preparation as long and as honest as Westcott's and Hort's."

The Greek text, always on the eve of appearing, somehow was never ready. The publishers' despair can be gathered from the following two notes:—

To A. Macmillan, Esq.

Peterborough, 14*th June* 1878.

Dr. Hort has been over to-day to talk about the text. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that, anxious as I am to

have the text published, I could not consent to any step being taken without his concurrence. As far as I can see there is a clear prospect that the book will be finished this autumn. It is out of the question that it should be printed off in August. There are some passages in the plates which will require reconsideration, and this cannot take place till Dr. Hort and I meet. You know how earnestly desirous I am to have the book finished, and how modest is my estimate of attainable perfection; but yet I see clearly what ought to be done, and what cannot be done. The time of going finally to press must be left to us. I will undertake now that that shall be the earliest date consistent with justice to the book, and I believe that I may add a date in this year.

17th June 1878.

You cannot be more anxious than I am to get the text issued, yet this would cost too dear in every way if Dr. Hort were grieved and dissatisfied at the end. The testing of the text by Revision has undoubtedly been a great advantage. I have told Dr. Hort for what I have made myself responsible, and we have agreed on the substance of the preface. There will in the end, I trust, be no cause to regret avoidable delay, for I do not suppose that we could ever go over the work again, certainly not with the same care which has been given.

The following letters to Professor Hort were written as the deferred day of publication seemed really about to dawn :—

5th July 1879.

Perhaps I am alarmed at the proportion of your notes. My state is simply this, that I could not attempt to go into revision in detail. I should never again be able to do the work as well as I did when my mind was full of it. At the time I endeavoured to make the best judgment in my power, and I cannot revise. The whole thing once done must abide as a whole. Hence I should trust my old judgment rather than my present. If in any places you come nearer to my old judgment I shall of course rejoice. All this I say before your

notes have been read that I may free my soul. To-day is to be given to the notes.

Later.

The result is less alarming than my anticipations—so far —but it is distracting work.

12th July 1880.

I have been growing anxious about our text, but I have no doubt that Macmillan will push on the printers. Just lately it has occurred to me (an infinitesimal point) that in Hebrews vi. 7 *βοτάνην* should be uncial. The reference to Genesis i. really helps the understanding of a very hard passage more than appears at first, and I cannot doubt that there is a reference. If you agree and the change can be made I should like it : but I am quite satisfied as things are. I have thought that there should be a very brief list of orthographical peculiarities — simply a list — for I hope that the text will find its way to schools. We did not decide whether there should be any brief appendix to the text, nor did we divide the making of it provisionally. I think that I could do something now, though Macmillan has suddenly asked for a new edition of the Canon.

The Westcott and Hort Greek Testament (text) appeared on 5th May 1881, only a few days before the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament.

This coincidence perhaps led adverse critics to confound the two works. Yet as a matter of fact the Greek text underlying the Revised New Testament differs considerably from that of the two Cambridge scholars ; and, although privately printed copies of the latter had been placed in the hands of the Revisers, they did not accept any new reading, unless, after full discussion, a majority of two-thirds were in favour of the change. As my father has said, both in the matter of the Greek text and its translation, "each Reviser

gladly yielded his own conviction to more or less serious opposition. Each school, among the Revisers, if the term may be used, prevailed in turn, yet so as to leave on record the opinion which failed to obtain acceptance."

The Introduction, which explains the methods of textual criticism, and the application of critical principles to the text of the New Testament, and in fact contains the editors' justification of their text, did not appear till some months later.

23rd June 1881.

It was far better on all accounts to send the MSS. to the press without waiting for me. On Sunday week I have to go to Windsor, and with Commission I feel bewildered. At present it is impossible to get any quiet time.

I have been thinking very often how we could make it clear that the Introduction volume is your work. I have done what I can privately, but I feel very strongly that the fact should be made known publicly. It would be impossible for me to seem in any way either to accept or to allow to be offered credit for what is yours. The best plan I have been able to think of is for me to write a few lines in my own name at the beginning. You may think of something better.

27th June 1881.

I am very glad that you do not object to the note. It has been on my mind for years. I do not think it can take any form but one, a prefatory note at the beginning. It is hard to be cold and formal enough. I have put down something which you can criticise. A note to a journal would be impossible; a note in the text might be overlooked. The only alternative which had occurred to me was a second title-page, but on the whole, if you agree with me, I think the note will be simpler and better.

Dr. Abbot's letter is very generous. I send a varied replica. How can he have time to write so fully and carefully? He fills me with shame.

Dr. Hort consented to the insertion of a note in the Introduction (p. 18), although, he said, "I should have preferred that the work should go out simply in our joint names—unless, of course, it contained matter for which you preferred not to take responsibility, which, however, I do not gather to be the case."

The Introduction did not appear until September. Having been informed by Dr. Hort that it was ready, if not actually out, my father at once wrote to him :—

BUXTON, 10*th September* 1881.

I am glad to send my hearty congratulations on the appearance of the Introduction, the tidings of which has really taken me by surprise. Again and again I have almost given up hope that the whole would be completed as you wished. Now that is done and the way lies open. I often wish that I could be as certain of other things, of interpretation for example, as of text. It is hard to read in the light of a past age, but I am inclined to think that in the New Testament—nay, the whole Bible—this is only a partial and preliminary reading. Certainly St. John is of no time.

Some further matters connected with the published text are touched on in the following letters :—

BUXTON, *Michaelmas* 1881.

I see no objection to Dr. Scrivener's request, but we must keep to WH, which has been already settled by the Queen's Printers and Dr. Schaff. Wh or Hw are absurd. We have preserved our separate individualities to the present, and to merge us into one (as Tr)[1] is not to be thought of. I think that Dr. Scrivener will see this. WH is neither awkward nor ugly, and it would be easy to make a character bringing the two letters close together. That, however, is their concern : we maintain WH.

[1] The method of citing Dr. Tregelles in critical notes to New Testament.

28th October 1881.

My dear Hort—I cannot read Mr. Burgon yet.[1] A glance at one or two sentences leads me to think that his violence answers himself.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

[1] My father could never be persuaded to treat Dean Burgon's criticisms seriously. He was, I believe, amused by the following lines sent to him by a friend :—

For private circulation only.

VERSES—"MORE BURGONENSIUM"

Says the Dean to himself as he penned his retort,
"I *think* I've exhorted my friend Dr. *Hort*.
And as for poor *Westcott*, I've well warmed his jacket
With a nut hard to crack—let us hope he may crack it.
My logic, as clear and unyielding as crystal,
Has boycotted *Ellicott* clean out of Bristol.
So now we may trust that each reckless Reviser,
'Taught' by me to be sadder, may learn to be wiser.
Henceforth I alone represent Convocation ;
Henceforth I alone am the Voice of the Nation :
Henceforth, if I choose to condemn 'Sinaiticus,'
My fiat's as plain as the Law in Leviticus.
If B, C, and D I condemn as unsound,
No critic to quote them I ween will be found.
My praise is a proof, and my blame is subversive
Of versions and codices, uncial or cursive.
Henceforth when I speak let the critics be mum ;
Let Tischendorf tremble and Durham be dumb.
Let no waistcoat, no cassock, no gaiters, no breeches stir,
Without leave of license from me, John of Chichester.

P.S.

If the claims of Greek Testament critics be reckoned,
I think Canon Scrivener's certainly—*second*.
But the work which *one* critic has done, and done well.
'*The Author alone of his Being can tell*.' *
His learning and manner are truly patristic ;
His style, as a critic, decidedly fistic.
My modesty will not allow me to name
This writer—though Europe re-echoes his fame.
But cease, O ye sons of the Church, to despair,
While I, Johnny Burgon, my fisticuffs square!"

3rd January 1884.

* See *The Revision revised*.

Almost immediately after his return to Cambridge my father was invited by the Council of the Senate to be the University's representative on the Governing Body of Harrow School. Concerning this portion of his manifold work Bishop Welldon says:—

"I would gratefully acknowledge his loyalty to the school which he had served for many years as a master. Even after his removal to Durham he remained a member of the Governing Body of Harrow School. He interested himself in my own election to the Headmastership. It is a pleasant memory to me that, on the day when I was elected, as I left the presence of the Governing Body, he followed me out of the room, and as he grasped my hand and offered me his good wishes, he said, 'You will not forget the sacred words *πιστός ὁ καλῶν*.' Then after a pause, with the familiar sunny smile lighting his face, he added, 'I think there is force in the present participle.' As a Governor of Harrow School he was wise enough to leave the headmaster and the masters alone. He seldom or never proffered his advice; but he was ready, if I asked for it, to give it. Once he paid a visit of two or three days to Harrow and delivered a series of brief addresses upon Education to a number of schoolmasters gathered from different public schools. He had not himself been a schoolmaster of the ordinary type. He was not a strong disciplinarian. He did not take a regular Form. But by his influence upon the boys who knew him best, and upon the society in which he lived, by the breadth of his culture and the sanctity of his example, he made Harrow a nobler and holier place than it could have been without him.

"He entertained some views which were not popular in the Harrow world. He was a constant advocate of

the home boarder or day-boy system. He did not, I think, care much for the unrecognised influences which enter so largely into the formation of English character. But no Governor of Harrow School ever displayed a more generous sympathy with the whole wide field of human learning; none took a grander or nobler view of Public School life in its relation to the Gospel and the world."

My father was also the University's representative on the Governing Body of the extensive Harper Educational Charities at Bedford. This involved him in many visits to Bedford. On one occasion he found opportunity of making a "pilgrimage" to Elstow. He thus describes it in a letter to his wife:—

CAMBRIDGE, 10*th February* 1874.

My journey to Bedford is over, and I have really had a half-holiday, my dearest Mary. It happened that there was not much business to be done. The objectionable measure which I had feared might be carried out was abandoned, and so a little after one I was free. The day was singularly bright and fresh, and as I found that Elstow was not much more than a mile from the station I resolved to make a pilgrimage in honour of John Bunyan. The village is very quaint. Bunyan's cottage is more changed than most, but for the rest he would hardly be surprised if he were to visit the place again. The railway whistle might startle him, but he would find the open green in front of the church, the "public room" in which he danced, the belfry where he rang peals, quite unchanged. There is no church porch, and I don't think that there ever could have been one, so that I can't explain that part of his story. I found that even the very dirty boys playing on the green—a new school is building—knew Bunyan's name. The interior of the church, save a few paraffin lamps, must be much as Bunyan saw it, and it could hardly have troubled his puritanism by excess of ornament. The one thing noticeable (except an Elizabethan monument over the

communion table) is a brass of an abbess carrying her pastoral staff. Mr. Wickenden may know some other example. The date is 1500. The inscription, too, was rather singular: "Cujus animae et omnium defunctorum fidelium propitietur Deus."

He also, while at Cambridge, not infrequently visited Oxford, both for sermons and meetings. He was Select Preacher there from 1877 to 1880.

On 22nd June 1881 the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on my father by Oxford University. He entered in his text-book, on that day, ᾧ ἐδόθη πολὺ πολὺ ζητηθήσεται παρ' αὐτοῦ.[1] In a letter written to his wife a few days after this event he says:—

25th June 1881.

I am very glad that the Oxford visit proved so great a success. We could not have been more happily housed. The quiet of Dr. Heurtley's was delightful. We borrowed *The Times* from Mr. Gates. It says: "The favourites were General Menabrea, the Bishop of Limerick, and Dr. Westcott." I hope that you may agree with its judgment. Mr. Stuart is coming late to-night, and goes away early in the morning, but he seemed glad to come.

In the following month he represented his University as a pall-bearer at the funeral of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey. Of the funeral he writes:—

The service at Westminster was very striking: it was not a religious service, nor a pageant, but a vast popular gathering. The Abbey does not lend itself well to a great function, and the music was chosen without any regard to the character of the building or of the congregation. Purcell is very beautiful when a small group of worshippers and mourners are gathered together, but it was strange that his setting should be used when thousands could not hear the most distant wail.

[1] To whom much was given, of him shall much be required.—St. Luke xii. 48.

I felt that a great opportunity was wholly lost. Think what the effect would have been if "O God our help" had been given out and gathered every voice! But as a popular gathering nothing could have been more impressive. I saw standing side by side Mr. Gladstone, Sir S. Northcote, and Sir R. Cross. Where except in England (yet) could such a sight have been seen? Dr. Vaughan's picture of the young Stanley was very touching, and new to me. I was rather sorry that he did not quote the words written on Lady Augusta's grave: "Uniting many hearts of many lands and drawing all to things above." I went into the Abbey before a Commission meeting and read them again, as the Dean had showed them me, and they expressed (I thought) his own ideal.

In 1882, by the passing of the Somersham Rectory Act, that Rectory was disannexed from the Regius Professorship of Divinity. The Rectory was henceforth vested in the University, and a Vicarage with cure of souls constituted, the Rectory income being divided between the Regius Professor and the Vicar. The Rectory of Somersham, which was the main endowment of his professorship, had long weighed on my father's mind. He was happily able to obtain the services of his old friend Mr. Alder for a time for Somersham itself; but there were three churches to be served. He made a point of visiting Somersham, and preaching both there and in the other churches on great occasions, as at Easter and at harvest festivals. The following letter to Mr. G. Cubitt, M.P., is an indication of his earlier efforts to obtain relief from an impossible charge:—

To Mr. G. Cubitt, M.P.

24th March 1876.

. . . As for Somersham, I have again written to Mr. Walpole and asked him to insert, if possible, some clause in the Cam-

bridge Bill which will enable the Commissioners to deal with the endowment. I think that adequate provision can be made both for the Vicarage and for the Professorship.

Lord Salisbury's despatch on the India Civil Service is one of the best steps ever taken for India, if it is rightly interpreted in *The Times*. There is nothing that I have had more at heart for the last six years.

The Regius Professorship had originally been endowed by Henry VIII. with £40 payable annually by Trinity College. On this account the Regius Professor was regarded as a member of that foundation, so that it was supposed that he did not at this time become eligible for a Professorial Fellowship at Trinity College. Two other colleges, however, St. John's and King's, approached him with a view to his election to their societies; happily the movements of the King's society were more expeditious, so that he was relieved from the embarrassment of making a choice between these two distinguished colleges. When he left Cambridge both King's and Trinity Colleges appointed him Honorary Fellow. My father was greatly pleased by his King's connexion, and endeavoured to do his duty as a Fellow. He was regular in his attendance at college meetings, and promoted small gatherings for discussions on Sunday afternoons. Of these gatherings the Rev. W. R. Inge, now Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, writes:—

"Dr. Westcott used to invite the undergraduates to informal discussions of religious questions on Sunday afternoons. These meetings were generally attended by from ten to fifteen undergraduates, and took the form of Platonic dialogues, in which Dr. Westcott took the part of Socrates, starting the subject, raising problems, answering questions, and trying to make us think.

He always avoided the tone of the teacher or preacher, and managed to make the discussion real, though we were glad to be listeners for the most part. I took no notes of what he said, and have only a general recollection that he often spoke of human personality, propounding mystical doctrines of the solidarity of human beings, which then seemed to most of us rather paradoxical and difficult to follow, but which have since come back to me associated with memories of his face and voice. I remember that he spoke of the shame which he felt in reading of any horrible crime, as if he were in some way partly responsible for it himself. But whether we understood him or not, we always felt that we were in the presence of a saint, and that it did us good to see and hear him."

My father also from time to time preached in the College Chapel, and Mr. Inge adds: "I also remember a strikingly beautiful sermon which he preached in King's Chapel soon after his admission as Fellow."

My father was a member of the Deputation from the University of Cambridge which presented an Address of Congratulation to the Queen in 1874 on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, and also of a similar Deputation which presented Her Majesty with an Address of Congratulation on the occasion of the Jubilee in 1887.

"Of necessity," says Professor Stanton, "Dr. Westcott's attention was chiefly engaged by the theological studies of the University, and all that concerned them. But he also took a keen interest in the work of the University generally. He was a member of the Council of the Senate from 1872 to 1876, and 1878 to 1882, and of several important syndicates. He used to speak strongly of the value of the experience to be gained

thus, and was a regular attendant at the meetings of any bodies to which he belonged. One movement may be mentioned of which both he and Dr. Lightfoot were specially cordial supporters, that for University Extension through the establishment of systematic courses of lectures and classes in populous centres, of which Mr. James Stuart was the originator. The idea of rendering this service to the people of England attracted their warmest sympathy."

For several years my father was one of the three Cambridge members of the Universities' Joint Board. He delivered two memorable speeches on the subject of University Extension, one in Cambridge, and the other in London. The Cambridge speech was delivered in the Senate House on 7th March 1887, at a Conference on the Affiliation of Local Centres to the University. In concluding this speech he says :—

When I came back to Cambridge sixteen years ago (if I may touch on one personal recollection), I came back with some dim vague hope that the Cambridge in which I should work would become in due time a true spiritual power for England. I had not been there long when I found that our friend Professor Stuart had already in a great measure solved the problem. We have seen the solution progressing to completeness through a double apprenticeship of fourteen years. Is it too much to hope that to-day we see at last the beginning of the end? It does seem to me to be a memorable day when we are gathered in this centre of our University life under the presidency of our natural head, while we have been just assured that our venerable Chancellor himself would have been with us if his health had allowed him, not so much to discuss as to welcome a scheme which makes University education practically co-extensive with the country. And though I believe that few students comparatively will use the privileges of affiliation so as to come among us as our own students, yet I do believe that there

will be not a few who will win the title of Affiliated Students, not a few who will bear it with honour to themselves and with no less honour to us. So it will be that miners in Northumbrian coalfields, artisans in Midland factories, toilers in the country and toilers in the cities, will repeat with glad pride what is not our motto only but their motto also, *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra*, when they find their lives enlightened and purified, I will venture to say ennobled and hallowed, by the conception of higher education which it has been the privilege of this University to bring home to them. They will feel that it is indeed from that source the light comes; and when the light comes, such a vision of eternal truth as men can gain will not tarry long.

The London speech was delivered in the Tapestried Room at the Charterhouse on 28th February 1888, at a Conference held under the auspices of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., being in the chair. Just a few words from this speech shall be quoted:—

I shall assume that the University Extension Lectures have a direct intellectual aim. These lectures supply, I trust, an agreeable recreation, but they are essentially something different. They are designed to have a serious educational use. Under this aspect we may regard them either as a preparation for special work, or as a general intellectual discipline. I know how great is the temptation to adopt the former view; to measure the value of learning and knowledge by a material standard. But special training is not the work of a University, and, if I may speak my whole mind, I confess that I am alarmed and ashamed when I hear the results of science treated as instruments for successful competition; when I find the language, the methods, the aims of war transferred to the conditions of commerce and the circumstances of daily life. No University will lend itself to the pursuit of such an end. Universities exist to maintain and propagate a nobler faith. So far as we have entered into their spirit, we believe, and we strive to spread

the belief, that life is as the man is; that if the man is sordid, selfish, narrow, mean, his life, however affluent, will reflect his character; and, on the other hand, that there is about us an inexhaustible store of unrealised possibilities, a treasure of spiritual wealth, open to the poorest, which grows with the using if only we know how to use it. And we believe that true education opens the eyes of the soul; that it is a strength in the difficulties which we must face; a solace in the sorrows which we much bear; an inspiration in interpreting the new truths which claim to receive from us a harmonious place beside the old; that it offers to all a vision of a larger order truly human and truly divine; that it is not, in the noble words of your motto, "a means of livelihood, but a means of life."

As regards burning questions of modern University politics it may be remarked that my father was opposed both to the granting of degrees to women and to the abolition of compulsory Greek. In the former matter he signed a Memorial in which he expresses his opinion :—

I. That to tie permanently the Higher Education of Women to the Higher Education of Men by granting the Membership and Degrees of the University of Cambridge to Women would be detrimental to the interests of the Education of Women.

II. That if Degrees are granted to Women in connexion with the Examinations of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, they should be conferred by some independent authority, in a position to consider the various educational problems which would arise from the point of view of Women's education especially.

On the Greek question he says :—

It appears to be established conclusively that the study of Greek, regarded only as a disciplinary process, is of unique value. Thus the question to be decided is not whether Greek scholars of the highest order will continue to be found,

but whether, if some knowledge of Greek is not required for a degree, the large class of educated Englishmen who now have the advantage of training in Greek shall lose it without the prospect of any equivalent substitute.

In November 1885 the Regius Professor of Divinity was engaged in obtaining signatures to what was generally called the Cambridge Memorial on Church Reform. The Memorial was not ready for despatch until December. On the 14th of that month Professor Westcott forwarded it to the two Archbishops, with the following covering letter:—

My Lord Archbishop—I am instructed to forward to your Grace copies of an Address which has been very widely signed by resident members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.

It is hoped that your Grace will be able to bring the questions to which it refers under the consideration of the Bishops in your province.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add that the cordial welcome which the Address has received from representatives of all schools of thought in the University, to which I know no parallel, is a most encouraging sign of the general support which may be expected by the leaders of the Church in their endeavours to frame wise measures of Church Reform.—I have the honour to be, your Grace's most faithful servant,

B. F. Westcott.

The text of the Memorial was:—

To the Archbishops and Bishops of the Provinces of Canterbury and York

We the undersigned resident Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge desire to lay respectfully before you the expression of our belief that the Church of England has long suffered serious injury from the postponement of necessary reforms, and of our earnest desire that advantage

may be taken of the revival of public interest in ecclesiastical questions for the authoritative consideration of temperate measures of Church Reform, in order that they may be carried into effect with the least possible delay.

Certain definite evils affecting portions of the administration of the Church appear to us to need prompt correction. As examples may be given, abuses connected with the sale of patronage, excessive inequalities or anomalies in the distribution of revenues, and difficulties in the way of the removal of criminous and incompetent clerks.

But the reform which we believe to be most urgently needed is a more complete development of the constitution and government of the Church, central, diocesan, and parochial; and especially the admission of laymen of all classes, who are *bona fide* Churchmen, to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs.

Such a reform as this would in our opinion find a cordial welcome from clergymen and laymen of all schools of theology in the Church of England and from the nation at large. It would do no injury to the organisation which the Church has inherited from earlier ages, but would rather bring that organisation into fuller and more salutary activity; while it would enable provision to be made for meeting with greater elasticity the growing needs of the time.

The Archbishop of Canterbury replied[1]:—

ADDINGTON PARK, *29th January* 1886.

My dear Professor Westcott—May I ask you to receive, on behalf of the signatories of the important Memorial from Residents in the University of Cambridge, my sincere thanks for their closely considered counsel on important Church questions. These have long been matters of internal discussion, and good occasion has arisen for wider expressions of opinion upon them.

[1] The Archbishop privately informed my father that he thought that a purely formal acknowledgment was all he required, and was rather distressed that he should have seemed to treat the Memorial with less respect than his brother Archbishop.

I need not assure you that such a Memorial is certain to receive the best attention of the Bishops to whom it is addressed, and before whom I propose to lay it on the first occasion of their assembling.—I have the honour to be, your most faithful servant, EDW: CANTUAR:

The Archbishop of York replied:—

BISHOPTHORPE, 19*th January* 1886.

My dear Canon Westcott—The Memorial which you were good enough to send me a short time ago, and which has been addressed to all the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, has received my most careful consideration. Whilst I must reserve for other occasions a reference to the recommendations of the Committee in detail, I think it right to say that the points raised in the Memorial are precisely those in which I think reforms are needed. For a great number of years a simpler way of dealing with criminous clerks has been acknowledged on every hand to be an urgent need of the Church. The sale of livings, as carried on at present, has also been repeatedly condemned, and more than once by the House of Lords.

The "inequalities and anomalies" in the distribution of the revenues is a most proper subject of inquiry and improvement.

I have long been in favour of the admission of "laymen of all classes" to a "substantial share in the control of Church affairs." When I have said that no Anglican Church, thrown upon its own resources, has ever found itself able to dispense with the aid of laymen in administering its affairs, I seem to have said enough in support of the principle of a similar change amongst ourselves.

So far I am able to assure you of my active support of measures tending to secure the object you have in view. But perhaps I ought not to leave the subject without one or two brief words of caution. The measures which you recommend are such as I should have supported at any time. The memorialists would not desire that any step should be taken under the influence of the fear of disestablishment. I apprehend that

their meaning is that the recent struggle gives a better opportunity for drawing attention to needful reforms, and for inducing the legislature to adopt them.

I do not desire for my own part to abolish lay patronage.

The difficulty of dealing with lay representation is, perhaps, greater than some might suppose. My experience is that laymen would not give their time and support, as a part of any council, in which there was no substantial work done, and no substantial power exercised. An attempt to graft a lay element upon the two Convocations might do good; but it would be enough to satisfy reasonable demands. And yet the Convocations must continue to be, so far as I can see, the legislative body of the Church of England. The problem, therefore, is to find sufficient inducement to the laity to take part in the proceedings of a body which would not be the legal representative body of the Church of England, and which would have no power to enforce any decree, or carry forward any change.

It would be painful to me to differ with the well-considered conclusions of such a body as those who have concurred with you in signing the Memorial. But my own opinions are thoroughly in accord with those of the memorialists; and I think that a large number of persons of various schools of thought in the Church might be brought to agree upon measures for this object.—I am, with every good wish, yours truly, W: EBOR:

Of this Memorial my father says:—"It appeared for a short time that the desires of the memorialists would find a speedy fulfilment. But the debates on Irish Home Rule began soon afterwards. These engrossed public attention, and the Memorial was forgotten."

It will be remembered that the Clergy Discipline Bill was not passed until 1892, though it had previously passed the Lords three times, and that the Patronage Bill, under the name of the Benefices Bill, was not passed until 1897. The House of Laymen was an earlier effect of the movement.

On 8th December 1886 a meeting was held in the Combination Room of Christ's College to consider the propriety of procuring for presentation to the University a portrait of Professor Westcott. The proposal, which originated with Rev. Dr. Porter, had met with the support of the Chancellor (the Duke of Devonshire), the Archbishop of Canterbury, and nearly all the Bishops who were members of the University, and many other distinguished persons. Many interesting tributes to the Professor's worth were paid on that occasion. A few words may here be recalled.

The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Swainson, Master of Christ's and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity) said :—

It is now sixteen years since Dr. Westcott returned to Cambridge. At that time, as possibly it is in the memory of others as well as myself, applications were made to Dr. Lightfoot, who then held the position of Hulsean Professor of Divinity, to induce him to be a candidate for the Regius Professorship. The answer he returned to me was this: "If you only knew the obligations I feel myself under to Dr. Westcott—the moral and spiritual obligations—you would not be surprised at the anxiety I feel to renew the connexion between him and the University." Dr. Westcott was elected; and the time was very short before that spiritual influence to which Dr. Lightfoot referred was felt throughout Cambridge. The very high ideal which he had himself placed before us as to what the work of the Universities is, and what the officers of the University should be, was soon exemplified in his own conduct.

Professor Humphry, in seconding the main resolution, said :—

I feel, in the words of the Bishop of Durham, that there is perhaps no man to whom this University, this country, our Church, and indeed the whole Christian world, is more

indebted than to Dr. Westcott; and, as the Master of Trinity has just said, there is in his presence—without reference to his other great work—a magnetic influence which is for good, wherever he is and wherever we see him. There is no variation in him in that respect. I cannot but think, if the artist can portray the remarkable features of that face, the magnetic influence of which I have spoken may, through it, be continued on to the University in after years. It is a face which represents with singular and forcible truthfulness the character of the man; so full, on the one hand, of earnestness—of earnestness toned by gentleness, and toned by an anxiety amounting almost to sorrow, an anxiety evidently to be using his efforts to do good in the utmost possible manner. And then, on a sudden, as the Vice-Chancellor has said, that face flashes up into a genial smile, brightened by the reality of a universal sympathy, by genuine kindness, and by love for his fellow-men; by those very qualities which give to his character the great liberality which we all know he possesses. One could wish for a portrait of each of those expressions—the intensely earnest and the unmistakably benevolent; we could then look upon this picture and on that, and feel how complementary they are to one another, how they contribute to make up the character of that admirable man. And also one could wish to see him in another form—as he goes up and down Trumpington Street, with his books and manuscripts under his arm, looking neither to the right nor to the left, endeavouring, as it were, to overtake time, and bent seriously upon the one object before him, which one object is certain to be the prosecution of some good and useful work. It passes the power of art to combine in one all those three conditions, for no art can give in a single picture the complete fulness of any man, and certainly no art can give the complete fulness of one who has such a large measure of fulness as Dr. Westcott.

Professor Stuart, M.P., said:—

What makes me so glad to support this resolution is, in the first place, that personally I have received the greatest

kindness from him in everything for which I have gone to him, and more especially in respect of that part of the work of the University which lies beyond the limits of the University. There is no one whose sympathy has been more encouraging and more practically useful in that work. The high conception which Dr. Westcott has formed of what can be effected by the University in this and in other respects, of what its call to duty is, of what its ultimate aim may be, and ought to be, is one of the grandest ideals I have ever come in contact with.

The main resolution having been carried unanimously, was carried into execution, and the portrait, painted by Sir W. B. Richmond, was placed in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

One of my father's latest public utterances at Cambridge was an address delivered to the Japanese Club on "The Influence of Christianity upon the Character of the English Gentleman." The chair was taken on this occasion by Viscount Kawase, Japanese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James. In concluding his address the Professor said :—

The failures of Christians are no disproof of the inherent tendency of Christianity. It is enough if it be shown that the Faith, if received in its simple essence, must produce the spirit which I have sought to mark. For the rest, the true Christian type of character is still realised among us, as it has been realised among us for a thousand years ; it is seen and welcomed and honoured ; it spreads its influence even where it is not directly acknowledged ; men yield to it unconsciously the homage of imitation ; it maintains a standard of social service and personal purity which inspires endeavour ; and there is no reason to suppose that, if the Faith were to perish, the character which it helped to form and to sustain throughout the whole growth of the nation would itself survive

The following selections from resolutions of various bodies which were forwarded to my father on his leaving Cambridge, enable one to form an idea of the estimation in which his services there were held :—

Special Board for Divinity

The Special Board for Divinity, on the removal of Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott to the See of Durham, desire to place on record their deep and grateful sense of the single-hearted devotion with which he has unremittingly laboured in the discharge of the office of Regius Professor of Divinity, which he has held for the past twenty years, and of the encouragement and sympathy which they and other students and fellow-workers have received from him. They would also express their thankfulness for the great services which he has rendered to the University, and to the Church and Nation, by his inspiring teaching; by the many measures which he has promoted for the development of theological studies in Cambridge; by the stimulus and guidance he has given in many cases, and the sympathy in others, to efforts in the cause of Foreign Missions and other practical Christian movements, on the part both of Graduates and Undergraduates; and by the active share he has taken in the general life and work of the University, and in the consideration of large social questions, which has served to set forth the living relations of theology to the actual needs of men. F. J. A. Hort, D.D.

Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity.

Chairman for the day (12th May 1890).
On behalf of the Board.[1]

[1] The other members of the Board at this date were—

Dr. Lumby.	Mr. H. C. G. Moule.
Professor Ryle.	Mr. H. M. Gwatkin.
Professor Stanton.	Mr. Whitaker.
Professor Kirkpatrick.	Mr. A. T. Lyttelton.
Professor Creighton.	Mr. F. Wallis.
Dr. C. Taylor.	Mr. Schneider.
Dr. Sinker.	Mr. Harmer.
Mr. Watson.	Mr. Barnes.
Mr. Sharpe.	

Clergy Training School

The Council of the Clergy Training School, at their first meeting after his departure from among them, desires to express, however inadequately, to the Lord Bishop of Durham, their sense of the unique obligations under which he has laid the school. They recall with the deepest sense of gratitude not only the fact that he has presided over the school from the first, but also his unwearied devotion shown alike in the lectures which he has given to the students each term for nine years, and in his intimate knowledge of the details of the work of the school and of the circumstances connected with the several members. They cannot but assure him of their earnest and respectful sympathy with him in the high office to which he has been called.

Signed on behalf of the Council, F. J. A. Hort.

Cambridge Mission to Delhi

The Cambridge Brotherhood wish to convey to Dr. Westcott, on the occasion of his appointment to the See of Durham, the expression of their deepest gratitude for all he has done for, and been to, the Mission from its commencement to the present time. They are well aware that to whatever degree the scheme for a Brotherhood Mission, mooted in Cambridge in 1876 by the late Bishop of Lahore, has taken root and prospered, it has been due, under God, far more to his wisdom, energy, and sympathy than to any other human agency. While they cannot but grieve over the change which will make it impossible for them henceforward to turn first and most naturally to him, as chairman of the Cambridge Committee, in every time of doubt and difficulty, or onward movement and success, they yet cannot but rejoice that the work of Bishop Lightfoot has been by that same change so largely ensured against suffering that loss and discontinuity which seemed almost inevitable. They rejoice too that the powers and learning by which they have themselves so immensely benefited are now to be devoted, in one of the

largest of spheres, to the work of the whole English Church, and they earnestly pray that God, who has called him to this work, may grant him all needful wisdom, strength, and patience.

COMMITTEE OF THE CONFERENCE ON THE TRAINING OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS

The Committee of the Conference on the Training of Candidates for Holy Orders, at their first meeting after the Consecration of the Lord Bishop of Durham, desire to record their deep sense of gratitude for his inestimable influence, counsel, and labours in instituting the Conference and forwarding its work; and it is a source of great encouragement to the members of the Committee to know that the principles which his Lordship has so strenuously promoted in respect to the education of the Clergy will now be represented by his great authority in the counsels of the Bishops.

(Signed) A. J. WOOLLEDGE,

Hon. Secretary of the Committee of the Conference on the Training of Candidates for Holy Orders.

Bishop Welldon, who, as a Fellow of King's College, was brought into close association with my father, writes:

"To the late Bishop of Durham, or, as all Cambridge men still love to call him, Dr. Westcott, my spiritual debt was and is so profound that I shrink from estimating what it has been, still more from trying to pay it by my poor words. There were few so happy moments of my academical life as when I went, with the present Bishop of Exeter, to tell him the good news of his election to a Professorial Fellowship at my College. I had known and revered him long before; but from that time I was brought into intimate association with him, and it lasted until I left Cambridge. It was afterwards renewed when he was a Governor and I was Headmaster of Harrow School. As Regius

Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, Dr. Westcott laid himself out to help young men, especially if they were interested in theological or ecclesiastical studies, and most of all if they wished or hoped to take Holy Orders. I recall his attendance at the meetings of the University Church Society; he was generally a silent listener there, but now and then he would express his opinion, and I know that not a few members of the Society would have been glad if he would have expressed it more frequently. But it was, I think, a part of his policy to let the undergraduates and others have their talk out and not to interpose with the voice of authority. I recall too the meetings which he held on Sunday afternoons in the rooms of one of the Fellows of King's College. At these he would encourage young men to state difficulties, to advance arguments, and to criticise beliefs; he was always tolerant, and even respectful, to the views put forward, although they must, I am afraid, have often seemed to him sadly puerile, and I know that his spirit as much as his reasoning made a deep impression. It struck me that, while his thoughts and words were often above the heads of ordinary men, yet he evinced a remarkable sympathy with their minds.

"But I felt at Cambridge that one side of Dr. Westcott's life was known only to the few persons who saw him on Sunday evenings in his own house. He did not invite many men to visit him then. I think there were never more than half-a-dozen outside his own family. But he gave them his best. He talked to them upon any subject that occurred—theology, literature, music, architecture, science, social economy, sometimes even upon politics. It was then that I learnt the wide range of his interests. *Nihil tetigit quod*

non ornavit. He threw fresh light upon so many subjects. He set them all in relation to the doctrine which was in his eyes the central truth of human history—the Incarnation. It was astonishing how

GATEWAY AT CAMBRIDGE

much he knew. He struck me then as being one of the men who seem greater as we draw nearer to them. I felt that he deserved a place among the few decisive intellectual and spiritual forces of his day."

The following are some of the selected letters belonging to the period, 1870-1883 :—

To his Wife

Trinity College, 16*th January* 1871.

Can you fancy me, my dearest Mary, once again seated in attics in Neville's Court which I can call my own? My first thoughts turn homeward, not without hope that the separate work for a short time may be good.

I cherished my pictures most dutifully till I got to Cambridge. Then I reclined them carefully against a square pillar, while I went in search of my perverse luggage, and when I turned round shortly after they were lying on their faces, thrown down by some reckless porter. I shook them gently and only heard a feeble sound and then consigned them to the omnibus. You may fancy that I was afraid to open the parcel when it finally reached my rooms. But, marvellous to say, the first and then the second print was safe, and at last all! Is not the omen good?

My first work after visiting the University library was to take Dr. Lightfoot out for a walk.

In connexion with that "perverse luggage" it should be noticed that my father had an extraordinary capacity for luggage-losing. This was mainly due to the extremely deferential manner in which he addressed railway porters. He seems not infrequently to have conveyed to them the impression that it was perfectly immaterial when or whither his effects were dispatched. Yet he invariably added to his gentle words what he would call "a little silvery persuasion."

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Cambridge, 24*th January* 1871.

It seems almost incredible that I should be once again in Neville's Court, in rooms almost opposite to my old rooms, working as I used to work twenty years ago: and yet not

quite as I used to work, for there is something of weariness now, and something of slowness too. Perhaps when I am fairly started in my lectures it will be better, but I don't think that I could deliberately face the last four months again. I am by no means sanguine about lecturing. If I have any hope it is in the informal work, which is as yet wholly uncertain and may prove useful. . . .

To his Wife

Trinity College, 16*th February* 1871.

I see that I shall prosper like the camel, and I have already come very nearly to my straw a day. However, if you are engaged in public duties all is well. . . . The Lectures go on very fairly. Some of the men take excellent notes, and by hard work I find that I can just keep up with my work. The Saturday Examination is a great relief.

Trinity College, 20*th February* 1871.

Another afternoon, my dearest Mary, spent in house-hunting. I took Lightfoot with me to give him a taste of the stern realities of life. . . . At present my precedence at St. Mary's is agitating the mind of the Council! It is not quite certain where I ought to sit: portentous difficulty! For once I am inclined to claim an upper seat which I have not taken.

To his second Daughter

Cambridge, 21*st March* 1871.

My dear Katie—Thank you very much for the nosegay of snowdrops which you sent me. The flowers were quite fragrant when they came, and flowers have a happy way of saying quite quietly all that they ought to say.

You may be amused to have a little account of our day at Windsor. It was at first expected that the Queen would receive as many members of the University as wished to go, in addition to an official deputation of twelve; but on

Monday a message came to say that if possible only six should come, and certainly not more than twelve. The Vice Chancellor has asked me to go, according to usual custom, and he still thought that I ought to go. So on Wednesday I started to the station early, having provided myself with all the finery required for the ceremony. At the station I met the Bedells. They seemed to say that it was doubtful whether the Queen would receive any one but the Chancellor. Still I went on, and in due time found myself at Paddington. All kinds of curious-looking clerics began to gather on the platform. Among them I saw nearly all my Nonconformist friends. Not long before the train started our two members came up. They asked if they were to be of the deputation. I could only say that their names did not appear on the list. They thought, however, that it would be worth while to go to Windsor. When we got near to the Castle the sun shone magnificently, with a few white clouds sailing in the deep blue sky. It took me but a few minutes to dress, and I joined the V. C. just in time to see him ruthlessly send back Mr. Walpole and Mr. Beresford Hope. . . . So, passing from hall to hall, we came to the Waterloo Gallery, where lunch was prepared. When we entered, it was half filled by the Corporation of London, some in scarlet, but most in dark blue robes. The Lord Mayor, the Mace and the Sword, and the Cap were as fine as in a fairy story. Our long journey made lunch a reality: and a little before three, the deputations of the two Universities were called away and led through new suites of splendid rooms to a drawing-room next to the presence-chamber. Here the two Chancellors joined us. Our Chancellor maintained our dignity by his star and garter. The windows of the room in which we were had a most beautiful view over the gardens, in which a fountain was playing in the sunshine, and the time of waiting was not long. A message came that the Queen had arrived. The Oxford deputation formed in order. We stood all attention, and the great doors at the end of the room were thrown open. At that moment it was a beautiful sight. The Queen, in black, white, and diamonds, was seated on a raised seat in the middle; on each side were princesses and ladies of whom I saw little. The Oxford

members, bowing low, passed up to the throne. They soon stepped back, still bowing: the doors were closed; and then our turn came. One or two queenly smiles greeted the Chancellor. He and the V. C. knelt down and kissed hands, and we withdrew, and the doors again shut out royalty from us. . . . I went with the V. C. and the Master of Trinity to see Wolsey's Chapel, which they had not visited. While there we were fortunate enough to meet the Dean, who showed us some of the new works at the Castle: and then it was time to return. . . . I think that a great ceremony is a majestic and solemn thing. So, you see, I came back a very loyal subject, and rejoicing to have warmed my loyalty at the very hearth itself.

Perhaps grandmamma will like to see this note, if you can send it to her, for I don't think I shall be able to write another.

With love to all.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Lightfoot

TRINITY COLLEGE, 20*th April* 1871.

. . . It was a most happy fact that you were able to sketch the prospects of revision before our meeting. I feel very proud of Cambridge. She must complete her work. Αμήν ἔρχου $\overline{\text{ΚΕ}}$ $\overline{\text{ΙΥ}}$.[1]

To Chancellor Benson

[*No date*] 1871?

My dear Benson—I am trying to do—with most unhappy effect—what you can do perfectly, write in a railway train: but it is of necessity. If you are able to look at the little papers you will see that the Cathedral work for the clergy remains quite untouched, such as we have before talked over it. I hope that it will prove that the Universities and Cathedrals naturally work together. At least there is very much for our future ministry which the Universities cannot

[1] Amen. Come, Lord Jesus.

do. The Harrow meeting to-day has caused me to miss Lightfoot. Tell him that I have much to talk about. Among other things I have had an inquiry from Norris as to the likelihood that the Council of the new Theological Examination will be willing to undertake the religious inspection of Training Colleges. What do you say to this? The work is doubtless most important, but beset by difficulties. To think that I have not thanked you for your sermon, which I read at once with the greatest pleasure! I thought of answering your inscription, but I am in trouble about quantities and no dictionary is at hand.

Non equidem infiteor crudo pretiosior auro 'st
Argilla artifici sic fabricata manu.

Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

I have searched in vain for Dr. Benson's inscription. Perhaps the cunning reader can reconstruct it. My father appears to have sent him his *Religious Office of the Universities*, which fact moved Dr. Benson, when sending his sermon, to declare that he was sending "clay" for "gold."

TO HIS WIFE

ST. PAUL'S CHAPTER HOUSE, *28th July* 1871.

. . . Our Gospels came yesterday and were distributed. The book looks very nice. Hort is quite satisfied.

The Dean asked me to preach at Westminster next Sunday, but happily I had a very good answer. Mr. Gregory breakfasted here yesterday. He has life enough for a whole chapter.

THE TEMPLE, *15th October* 1871.

. . . Dr. Vaughan is most kind, and seems to be really pleased to talk over subjects of common interest. I have written to the Vice-Chancellor accepting the nomination to the governorship of Harrow. Lightfoot said decidedly that

I ought to do so, and though at first the work may be serious, I may be able to do some good. At least I have some strong opinions. We dined quite alone yesterday evening. To-night Lightfoot is coming. At about nine several of Dr. Vaughan's students came in—all very nice fellows. He has about a dozen here, and he is now, while I am writing, taking them in his study. It is really a very busy life he leads here. . . .

To Chancellor Benson

Peterborough, *St. Stephen's Day*, 1871.

My dear Benson—Every good wish to you and all yours from all mine and me. Lightfoot was with us yesterday: what a delight it would have been if we could have seen you, but on Sunday I too was away at Somersham, and the lighted windows were all I saw of what was, I believe, a cheering nave service. . . . Did I tell you that we had our meeting of the resident members of the Faculty, and we propose to join in Holy Communion on 5th February, and to have a meeting in the evening. You will, I fear, be at work again then. However, I will, all being well, send you a notice.

Don't call me ungrateful for not thanking you before for your sermon: the fact is I have not yet been able to read it. Time sweeps on swifter than ever.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To his Wife

17 Prince's Gate, S.W., *26th June* 1872.

. . . Absolutely I was obliged to take the chair at the Manuscript Meeting yesterday evening, as the Dean of West minster was late. It was not a large meeting, and not a very sanguine one, yet in its way pleasant from the zeal of Mr Shaw, who got it up. To-morrow I am going to breakfast with Dalrymple; and in the evening there is the Bishop of Gloucester's dinner—a small party—and one of the guests is the Bishop of Manchester, whom I shall be glad to meet. There is no appointment to Lincoln yet, as far as I can learn. Dr.

Lightfoot might have had it, had he wished, and he seemed to say that his decision simply rested on the fact of my being at Cambridge, so I am glad I am there. Benson has been suggested, but there seem to be obstacles in the way. L. breakfasts with Mr. Gladstone to-morrow, and we may hear something more. I could moralise on the vanity of things, but you could do this at least as well.

To Professor Lightfoot

(On a passage in the Epistle to the Colossians)

Peterborough, *3rd June* 1874.

My dear Lightfoot—I have read the notes with the greatest pleasure and the most complete agreement. One or two pencil marks are on the side. My divisions are entitled rather differently:—

The Son in relation to Created Being—

i. In His essential nature.
ii. In virtue of the Incarnation.

I prefer this to making the divisions:—i. the Natural; ii. the Moral Creations. In πρωτότοκος we have a relation *to God and creation*, I think. If I may trust my note, Athanasius in the passage to which you refer points out that μονογενής and πρωτότοκος express the same idea predominantly in regard 1. to God; 2. to Nature. Perhaps you may think it well to emphasise this true correlation a little more. It is an immense satisfaction not to find one point of real difference in a passage which (surely) is not commonly apprehended; I can trust myself the more as I have my analysis by me.—
Ever yours, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. F. J. A. Hort

Peterborough, *2nd August* 1875.

My dear Hort—We have indulged in dreams of all kinds for our holiday. At last I think it not unlikely that we may

go to Brittany. The trip is apparently inexpensive and easy, and a little sketching (if I can still draw a straight line) will be more refreshment than anything. The places suggested to us are St. Malo, Morlaix, Quimper, Auray, Vannes ; and then by Le Mans to Havre. I had fully hoped to see Lightfoot again before his flight. He talked of going later. I shall be very glad to hear that you are perched on some height. When I read Dr. Smith's circular that "B is now finished" my faith was tried, but still I did believe. It will be a relief to have done with it.

As for the second essay, it will only be necessary to propose the subject, and have it accepted, and then you can treat the publication as you like. This I should do by all means. It will be a gain for you in every way to take your Doctor's degree soon ; and this essay will fall in excellently. The exercise can be accepted at any time before the degree, so that the use made of it will not delay the publication.

I was very sorry to see but little of Arthur[1] while he was with us, but he seemed happy with the boys.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO CHANCELLOR BENSON

CAMBRIDGE, *3rd February* 1876.

. . . I am glad that you enjoyed Oxford. You must be our "interpres." For my part, I can only say that I have spent (mostly in vain) days and days in the effort to make Oxford men understand Cambridge ways of thinking, and quite naturally they forget that there is such a place. I am grieved to hear that Holland follows Mylne in making sin the centre of his philosophy. Surely the true centre is "in the image of God made He him." Perhaps this brings to a point the contrast. We (I suppose) are Scotists by nature, and I gather from *The Guardian* and the *Church Review* that they are Thomists as well. Do what you can for us.

[1] His godson, Sir Arthur Hort.

To Professor Lightfoot

Peterborough, *5th June* 1876.

It would be very well to get our whole body interested in the Commentary, but I am not clear about the division. That might be thought of after. The O.T. wants scholarly instincts more than the New, and I seem to have some ideas about it which I should like to see carried out. It would be on every account desirable to enlist S. and P.

Peterborough, *1st July* 1876.

The memorandum was intended for Bishops' chaplains. The reference to P. E.[1] was simply an explanation of the manner in which the work could be accomplished. I was anxious to get some plan for discussion before the autumn, because the Bishop of Peterborough promised, in that case, to bring it before the Eastern Bishops at their meeting. My wish was to get some memorandum in which Benson, Hort, yourself, and I could agree as a basis for future action. However, if you are clear against doing anything, I say no more. I met the Bishop of Hereford here the other day. He seemed to be heartily in favour of some such plan.—Ever yours, B. F. W.

To Chancellor Benson

Cambridge, *10th November* 1876.

I am very glad that the Bishop of Lincoln is favourable to the plan of which we asked. It is important, I think, and Lightfoot agrees with me, that we should not put anything forward in our own names. I saw the Bishop of Peterborough and had a long talk with him. He entered heartily into the general idea, and at his request I put on paper my own notions (corrected by L.), and he will take what he likes, and make the plan his own, and so bring it forward. If the Bishops can agree in principle we can discuss details.

[1] Preliminary Examination of Candidates for Holy Orders.

To Mr. G. Cubitt, M.P.

Peterborough, *17th August* 1877.

My dear Cubitt—Let me thank you most heartily for your mission subscriptions. I hope that you may be right about our Delhi scheme. Perhaps if you have the opportunity you will mention it to Cambridge men. It will be a real gain to the University in every way to have a direct connexion with characteristic mission work.

All being well we hope to get away for a change in September. Sometimes I wish that I could have the summer for private work, but even now one can do a little Cathedral work. This terrible war is a great sorrow. I can see no possible end yet which can be distinctly desired. Surely our policy years ago should have been to foster the creation of a South Slav confederation. But it seems to be too late now. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Bishop of Durham

Cambridge, *24th November* 1879.

I had some conversation with Hort, and he agrees with me in thinking that courses of lectures on practical work and perhaps on special points in Apologetics might be very useful. Indeed I think that pastoral subjects could be best treated in this way, and this, I think, was the conclusion of the Board. Hort, however, has scruples about destroying the last fragment of the original Advocate's work.

To his Wife

Eastbourne, *11th January* 1880.

I had a very long morning in the British Museum yesterday, and saw several things worth seeing, but had, of course, to find that just the part of the catalogue of MSS. which I wished to see was not done in the right way, so that it was of very little use. However, I got a good many useful references.

Mr. Alder met me at the station, and I am now duly installed in his study. . . . The thought of to-morrow [1] sets one thinking. Much, very much, seems less definite than it once did: less definite, but not, I trust, less real. Every year makes me tremble more at the daring with which people speak of spiritual things. Yet a body must have a voice, and words necessarily become fixed and gather associations round them. Happily what one ought to strive after and how only grows clearer, and the limits within which effort is confined grow clearer too. All that can be done seems to be at last full in sight. I hope that you will all have a quiet, bright day with the old hymns. Love to all.

LONDON, *13th January* 1880.

My journey to London, my dearest Mary, has been safely accomplished, and now we are discussing Harrow business, in which time for a note must be found. Yesterday was on the whole a pleasant day, full of many thoughts. I was very glad to get your note, which was indeed quite unexpected, for the post is mysterious. What you say is most true, and is constantly in my mind. One shuts up bright hopeful thoughts too much, but they really exist and have their work in silence and secret. I do feel more thankful than I can say for the children, who all seem to be anxious to do their duty, and do feel—you know this—that this has been by God's blessing your work and is your work. I can only look on with joy—and you must find in the thought strength and joy enough for life. But I must end.—Ever your most affectionate.

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

HASTINGS, *22nd March* 1880.

I am not, as you know, at all sanguine about the good of such a journal as is proposed, and still less can I see what we gain by treating everything as an open question. Some dogmatic conclusions seem to me to be essential to all argument: *e.g.* how can I argue about a record of miracles with a man who denies that there is a God? Moreover, I re-

[1] His birthday.

pudiate with all my heart the assumption that a Christian is "apologising" in any sense when he sets forth what he holds to be the simple truth; and I feel that I owe it to the Christian Society to guard this conviction very jealously. Sometimes, indeed, I fear that we do not make it clear enough that we regard our convictions as being of serious importance. If I ever have anything to say I should wish to say it where it might be supported by and (if possible) support those who think with me. I express myself very rudely, but you will translate the words. As far as the Memorial goes, which I have not been asked to sign, I do not think that I agree with any of the pleas; but I can fully understand how you may feel very differently. There are great things to grasp and make clear, and I am only anxious that little things should not come in the way.

The air here is really invigorating, but at present I have chiefly slept.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

PETERBOROUGH, 18*th June* 1881.

One word only about the Press and revisers. My very strong feeling would not be touched by "six royal 8vo copies," which I could procure anywhere for so many shillings if I wanted them. But I do feel more strongly than I dare say that the Presses ought to have given each reviser something, however trifling in value, which could *not* be bought: a copy on large paper, or on paper of a peculiar kind. I cannot see that any inconvenience could have arisen. The cost would have been trifling, and the indication of thought welcome. I feel sure that every reviser must think as I do, though I have the audacity of my own convictions. The E.C.C. has hardly opened out yet. I have succeeded in getting leave to have the questions printed, but with an ominous warning from the Archbishop of York that "that is entering on a wide field"; which is our only hope.

23rd June 1881.

I am glad to hear what you have told me about the Press, though I am again very sorry that you had the trouble of

writing it. Unhappily all is and must be as much an anachronism as the large paper. What a sad treasury there is of lost opportunities which we are always enriching to our own bitter loss!

To the Bishop of Durham

PETERBOROUGH, *4th July* 1881.

My dear Bishop—Very many thanks for the magazine. It was most refreshing to read the Newcastle speech. I shall almost despair of my country if the people fail, but that seems to be impossible, however deplorably the place may have been neglected. I was at Windsor yesterday. The Dean was, as usual, full of the kindest inquiries. It is delightful to see how he cherishes his recollections both of Durham and of the Bishop of Manchester.

To-day, with the thermometer at I know not what, makes me think of the North: but the corn must be thriving.—Ever yours,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To his Wife

CAMBRIDGE, *2nd Sunday in Lent*, 1882.

It is now clearly dawning on me that I have to preach next Sunday, and I must try to think my sermon into shape. But I am sure that we have too many sermons. It would be much better to ask people to think in silence for twenty minutes. Life is getting too full of occupations. One never can be quiet. I think that I shall try to sleep all the Easter vacation. There is multitudinous talking going on, and my note will not get forward. But why should it? The symbol is sufficient.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

CAMBRIDGE, *10th July* 1882.

My dear Davies—It is not a form of words to say that your opinion that the little book may do good is a very great

encouragement to me. The papers have been lying by for four or five years.

As to the Fall, I certainly think that that selfish isolation and consequent declension of man from the normal development which is represented by the Fall brought with it the present conditions of death. You may remember how in very old days I could never hold that time entered as an element into the absolute relation of things. I mean that I have always found it equally easy to see how a thing "causes" another when it follows it as when it precedes. The whole is one in the divine order. So I have no difficulty in holding that if my eyes were opened I should see how the visible disorders of the world *as we see them*—that is very imperfectly—are due to "the Fall." How little we see of death itself. Mr. Hinton, I fancy, had something of the same view. Surely nearly all our difficulties come from making our present selves the measure of all things, as if "five senses" could exhaust the universe. That is why I was anxious to say what I have said of the Resurrection. As a revelation it seems to have been misunderstood even more by believers than by sceptics. But we ought to talk of this.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To F. D. PERROTT, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGE, 20*th October* 1882.

Dear Mr. Perrott—I had sketched out a plan in my mind for the windows in the chancel at Somersham which I should have been glad to carry out, but now, as you know, my connexion with the parish has practically ceased, and in a few weeks will formally cease. My wish was to have a figure of John the Baptist opposite that of the Virgin, to represent the Old Dispensation, and to have the work executed by Heaton and Butler, who executed the window for Mr. Mason. This idea would probably be agreeable to you. I do not see why you should not put up an inscription like Mr. Mason's. As far as I have a voice I should gladly assent to this.—Yours very sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

Ballater, *4th September* 1882.

. . . The enclosed frond is, I think, unmistakable. I came upon it unexpectedly in a walk this morning, but I generally question tufts of Lady-fern in mountain districts.

We had, I think, settled all the details as to the small edition, so that there can be no reason for delay.

The tidings from Addington leave little hope that the Archbishop will be able to do much work again. Our Commission will, I am afraid, go to pieces, and at the best be wrecked in Parliament without his help. You see even Ballater has not yet brought hope.

Archbishop Tait, of whose illness the above letter makes mention, passed away before the end of the year. My father had latterly been brought into fairly close connexion with him through the work of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. The following letter, addressed to his successor in the chair of Canterbury, Archbishop Benson, is in reply to an invitation to take part in a private conference to consider a certain plan of literary service to Christianity :—

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Cambridge, *16th April* 1883.

My dear Archbishop—What can I say? At least that I shall come under false pretences if I admit by silence that I have any ideas on the subject which can be put into a literary shape. I distrust all verbal arguments. The life, that is all, and it is enough, if it can be lived. However, how can I say "No" to the pleasure of coming? Mrs. Westcott sends her own answer.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To Archdeacon Farrar

Cambridge, *St. Mark's Day*, 1883.

My dear Farrar—Every word which you say is, I think, most true, and, if you have time to cut the pages of the little book, you will see that in my way I have tried to suggest the thoughts which you emphasise. The spirit of ritualism and the spirit of scientific materialism seem to me to be essentially identical. Both tend to hide from us that which is eternal, of which things of sense are the transitory symbols. If only we come back to life—to the life of the New Testament (or of the Bible)—to the Life, we shall have hope. . . I am very glad to have the lecture which I could not hear. It brings back many memories of school days, which grow clearer in many ways as time goes on; and I must thank you too, though in a different way, for the Commentary. For the last few years I have been thrown a good deal among Rabbinic fragments, and the more I can understand the more I value them: but then I understand very little. As for reading, I can read nothing, except a little Greek Testament. But that is enough. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

END OF VOL. I

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